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March 5, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Rich Men in Politics - By John J. Raskob

MARCH 5, 1932

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Your Baker Saves You Trouble and Money

And International Trucks Save Trouble and Money for Him

INTERNATIONAL

THE baking industry has grown to great proportions because it renders a great service. It has lifted a burden of drudgery from the tired shoulders of Womankind. Taking unto itself the making of the bread, the cakes, the cookies, and the pies, for which the human palate eternally hungers, the baking industry has emancipated the American kitchen.

Besides that, the scientific methods of the modern baker have done much to elevate the standards of the American household.

And then there is the factor of economy, that every woman knows. If she has no other reason to patronize the baker she does it to save money.

The baking industry sells at low prices because it has learned how to produce and deliver at low cost—and that is where International Trucks come in. Delivery cost is a very important item in this industry, most authorities agreeing that it averages one-fifth of the total cost of bakery operation. In contrast we are pleased to present, at the right, the experience of two well-known baking concerns operating large fleets of International Trucks.

Hauling costs of 5 or 6 cents per mile for quality trucks must interest every user of trucks today, whether he be butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, builder, bottler, or hauler of any other product. Thousands of firms, small and large, in and out of the baking business, have learned that to use Internationals is *to cut hauling costs.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Records of Chicago and Boston Bakeries Show International Economy

Schulze Baking Company, Chicago, operates more than a hundred International Trucks. Accurate cost records, based on over two million miles of truck travel in twelve months, show operating cost to be only 5½ cents per mile.

Hathaway Bakeries, Inc., Boston, operate 283 Internationals in the Boston area. Trucks operating more than 600 miles per month (the great majority) *do so at the low cost of 5¾ cents per mile.* Both Schulze and Hathaway figures include all possible charges except salesman-driver hire.

Whether you figure delivery costs per mile or per hundred pounds of product delivered, *your* records will show big operating and maintenance savings when International Trucks are used.

Ask for demonstration of the New 1½-ton 4-speed Model A-2. Now reduced to

$615

for the 136-inch wheelbase chassis f. o. b. factory

Other sizes range from ¾-ton to 5-ton.
International Company-Owned Branches at 183 points in the United States and Canada.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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"Oh, Jack! .. the dentist gives me the most TERRIBLE news"

FEW things of common occurrence are more terrifying than the prospect of losing one's teeth. A single tooth seems like a small matter while in its proper place, but when it comes out the gap is enormous, and seemingly the eyes of the world are upon that place.

In time the dentist will repair the damage skillfully, but first there will be ugly days of self-consciousness and dread. Trying to talk or smile behind closed lips . . . the hand held before the face . . . hoping not to meet people.

The dentist would rather prevent

Yes, dental surgeons have grown very skillful, but the modern expert takes more pride in prevention than he does in repair. Make a professional confidant of your dentist, both with respect to your own teeth and those of your children.

Nobody today believes that simple polishing is all that is needed to keep healthy teeth. There is much more to it than that. When teeth come out, there is a deeper cause for it than the mere cleanliness or non-cleanliness of the surface enamel. And when it is stated that over one-half of the adult teeth lost can be charged against *pyorrhea*, it will be realized just what this "deeper cause" actually is!

One great danger in pyorrhea is the fact that people often think they understand it when they really do not. It works so insidiously that it may undermine the gums for several years before making its presence known. That is why, among people over forty, we have the astounding proportion of 80% pyorrhea sufferers (four out of five).

Probably the best-known name in the entire country in connection with pyorrhea is the name of Dr. R. J. Forhan. Thousands of dentists from coast to coast, and all over the world, are using Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation solely for the use of the dental profession. The dentists themselves take pyorrhea very seriously and it will pay every man and woman to take it seriously, too.

A lifetime devoted to pyorrhea

Dr. Forhan worked for 26 years in this field and the fruit of his experience is available in the products that bear his name. Don't wait for bleeding gums or similar signals of trouble. Take up the use of Forhan's Toothpaste in your home both night and morning. Brush your teeth and massage your gums *according to directions*. And please remember that this Forhan principle is a "plus," an extra, an added safeguard for the *protection* of your teeth and gums.

Take the care of teeth seriously

The important point is *to get ahead* of pyorrhea. Don't give it a chance to seep down silently from the gum line. Forhan's will not do the work by itself. You yourself must take the matter seriously, in your own case and for the children. And quite aside from its other virtues, Forhan's is the finest toothpaste money can buy—pleasant, agreeable, long-lasting. Start with Forhan's today—*Forhan's*, the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

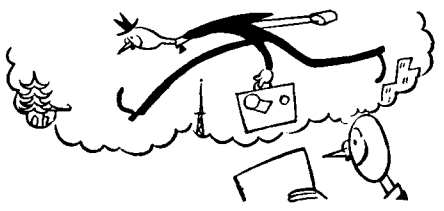
WITH the itching foot and liking for long jumps that afflict you at this time of year, if you're anything like us, we grab you by the hand and tear off on a long-distance hunt for romantic adventure. A municipal golf course on the Pacific Coast, a New England garden, Fontainebleau and a plane over the English Channel, a Balkan kingdom, Madison Square Garden, prize rings, training camps, the homes of the socially self-elected and other points east and west will see you before you reach the back cover.

—

THE municipal golf course is in Talbert Josselyn's short story "Common Ground" and one part of it lies high above a great harbor where the ships of the world move in and out. A little Japanese golfer pauses in his march to the next green and gazes westward where his homeland is. Beside him is a young American, a chance acquaintance of the golf course, taught to think too much of money, too little of work and nothing of foreigners. Because their games are so nearly alike these two, American and Japanese, play together again and again, and a strange friendship grows. Mr. Josselyn's story is the story of that friendship. Golfers will like it and so will those who believe that a thoroughbred is the same in any language.

—

THE New England garden is done in vivid colors (flowers *and* vegetables) by Zona Gale for her short story "Over the Garden Wall." It's a love story, of course, for that is what gardens are usually made for in fiction. The smug look of virtue you see on our face is there because this is a good story which also teaches a useful lesson. It is: pity is akin to love, but you mustn't let anyone suspect it.



YOU visit Fontainebleau and ride the next night (stormy and terrifying) in a plane over the English Channel all because Wilber Weaver loved Vivien Crayne, a motion-picture star who just had to have publicity. Jane Willows could have told him what a sap he was, but when the plane crashed she had other things on her mind. You'll like "Star Dust," by B. L. Jacot.

—

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is the scene of John B. Kennedy's short story, "Last Lap," which shows that a six-day bike racer has to do something more than push pedals.

Prize rings and training camps are the natural background for Gene Tunney's fast-stepping story. His next chapter includes the story of Rickard's proposal of the first Dempsey fight.

There are many other ports of call but we can't get to all of them here. One good thing about the trip is this: you can drop the magazine, reluctantly of course, when dinner is ready and find yourself just where you were when you started.

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March 5, 1932

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FACTS COME FIRST.

Any Week

ONE of the disadvantages of staying at home is that you'll never see the mule-swapping at the railroad station at Gaffney, South Carolina. Our train stopped at Gaffney, for example, long enough for us to see some of the swapping and, in particular, Yarrow Jim, who explains that as a little boy his only playmates were mules. Therefore his magic.

You take your mule to the swapping and try to trade him for another mule—and get something to boot. That's the trick—to get two dollars, or the other man's coat or boots or even a bottle of corn. The mule comes almost to be incidental.

They tell you that Yarrow Jim, who is a Gullah boy from Charleston and is supposed to know something "nobody never taught him," can just talk to a sick mule for *one minute and that mule will break* the traces pulling and perk up like a first-class working engine—until Jim drives his bargain. Then he collapses and mopes around until next swapping day when Yarrow Jim takes him back for "nothin' and a couple of cents' worth of snake talk." Henry Clay, our Pullman porter, explained that Jim "just talk so big that even the mule believe it."

ROLLING in to Atlanta, Georgia, we noted with considerable satisfaction that the windows of a large factory building were all aglow with industry. We mentioned the agreeable fact to a Southern commercial traveler across the aisle.

"Heartening," we observed, a trifle fatuously.

"Yessir," he replied. "It sure is. Yessir, when you see lights in factory windows these nights it means something or somebody's right around the corner. Maybe the sheriff."

—

AND then we came across a group of men who were discussing—of all things—education. It seems that the school children of Memphis, Tennessee, were considering the rescue of their school-teachers by buying the scrip with which the teachers have been paid for the past year.

"Well, sir," said one of the gentlemen, "I don't live in Memphis. But if I did and my boy was to buy up his teacher's scrip, all I got to say is she might just as well go jump in the river right off and save time and a lot of nervous breakdowns."

—

WHEREAT someone changed the subject. The next bit of news to get a thorough overhauling by the group was the amazement and indignation that overwhelmed Sheriff L. D. Hightower of Henry County, Georgia, who, upon returning from a hot hunt for stills in the back country, returned to his jail at McDonough to find that his prisoners were close to ossification on "home" brew made of molasses, corn bread and grits from the prison larder. The sheriff was right put out but the boys were too far gone to notice. Two cups of it warped you for a week, they say.

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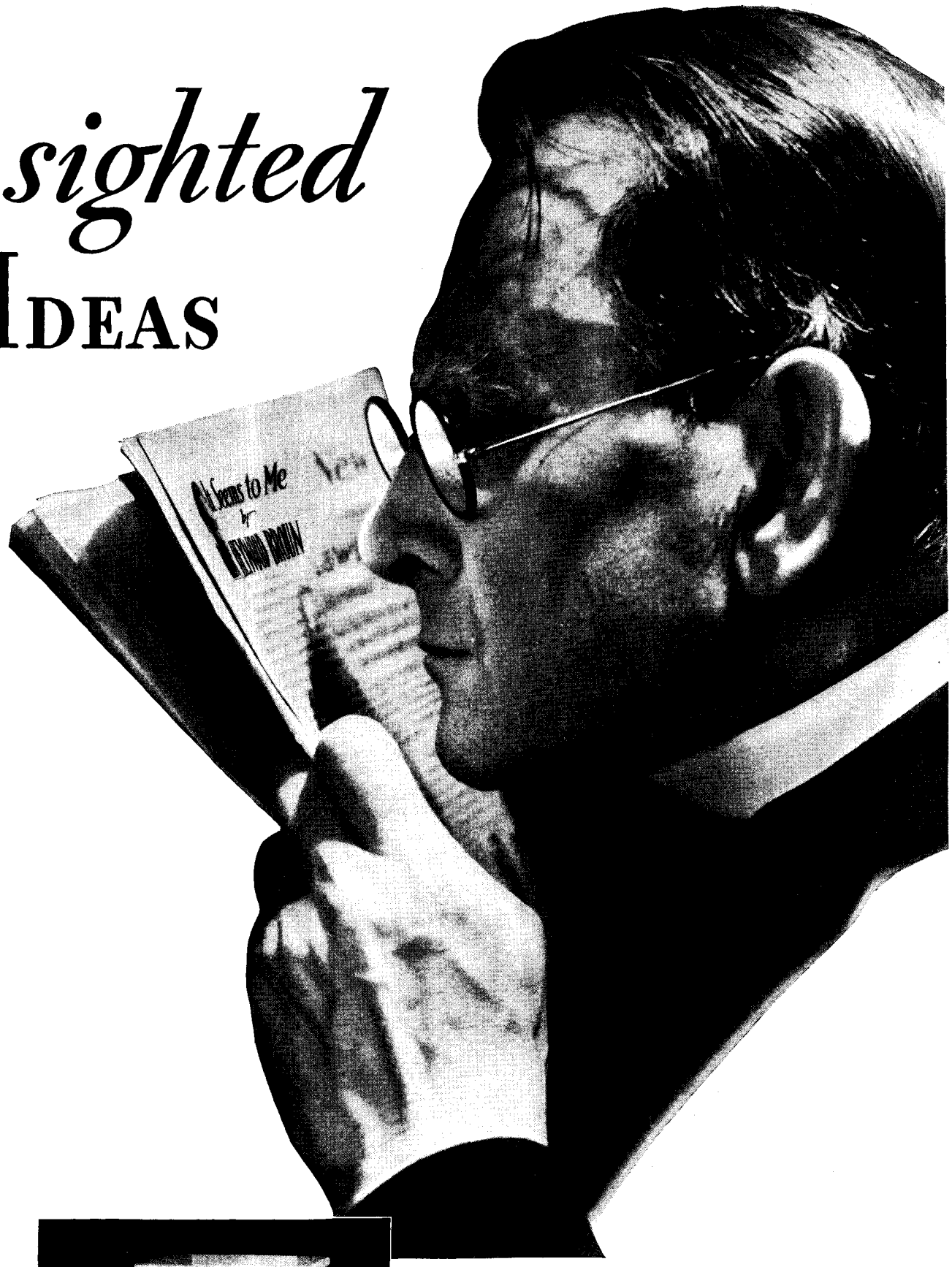
Short-sighted to NEW IDEAS



OUTWARDLY Electrolux doesn't look very different from other automatic refrigerators. But inside is a new idea—Electrolux freezes without machinery.

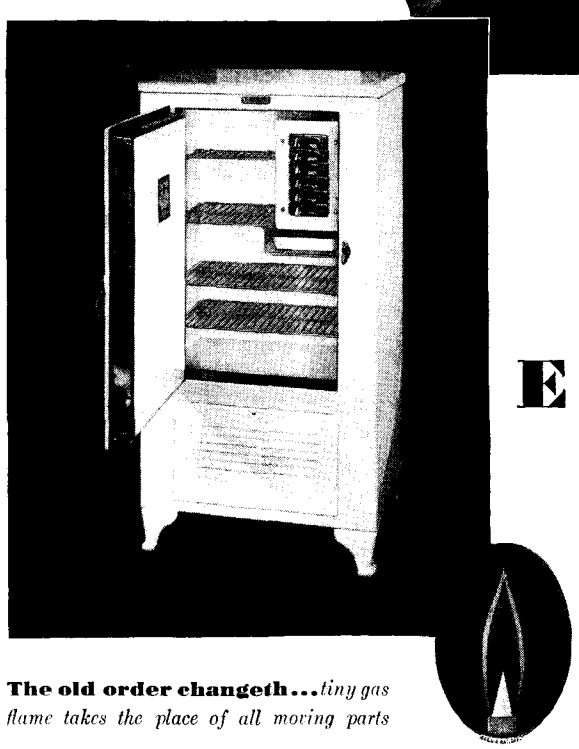
The cold in Electrolux is constant, steady—for there's no stopping and starting.

You can depend upon having dozens of pure, sparkling ice cubes, crisply chilled salads, delicious frozen desserts, whenever you want them.

For only Electrolux gives you these without machinery or sound—noiselessly, without a single moving part—continuously, without intermittent stopping and starting. And all this at far less cost than you'd pay for ice.

Electrolux has been tried and tested for four years, during which time sales have increased steadily. Today this refrigerator is in hundreds of thousands of kitchens—with thousands of the country's newest, finest and largest apartment houses fully equipped.

Judge this refrigerator for yourself; go and see the many sizes of Electrolux at the nearest showroom of your own gas company, or write today for complete information to Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York City.



The old order changeth... *tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts*

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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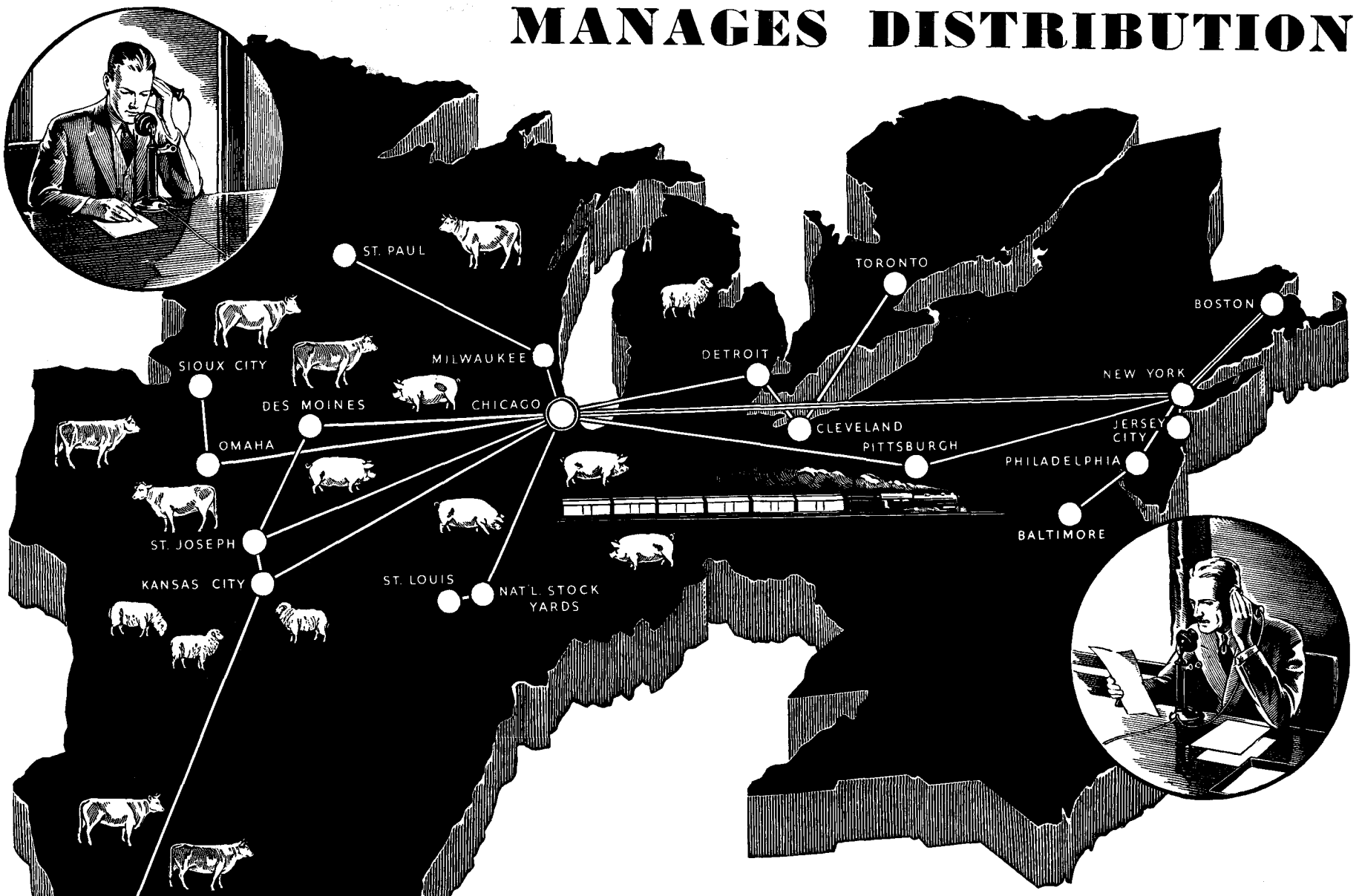
HOW A LARGE PACKER MANAGES DISTRIBUTION



Long Distance, supplemented by Bell System private wires, aids Swift & Company in the distribution of its products

FRESH meat is perishable, and must be sold promptly. Therefore, executives of the great meat-packing organizations must keep their fingers on the pulse of markets throughout the country, so as to meet the distribution problems peculiar to their business.

Swift & Company does this largely by means of Long Distance telephone service and private wires. District sales offices also are linked to the Chicago headquarters by a Bell System private telegraph network, over which is sent important, last minute information.

Operations in the Pittsburgh district are typical. In this district, there are 21 wholesale branch houses. Each day, as market prices are received in the district office over the private wire network, they are given by Long Distance telephone to the branches. Communication is maintained by telephone throughout the day, not only between district office and the branches, but also between the branches and their salesmen in the field.

This fast and efficient communication service is an important part of a definite sales plan which enables Swift & Company to serve its customers quickly and economically.

Other businesses also find the Long Distance telephone of great value in solving their particular production and distribution problems. Best results are generally obtained by following a definite plan. The Bell System, to help its subscribers build business and cut costs, has developed the Telephone Plan of Market Coverage. Features of this plan can be custom-fitted to the special needs of your company.

LONG DISTANCE COSTS ARE LOW

Typical station-to-station day rates: Pittsburgh to Washington, $1; Toledo to St. Louis, $1.75; New York to Cleveland, $1.80; New Orleans to Indianapolis, $2.75; Boston to Kansas City, $4.50. Evening and night rates are still lower.

JUST CALL THE BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

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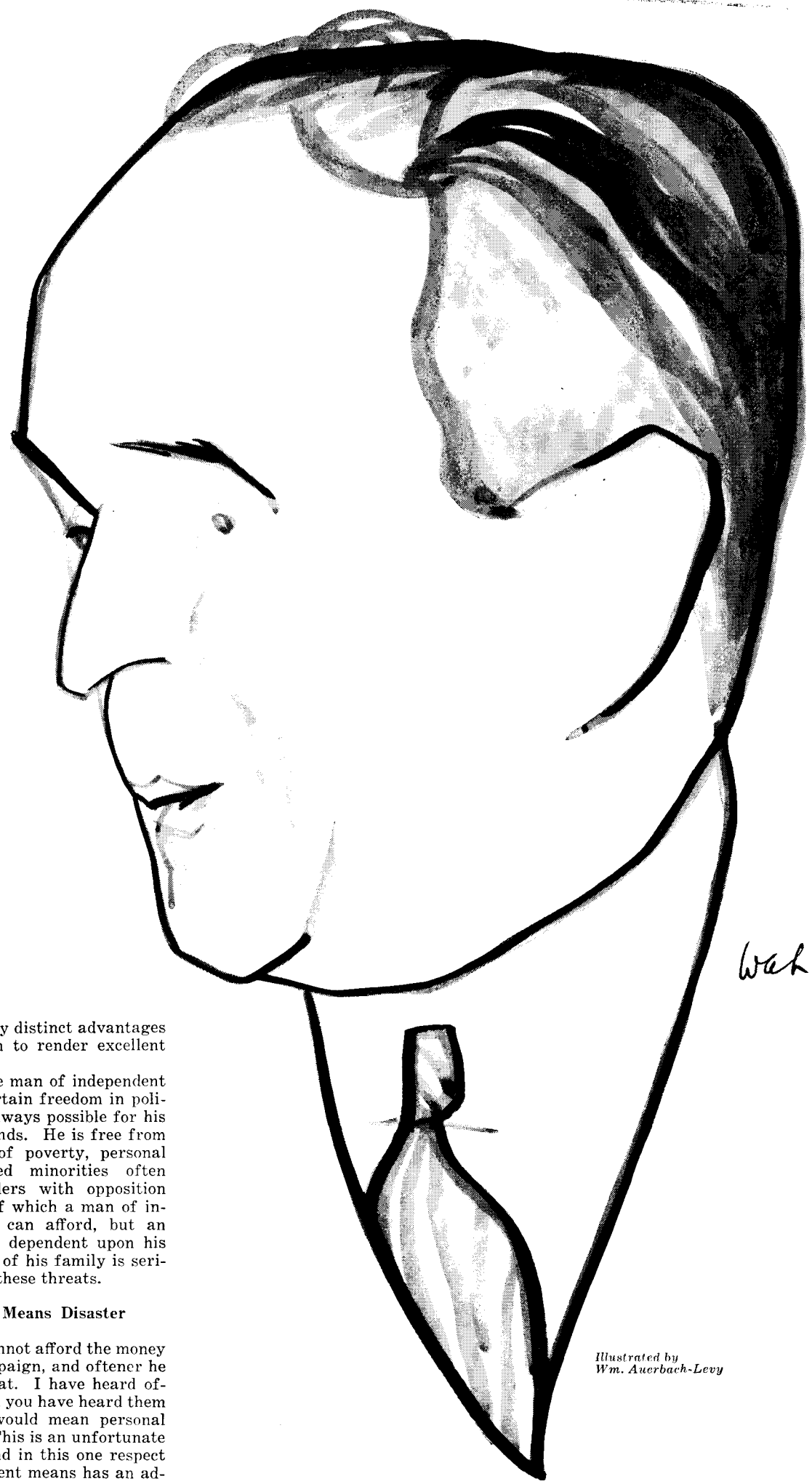
Here's why John J. Raskob is in politics and why he likes it in spite of personal attacks and impugned motives. A man who succeeds in business, he thinks, owes his country a debt which he can pay by entering public service. Mr. Raskob tells in this article what he can expect to find when he does so



Illustrated by Wm. Auerbach-Levy

Rich Men in Politics

♦

By

JOHN J. RASKOB

as told to James C. Derieux

THE Kingdom of Heaven and the Republic of Politics are a long way apart. A rich man, we are told, finds it hard to enter the door of the former, but once inside everything is fine. It isn't that way with politics, which has a welcome sign on its door mat and a number of people awaiting inside with bricks of criticism handy. (Of course, I am speaking from experience only in so far as my remarks refer to politics.) None the less, I insist that business men should enter public life publicly, because it will be good for them and good for public life. A man who has been fortunate enough to make money should be willing to give anything asked of him by the country under whose protection he made it, or by his party, as that, in ordinary circumstances, is the agency through which he comes to public service.

In common with many other business men I complained for years at the way public affairs were conducted. Often you have heard them say that politicians should be thrown out and men of private affairs called in. Perhaps I once said some such thing as that. But such a statement, by itself, is not the answer to our problems of capable financial leadership in government. Politics demands and needs politicians. It is a profession in which the novice sometimes fails. My point now is not that politicians should be displaced but that a greater number of business men should become politicians. In this field they have some very distinct advantages which enable them to render excellent public service.

For example, the man of independent means enjoys a certain freedom in politics which is not always possible for his less fortunate friends. He is free from that grisly fear of poverty, personal poverty. Organized minorities often threaten officeholders with opposition and defeat, both of which a man of independent income can afford, but an officeholder who is dependent upon his salary for support of his family is seriously harassed by these threats.

When Defeat Means Disaster

Sometimes he cannot afford the money cost of a hard campaign, and oftener he cannot afford defeat. I have heard officeholders say, and you have heard them say, that defeat would mean personal disaster to them. This is an unfortunate state of affairs, and in this one respect a man of independent means has an advantage over his less lucky brother who perhaps never has given much time or thought to his personal security.

I am not making the foolish statement that wealth in itself is a qualification for office, but I do say that men of wealth will find plenty of need for their services and for some of their money in public life. Rich men never will predominate in our political positions. Those who distrust wealth need have no fear on that point. Eventually, I hope we may regard politics as a profession to which any man, however lacking in money, may devote himself with reasonable assurance that his services will be useful and required throughout his life.

Why am I in politics? A great many persons have asked that question and I am glad to answer it. First of all, I am in because I believe sincerely in the principles of the Democratic party, and because Governor Smith, back in 1928, called my bluff. Not intentionally, but he called it none the less when he asked me to become chairman of the Democratic Committee. The request brought on a sort of internal moral issue with me. Was I sincere in what I had been saying about men who could afford it leaving their own affairs and going in for public work? Was I sincere in saying I would pay any price to help keep this country the finest of places for my children to grow up in? Or had I merely been talking, secure in the belief that

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opportunity to make good my advocacy never would come to me? I had no political ambitions then, and I have none now. That is, none for myself, personally. But I did and do have a deep love for my country, and a deep affection for my friend of long standing, Governor Smith.

But I held back when the request first came. A Catholic nominee, I reasoned, should not have a Catholic for his national chairman. We talked that point over, and both decided that in a country dedicated to religious liberty no issue could arise out of a man's church affiliations. We both knew, of course, that his church preferences have nothing whatever to do with his patriotism, nor with his freedom to serve his country in any capacity without complexity of motive. With this decision made there was no further excuse for me to stay on the outside, for I could afford the personal sacrifice of income, and also could afford to make direct contributions to my party. With the one stipulation that in the event of his success Governor Smith was to give me no appointment, I went in, and from that day have given the Democratic party the best I have to give.

I had not been in politics long before I discovered that there are some who will not believe in simple, forthright motives. They expect and look for auxiliary motives. They are certain that men who have been more fortunate than they in private life must have some hidden and perhaps sinister intent up their sleeves when they enter politics. A successful business man may be ever so respected in private life, and then learn to his amazement that his character, in the eyes of a few, changes when he steps over the line from private into public work.

A rich man who goes into politics, and by going in I mean doing it openly, should be prepared to have his motives searched, questioned and falsified. If he were after anything for himself he would stay in business where he has a chance to get it, but there are some who will not believe this.

Scarcely had the great contest of 1928 begun before I was quoted in the press as saying that "prohibition is a damnable affliction." I had not said it, and no evidence was produced to substantiate the misquotation. I denied it then and have denied it since, but the statement appeared and reappeared. That is something any man in public life may expect. He finds himself characterized in a certain way, or quoted as having said a certain thing. Perhaps the public says he is shrewd when he is not, says he is quiet when as a matter of fact he is talkative, or that he is sinister when actually he is very wholesome. The demand for colorful labels is universal, consequently every man in prominent position finds himself with a label pasted upon him, maybe with several labels, and they tick, no matter whether they be false or true. That naïve faith in labels! It is a national characteristic. It is the result of pressure journalism. They said of me, among other things, that I had been a Republican until 1928, which was not true, and that I had gone in for politics in a big way merely because I wished to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, when as a matter of fact I do not advocate the repeal of that amendment. I think now and always have thought prohibition a dangerous experiment, out of harmony with the spirit of the Constitution, out of step with human nature, adopted in a time when the mass mind was inflamed, excited and unjudicial.

Wide World

John J. Raskob at Palm Beach, with five of his eleven children

Prohibition a Social Problem

My stand on prohibition is that this is a social question which should be taken out of politics and given to the people to decide. I believe the Democratic party should recognize it as a social question and refuse to let its platform take either the wet or the dry side. Unfortunately, there is no way in which the people can be given opportunity to reach decisions on this social question except under the machinery provided in Article V of the Constitution of the United States which requires as a first step that two thirds of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives vote in favor of some resolution that will place before the people of the various states (not the state legislatures, but the people themselves) the opportunity to vote on the question as to whether they wish the Eighteenth Amendment retained, repealed or modified.

My suggestion is that, in line with fundamental teachings of Thomas Jefferson, the Democratic platform contain a plank which will result in Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives voting in favor of a resolution to give the people opportunity to vote on the question as to whether the Eighteenth Amendment should be retained without change or whether it should be modified to provide that any state may take over absolutely the complete control of the manufacture, transportation, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors within its borders and the exportation thereof to other wet states, territories and countries; *provided that the plan under which any state proposes to do this is first approved by the people of that state in a state-wide referendum.*

It should be provided also that this proposal cannot become a part of the Constitution of the United States until and unless ratified by a majority of the people in thirty-six states within a period of seven years.

This plan is fair to all. It is better than repeal because it enables the dry states and territories to remain dry and to have their police powers augmented by the full power of the Federal government and their laws and boundaries respected, and at the same time permits the wet states to handle their liquor problem in such manner as best fits their differing social conditions, existing by reason of their large cities, problems of congestion, and so on.

But my attitude, which seems simple and wholesome to me, has resulted in a great deal of hard talking and in implications that I wish liquor, as such. That is far, far from true. My belief centers in a principle of democratic government, not in any desire for a beverage. I am not a drinking man. Drinking means nothing to me. My wife and my eleven children are my great joy in life. Ours are simple, old-fashioned pleasures. Sports out of doors, family talks and games indoors, no smoking, drinking or running around at all hours of the night.

The Family Man

My friends know that with me food is much more a hobby than drink. Good cooking always has seemed to me one of the most important things in life. It influences not only digestion, but ability and viewpoint. That wife who gives to her husband the right food is doing a tremendous lot to help him make a living and remain a good citizen.

It is in such terms of family life that I think of myself; therefore it was a surprise to learn that in some quarters people thought of me as sinister. They speculated upon hidden motives, when there were none. They said my viewpoint was that of a rich man, which is a little funny to me, for I never think of myself in that way. I recall too vividly the long years when I had nothing. I recall my first bicycle, which cost me a year's savings, made by carrying newspapers. No possession since then has been worth as much to me as that bicycle. No automobile. No half-dozen automobiles, for a thing is worth what it costs you, and that wheel cost me more than any automobile I ever owned.

A Study in Values

Often I think of that bicycle as illustrating a great truth in life. Put a lot of yourself into anything, and that thing will become of greater value to you. It is the hard-earned victories that we glory in. Easy achievements do not impress themselves deeply upon our characters or upon our minds. Children are worth more than anything else in the world, and they cost more. We give them all the time and the effort we can, and they are worth all the time and the effort we give. I have put much of myself into my party and my country, and have been repaid by finding that my party and my country mean more to me than ever before.

It is a fine experience to launch forth into a new adventure, to wrestle with new problems, to gain new and important interests after middle age has been reached. Even if the business man in politics finds himself misunderstood, even if he seems to go unrewarded, he still finds ample compensation in this great fact. Thousands of wealthy men continue all their lives in making money

(Continued on page 53)

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Kisses are Different

Youth doesn't last forever. Love is more durable. And isn't that fortunate for the young folks when they grow up?

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

She sat quite a while, just looking at herself and wondering

WAITING for her tea on the high terrace of the golf club, Naomi Wheelwright's day-dreaming followed the road almost a mile down the Normandy hillsides to the bright little show of Pourville-sur-Mer. She knocked some soft black earth from the nails of her golf shoes, wondering why Pourville had lured her again. Perhaps it was only that a not unattractive young woman of thirty in the always questionable status of widow could gracefully reside there. Roger Maitland, with his customary presumption and intuition, had told her on the first tee this morning: "You came back here to play golf with me, Naomi."

If there is a contradiction in every personality, Naomi's was that she could play a short, straight, deadly game of golf. She was anything but a sportswoman. One saw a poised, dark-hair-and-white-skin loveliness which belonged to black chiffon and an opera box, or to gleaming dinner tables in big gloomy rooms, or to the last waltz, or to a white stone garden seat after the last waltz. But she could tuck her little skirt between her knees and sink a ten-foot curling putt three times out of four . . . well, out of five then. Often enough, anyway, to make Roger usually pay the price of their wagered tea.

In a typical old brown coat and gray flannels, he struck across the flagged walk from the locker-rooms and sat down beside her, just another of those casual, wind-brown and blue-eyed Britishers with a war limp one finds about France in the pleasant, gentleman's job of golf secretary. Naomi had heard that Roger owned half of the high, sweeping Pourville golf course as well, but she did not care about that. He was a fine golfer and fun to play with, which was enough.

"Your official handicap, Mrs. Wheelwright," he announced with mock formality, "has just been cut two strokes. This buying your tea is getting to be a ruinous habit. We might as well be married."

"Breakfast coffee costs a lot more than tea, Roger." She said it in banter and with a smile, pausing a mere instant in pouring for him. But she was sorry she had said it at all, because he flushed deeply and looked away from her without making any reply. It was her turn to flush. Very deliberately she said: "It's two lumps you take, isn't it, Roger?" She had been putting two lumps in his tea for three consecutive summers.

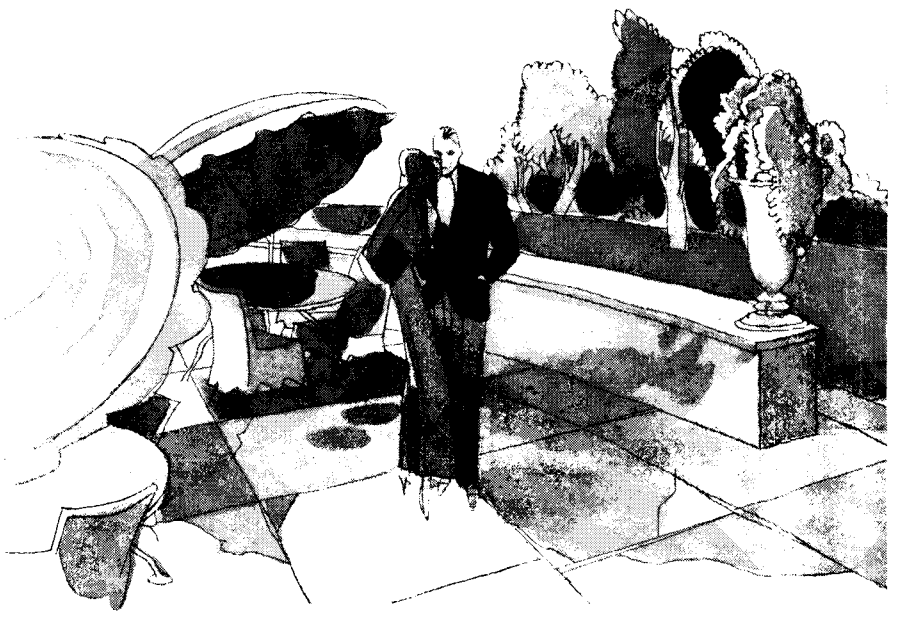
Roger was smiling again. "Look out! . . . you're spilling. The prospect of life with a Normandy golf secretary needn't make you tremble with terror, Naomi. I'd spot you three weeks at Cannes every winter, a trip to New York every two years, and a visit, properly chaperoned of course, to your precious Paris and London every six months. And think what a golfer you'd become. . . ."

"IF YOU'RE making love to me, Roger, please don't do it with your mouth full of toasted scone. You had a much better chance when we were among the number fifteen evergreens looking for your abominably hooked drive."

"What! When I'm golfing, Mrs. Wheelwright, I concentrate on golf."

"No doubt. You'd be practicing chip shots up to the eighteenth green while I was having my first. . . ."

Naomi decided to drop the subject. If she should ever have the courage to marry again, after tragedy had walked so blunderingly through all her young years, it would not be to Roger, who made her feel no more than a fellow conspirator against life, a little too amused and knowing, and too old. It would be someone who could give her back some of that lost youth, someone as earnest, as believing, as rapt as . . .



The two of them stood talking, quite unnecessarily

that young man who sat with the little blond girl and her mother at the next table to hers in the dining-room. "Did you notice the new young people at the hotel, Roger?"

"Yes," he said. "I saw them. It's a grand place for children."

She spread her hands hopelessly. "There you go. You have a perfectly good thirty-seven-year-old body, Roger, but you have the soul of an unrepentant roué of sixty."

He just laughed. "I try to learn as I live, my dear." He touched his wounded leg. "My perfectly good body, as you call it, has about seven scars on it and my heart about four, and all of them are beautifully healed, thank you. But I don't forget how I got them."

He took her out to her little sport car and leaned on the door as she sat at the wheel. He said: "Since you've brought the matter up, Naomi, I might as well admit I love you. I don't know why I do but I do, and there it is. Move over and we'll drive across to Rouen and be married."

He meant it. Under that manner, tradition-hardened to conceal every possible emotion, she knew he meant it, and she was touched. She felt a yearning impulse to say, "All right, let's do"—and go on being amused and knowing the rest of her life. Instead she said: "I'm wearing a new white lace dress tonight, Roger. You're coming down to dine with me, aren't you?"

ROGER shook his head, his smile coming slowly. "Sorry, Naomi. Sweepstake sheets to make out. See you on the first tee tomorrow afternoon. Right?" She nodded without looking at him and he added, "And you'll buy the tea even if I have to cheat."

She started the car, not quite hearing what it was he shouted after her, some taunt or other. At the first down-hill turn she almost ran into a donkey-cart full of melons. She wasn't thinking what she was doing.

The maître d'hôtel put Naomi at her small table by the window overlooking the garden, but it was dark out there now. At the next table the new arrivals, a charming and gracious Mrs. Ordway and her pretty daughter, Molly, were being placed, and they were gay.

Molly was young, blond and, except for the edge of white in back where her evening gown was evidently cut lower than her bathing suit, beautifully suntanned. She chattered enthusiastically about her young man—Jamie said this, Jamie did that, Jamie thinks otherwise—until the darkly handsome, crew-shouldered young paragon in dinner jacket and white waistcoat appeared in person to join them. "Don't look at this pink dress, Jamie," disclaimed Molly. "It's Mother's idea."

JAMIE sat down as close to her as he could and hardly took his eyes from her as she chattered all through dinner.

Naomi watched them, still a little sad but smiling and remembering when she too was nineteen and had met a young man on a boat. Jamie was so perfectly the young man the young girl had met on the boat, and so Naomi was startled when she felt his bland, appraising gaze upon herself. Jamie, as others before him, had just discovered that Naomi's eyes, which he had thought were black, were really very dark blue, and full of something which he, as others before him, had found exciting.

Within the Grand Hotel, like a miniature casino, were a *boule* table, a little *salle de baccara*, and a small bar and cabaret room where everybody gathered after dinner for coffee and cordials, and later for dancing. Naomi did not care to dance very much. She listened idly to Major Braddock's reminiscences of a Kashmir army post and to Nigel Loomis' jealous innuendoes about Roger and herself while she watched Jamie circling the dance floor with a suddenly acquired air of world-weariness and Molly's cheek against his shoulder. She was aware of his sidelong glances and she did not like them. Who would care to waken a little blond dreamer from her first midsummer night's dream?

It was midnight and after. Naomi had gone outside to see Braddock off to

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his hotel over the hill at Dieppe, and now she had stepped up on the dark sea walk for a breath of cool damp air. A night breeze seemed to be blowing all the stars into one corner of the blue-black sky.

At the far end of the walk a shadow moved—someone sitting on the low wall. Naomi halted and drew back as the figure rose to what seemed abnormal height, and then the young man said: "Don't let me frighten you, Mrs. Wheelwright." It was Jamie.

Her fingers touched her throat. "You have already accomplished that."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'll confess I came out here when I saw you leave the dancing, just in hope. My Uncle Andrew has told me so much about you. He thinks you are the loveliest woman in the world . . . and so do I. I'm James Norwood, you know."

Naomi regarded him with annoyance but with a vestige of appreciation too, his splendid youth replacing for a moment the fragment of life which had been so ruthlessly torn from her. She wondered if he were twenty-five. "I thought you had already discovered the loveliest woman in the world, Jamie. She's one of the prettiest anyway, and I think you'd better go back inside and find her . . . before some wiser man does."

"Oh, you mean Molly. She's gone off to bed in a huff. We had a fight, something she said I couldn't stand for . . . about you. She said you were just the sort to hang about places like this, hoping to hook the first unwary man."

"Meaning you, Jamie?" Naomi laughed but she thought: "The nasty little prig! If she's like that at nineteen . . . well, perhaps her education in humanity had better begin."

Naomi sat down on the low sea wall. "Light me a cigarette, will you, Jamie?"

A descending mist had blotted out the patch of stars; only the red ends of their third cigarettes shone now, and the rest was dark. Jamie finished what seemed to him the tragic story of his life with a shrug of resignation. "So you see, it's a pretty tough spot I'm in. I wouldn't do anything to hurt Molly for the world. She's a grand little youngster, but . . . well, you and I can really talk. We appreciate the same values. By the way, what time do you swim? We might have a few sets of tennis in the morning and then a quick swim in the pool."

Naomi laughed again. She hadn't laughed like that for a long time. With Roger she was just smiling always. "I don't think so, Jamie. You'd better take your tennis with Molly and save me for your heavy moments in the evening. No, I can't really swim. Well, I'll let you know in the morning, then. Now please go inside and leave me alone for a while. Call Molly on the house phone and tell her you're sorry."

At last in her nightgown, she sat in front of her dressing-table mirror for quite a while, just looking at herself, and wondering. She was wondering, since life had done her out of her twenties, if she could not have a little of them back now.

FOUR o'clock the following afternoon found Roger Maitland about seventy-five yards down the fairway hitting mashie niblick pitch shots to the eighteenth green. It was all very right and expert until he happened to glance at his wrist watch again. He had only three practice balls left and, growling something about "dashed, unreliable women who make engagements to play golf and then hang a fellow up like this," he hit them with a viciousness which sent the last one over the green, barely grazing a girl who leaned pensively against the bordering fence.

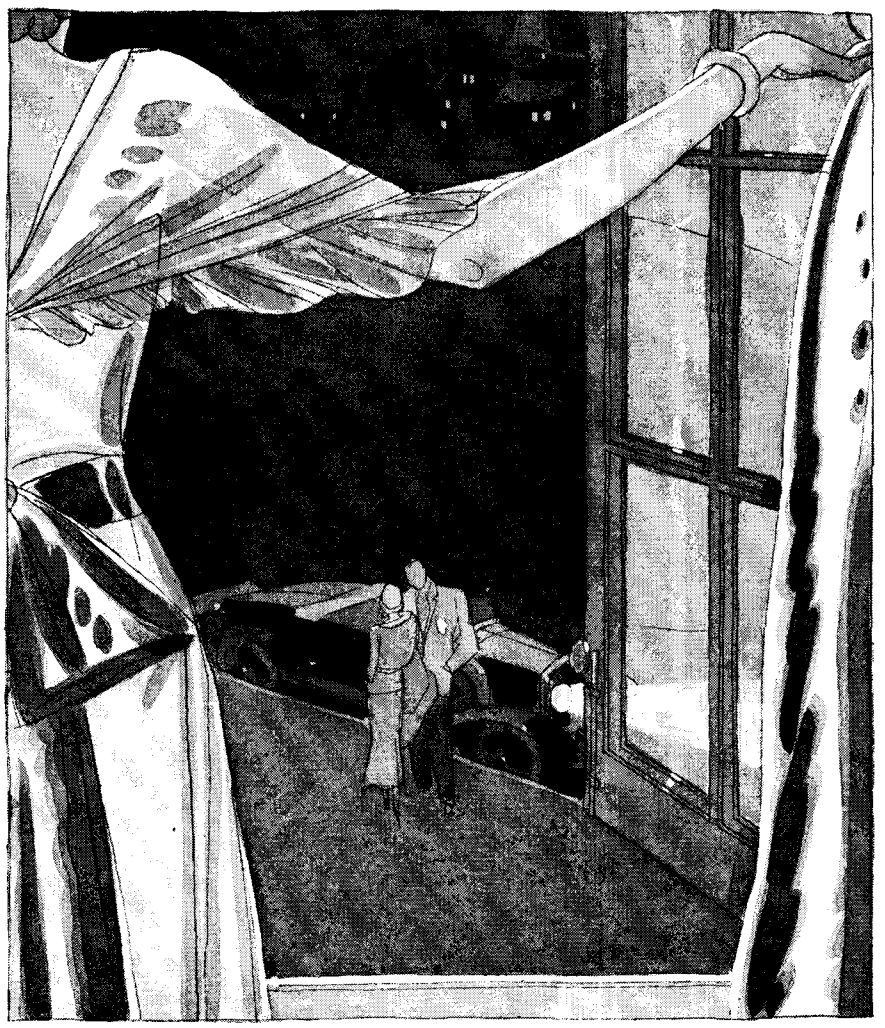
Roger hastened up to apologize. "Not a very nice way for the club secretary to welcome a new guest, I'm afraid." He wouldn't have cared, quite the contrary in fact, if she had been the particular sort of girl he had in mind who makes and breaks golf dates, but this was only a youngster in suède windbreaker and tweed skirt he'd noticed hanging about the club ever since morning as though she'd lost her last friend. He had, however, noticed her. No man, who was a man, would pass Molly by entirely unnoticed.

SHE had retrieved his ball and she tossed it back to him. "No damage. I would have caught the ball if I'd seen it in time."

Roger regarded her again. "Do you make a practice of catching golf balls? I take it you don't play the game."

"I play real games," said Molly. "A cripple could do what you were doing down there."

Roger was mad. He had been mad to begin with and now he was madder.



Naomi gradually realized that the girl was Molly. "How absurd!" she said

"Fair enough," he said. "Come over to the caddie house and I'll get you a bag of ladies' sticks."

"Get me men's sticks."

"I'll get you any kind you want. We've got time for nine holes before tea and if they don't take you more than twice as many strokes, counting fans, as they take me, I'll buy all the scones and marmalade you can eat."

"It's a bet," said Molly.

Those nine holes cost her exactly . . . well, not exactly, because some of her fans were too fast and furious to count . . . but in the neighborhood of a hundred and nine violent strokes. She had always despised golf but now she loathed it to the point of fascination.

It was sufficiently novel for someone else to buy his tea for Roger to enjoy it thoroughly, although he had to lend Molly the money to pay the check. "For an Englishman," she said, "you're not so bad."

"But I'm a renegade," he admitted. "I don't wear an eyeglass and I sometimes see the points in the simpler jokes. You're not so bad either, Molly. . . . You said Molly, didn't you? And considering what I think of American girls in general this afternoon, my good opinion is a feather in your cap. Do you know Naomi Wheelwright down at your hotel?"

Molly said: "Good lord, you too? I hoped there was one man in the north of France who wasn't hers. She's gone off the deep end about a boy from over home now, though I can't figure out what she wants him for."

"Well, don't think I have any interest in the lady." Roger said it with almost too much fervor. "You positively can't count on her. How about the same bet tomorrow afternoon?"

"All right," she agreed. "I haven't got anything else to do."

On his way to the improvised polo field several mornings later, Major Braddock, D.S.O., late of the Scots Greys, happened by the tennis courts. He couldn't see too well before his morning gallop and his first Scotch-and-soda, but the spectacle of Naomi Wheelwright cracking herself on the shin while attempting a weird backhand and sprawling on her hands and knees while pursuing a kindly lob was too startling to be anything but real.

NAOMI was dressing for dinner that night. There was to be a gala and she was dining with Jamie. He occupied almost all her time now and she owed him everything because he had made her twenty-two again. She sat down on the edge of her bed which, after their eighteen-mile horseback ride to Veul-les-Roses, was the only place she could sit with any comfort. Just below her knee was a little black and blue spot where the tennis racket had landed, and when she lifted her comb to her hair she thought her arm was going to break off at the shoulder. But that was all part of being twenty-two and she suffered it gladly. Jamie had assured her that even he got sore and tired sometimes.

Shielding herself behind the window drape, she lingered a moment gazing at the paling western sky. Something drew her attention down below where the road spread out and circled in front of the hotel door. A car had driven up and it was a familiar car, a battered and veteran car in which she herself had ridden many hundreds of kilometers—Roger Maitland's. She saw Roger himself climb out and help down some girl in a suède wind-breaker and a tweed skirt. The two of them stood talking, quite unnecessarily. Naomi gradually realized that the girl was Molly. "How absurd!" she said. "How perfectly absurd!"

HER weariness came over her anew and she went back to the bed. She felt almost faint for a few minutes and she was late getting down to dinner. Jamie was waiting in his tail coat, splendid. He drew Naomi's arm into his. Her heart was thumping as if she were, not twenty-two, but in her teens. "You're a handsome thing, Jamie."

"It's the reflection of you," he said.

Jamie was fussed because the champagne was not cold enough.

"You'll spoil a good Lançon by too much icing, Jamie."

He glanced at her reproachfully. A tap-dancing team had the floor, and then Ord Hamilton sang Oh, the Pain of It All, and then there was an intermission while the regular dance music played. "Come on, Naomi, I'll show you that step I was talking about."

They danced. On the other side of the room Naomi missed a step completely and Jamie noticed her attention upon the table where Roger Maitland, wearing his evening clothes with all that effortless charm of his type, sat with Molly and her mother. "Who is it, Naomi?"

"It's a man I used to play golf with. I don't know how he got hold of Molly but it's ridiculous."

"She's been going in for golf," said Jamie. "That's what strikes me as ridiculous—Molly going in for golf. Let's run out on this party, Naomi. Let's go outside and take a turn up the sea walk. Remember?"

"Not now, Jamie." A little shiver ran through her. A week ago she would not have believed it possible to feel like this, just as though a near decade had been washed out of her life. She didn't know why she had said, "Not now, Jamie," because it was exactly what she had hoped for.

They lingered on until the gala was over and the diners went strolling out into the warm night. Passing through the hotel lobby they met Roger, returning from buying some cigarettes, and he smiled in his way and said to Naomi: "Hello there, truant. You look nineteen in that dress."

"It isn't the dress, Roger. You seem to be wearing well yourself."

"I've taken a leaf from your book, Naomi. It's contagious, youth."

Jamie drew her on impatiently. "I don't like that fellow, Naomi. What does he mean by all that nonsense?"

"What he really means, Jamie, is that once you have eaten of the tree of understanding, you can nevermore be entirely young. I don't believe him. Do you think I'll need a scarf outside?"

They walked along the sea wall with the others, shadows passing in the dark, until they were there alone. "This is exactly where we sat, Naomi. Remember?"

"Light me a cigarette, will you, Jamie?"

"And that's exactly what you said."

"Yes. I know it."

"And I said you were the loveliest

(Continued on page 38)

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Germany's Brown Shirt

Collier's sent Mr. Ybarra to visit Adolf Hitler in the famous "Brown House" in Munich. Here you see the man he found there, the heel-clicking commander of a private "army," the governor of a private "senate"—a fantastic figure on the international horizon

By T. R. Ybarra

SIX young Germans, shortly after the close of the World War, decided to form a new political party in Germany. A seventh got wind of their plans and became interested in their program. Ascertaining when and where they proposed to hold their first meeting, he boldly "crashed" it, announced that he was in full sympathy with their views, and poured out upon his astonished and spellbound auditors such a torrent of fiery eloquence that forthwith he, the interloper, ran away with the meeting. With the enthusiastic help of the six whose thunder he had stolen, the young man proceeded to make into reality the party which had been hitherto only a dream.

Today, instead of seven members, his party has about 700,000. At the last elections for the German Parliament, it commanded the votes of not far from 7,000,000 Germans. Backed by this enormous army of supporters, that young man—so insignificant twelve years ago that the German government had never even heard of him—confidently expects, within the near future, to take charge of that government.

His name is Adolf Hitler. As international celebrities go, he is still young—only forty-two. He has organized the vast body of his followers like an army. He has placed them under iron discipline. He exacts from them unquestioning obedience.

He has evolved a political and economic program which—if realized—will smash to pieces the new Europe built up by the victors in the World War.

If he has his way, Germany will pay not one cent more in reparations. She will win back her old frontiers. She will, by drastic lessening of her imports, recreate a favorable trade balance for herself. She will, by means of a ruthless house-cleaning, eliminate the ascendancy of elements in her population which, to Hitler's way of thinking, are a liability. She will purify the Teutonic strain in her blood, which, as he sees it, is her main asset. Thus strengthened and purified, Germany, he fully believes, will resume her old pre-war position as one of the great powers of the world, in defiance of every foe, at home and abroad, who may seek to keep her throttled and shackled.

This program, including, as it necessarily does, opposition to France, Germany's arch-enemy — who holds the Germans in a grip from which, it would seem, there is no escape—looks, to the majority of people all over the world, utterly fantastic and impossible of realization. Yet the number of Hitlerists in Germany grows by leaps and bounds. After each of his harangues still further scores of thousands are added to his already vast following.

At every election held in Germany the votes cast for Hitlerism—its official name is the German National Socialist Workers' Party—break all previous records. Before the elections for the German Parliament in the autumn of 1930, only twelve Hitlerist deputies had seats in that legislature. When the returns had been counted, their number had risen to the amazing total of 107—just short of nine times as many. That Hitlerism can ever make into reality its dreams seems a fantastic assumption. The fact remains, however, that the reality of its incredible gains in power and influence, since its birth twelve years ago, is equally fantastic.

Striking evidence of the growing power of Hitler and Hitlerism in Germany was afforded shortly after the advent of the new year, when Chancellor Brüning was forced to turn to the National Socialists and their chief in his endeavor to prolong the constitutional term of old Field Marshal von Hindenburg as President of the German Republic. Like many other Germans, Brüning considers Hindenburg one of the main pillars of the struggling post-war German state and fears that his relinquishment of the presidency may prove a veritable catastrophe. So he decided to try to keep him in office by a mere vote of the German Parliament, instead of having recourse to a presidential election. To do this, it would have been necessary to have the Parliament amend the German constitution—but that did not deter Brüning, who has become well accustomed, during his stormy chancellorship, to sponsoring drastic steps.

Hindenburg consented to lend himself to the project provided that the vote sanctioning it should represent a two-thirds majority of the German Parliament. To obtain such a majority without the concurrence of the Hitlerists was obviously impossible, since they represent the second largest faction in the German Parliament.

So Brüning asked Hitler to come to Berlin from Munich and confer with him. Following their conference, Hitler announced that he refused to consent to Brüning's idea of having Hindenburg reëlected by parliamentary action, but would lend his support to the old Field Marshal, should he run as candidate for a second presidential term.

This action by Hitler had a twofold significance: First, though it promised National-Socialist backing to Brüning in the latter's endeavor to reëlect Hindenburg, it vetoed the Chancellor's plan to achieve Hindenburg's reëlection by means other than accepted constitutional procedure; and, second, it made plain to everyone, in and out of Germany, that there was no possibility, under existing conditions in the German Republic, for any German government to leave Hitler and Hitlerism out of its reckoning.

Hitler's headquarters are in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, in Southern Germany. There he and his staff are installed in a big building known far

(Continued on page 49)

Keystone

Adolf Hitler, Nazi leader, dedicating his party's flags

Acme

German Fascists. Troops of the National Socialist Party, part of Hitler's well-organized army

© Keystone

Gen. von Ludendorff and Hitler in 1923, at the time of their abortive attempt to seize power in Germany

© Keystone

The "Brown House" in Munich, headquarters of the National Socialist Party in Germany

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The Unguarded Queen

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE liner Proconsul is Helen Stevens, ranking U. S. tennis player. She is also by right Princess Helena Stephanie Stephanovitch of Illyria. Her mother as a young girl in Vienna met and fell in love with young Crown Prince Dushan of Illyria, a small kingdom in the Balkans. Prince Dushan renounced his right to the throne and married the beautiful American girl. Their happiness was short; a few months after the birth of their baby girl, Helena, the young prince died. The widow brought her little girl home, under the name of Stevens, to die herself within the year.

When Helen is twenty, she is visited by the Illyrian Minister. Her grandfather, Stephan Stephanovitch, absolute monarch of Illyria, wants her to pay a visit to the royal capital at Zeta. Illyria has been in an unfortunate position since the war. Crown Prince Milan, a wastrel, and son of the second wife of the monarch, is anything but popular.

Helen, having no living relations in America, decides to make the visit. She is fascinated by stories of the place and most exciting are those of the bandits, greatest of whom is Paolo Radescu.

Also aboard the Proconsul is John Brent. His earlier years were spent in Zeta as attaché in the diplomatic service. During the war he joined a "Flying Circus" of Illyrians until the U. S. came in. His mission in returning to Illyria this time is to procure the leases to the Tokar oil fields for the *Cosmopolitan Petroleum Company* of New York. He looks up to see Helen Stevens. "That," he says to himself, "is the girl I am going to marry."

II

THAT is the girl I'm going to marry!" John Brent repeated.

The immediate purpose of his trip to the Balkans faded to insignificance beside the momentous business in hand. But although he sought her assiduously he could not find her chair on deck and at dinner she did not appear.

With the rest of the passengers already beginning to fraternize, and groups of young people noisily playing shuffleboard and deck tennis, he felt annoyed and cheated. One whole day gone and he had not even met her!

When her seat remained empty both at lunch and dinner next day he became genuinely indignant. Could she be having her meals in her cabin? What did she think she was—royalty?

In the absence of Miss Stevens nobody in the dining salon looked in the least interesting.

Then, as his eye wandered farther over the heads of the throng, Brent received a severe and humiliating shock. At the extreme end of the salon at a corner table by a window sat Helen Stevens, looking in her low-cut yet simple evening dress more calmly beautiful than ever. For a moment he did not believe it. She had had her seat changed! Could it have had anything to do with him? Inquiry from the steward confirmed his obvious assumption that after her first meal the lady had asked to be placed elsewhere. He pondered the matter over his coffee while watching her as well as he was able from such a distance. If she *had* changed her seat on his account she had at least interjected a personal note into whatever relationship might subsequently be developed between them. He might somehow be able to turn it to his advantage.

He had no chance to do so that evening, for Miss Stevens disappeared immediately after dinner. Next morning, having quartered every deck on the Proconsul as methodically as a hound working a likely cover, he ran her to earth behind the bridge. She was reading as he approached and did not raise her eyes until he addressed her. He had decided just how he would do it.

"Pardon me for speaking to you, Miss Stevens," he said, planting himself directly in front of her, "but please let me say that if I gave you any offense the first day out in the dining-room it was entirely unintentional and I most humbly apologize. I merely couldn't help looking at you, that's all. Incidentally my name is Brent—John Brent—and I come from New York."

She lowered her book, only half aware of what he had said. She was used to being spoken to and was adept at keeping would-be admirers firmly at a distance.

"Yes—?" she began, expecting to adopt her usual technique of polite misapprehension followed by an immediate return to her novel. But at sight of the young man standing so engagingly cap in hand before her she changed her tone.

"WERE you rude?" she answered, smiling in return. "I wasn't aware of it."

"In that case I'm very much relieved. But you must admit that, when you had your seat changed in the dining-room, it was only natural for me to suppose—"

"I thought the balcony too stuffy. That was my only reason."

"I was afraid it was because I stared at you."

"In that case aren't you capitalizing your errors?"

"Napoleon—all great generals in fact—did that," he laughed. "That's why they so often pulled victory out of defeat."

"Oh, so you're a great general?"

"No, but I hope to be successful."

"I'm sure you will be, you're so ingenious. If you really thought I'd moved my seat to get rid of you it would hardly be fair, would it, to make that an excuse for picking me up on deck?"

"Fairness is a relative term," he countered. "Everything is fair, you remember, in—under certain circumstances."

She felt herself getting in deeper than she ought, but she could not help it.

"The great general again?"

IT WAS clear he had not fooled her for a moment and, now that the crisis was safely over, the fact that she was clever as well as lovely made her all the more adorable.

"Please don't think I'm making an excuse to speak to you," he said earnestly. "I don't think I need any to tell you how much I admire you. It's the penalty of being a celebrity."

"I don't mind your picking me up in the least," she answered. "In fact, I was going to pick you up later on, if you didn't. Thornton Palmer said you were going to be on board and told me to be on the lookout for you. So you see we're properly introduced after all, and you needn't have tried to be like Napoleon—or anything!"

Things were going better than he had had any right to expect! Should he capitalize his mistake again? Why not? He had only seven days and a half.

"That's a relief!" he said, ensconcing himself on the skylight opposite. "May I confess that like millions of my fellow countrymen I've been in love with you since the first time I saw you? That ought to be nothing against me—any more than against them. It's an honorable state."

She burst out laughing, her composure restored.

"What is this, a proposal?" she demanded.

"Something like that. Listen to me just one moment, please. I never was more in earnest."

SHE stared at him, a puzzled smile on her lips. He did not look at all crazy. On the contrary, he looked very clean and nice and altogether charming.

"I've thought this all out very carefully and I'm quite sure it's the best thing for me to do under the circumstances. You are the only girl I've ever seen I wanted to marry. Yesterday when I was staring at you that way I knew I could never possibly care for anyone else. I realize this sounds like going off half-cock but it isn't. We're going to be on the boat together for exactly one week. Except for some insuperable obstacle in the way, there's no reason—unless of course I'm absolutely repulsive to you—why you shouldn't give me an opportunity to show you what I'm like, and to make you care for me if I can. I believe I've got a better chance laying my cards on the table now than if I should spring all this unexpectedly on you just as we're going to land. I'm in love with you; it's nothing to be ashamed of, and there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you so. After all, it's a compliment and you don't *have* to marry me, you know—unless you want to."

Clearly he meant exactly what he said. She had had many proposals but never one approaching this in the

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By Arthur Train

Putting down the gypsy, he arose, an obscene and revolting figure, and made toward them. Brent met him halfway

slightest degree. It was embarrassing, of course, but she could not help feeling flattered, and the week would pass quickly—more quickly with, than without, him.

"Why not set the date for our wedding? I'll have to get a trousseau, you know!"

A look of distress came into his eyes.

"*Please don't joke about* it! I mean every word. This is the biggest thing that ever happened to me!"

She saw that he was telling the truth. Yes, she had got her foot in it! How to get it out?

She stood up.

"This is all very modern, no doubt," she informed him, "but it shows that Victorian *mores* have their value. We're hardly acquaintances; there's not the slightest reason to suppose we should ever become friends. Yet, already, what you call your Napoleonic tactics have made me uncomfortable and prejudiced your case."

"Don't say that!" he begged. "All I want is a fighting chance."

She weakened a little.

"Well, I can't tell you to get off the boat even if I wanted you to, which I don't—my interest doesn't go that far. On the other hand, there's no particular reason for penalizing your frankness. If satisfactory to you let's just forget that this preposterous conversation has ever taken place!"

"All right! Suits me!" he instantly agreed. "Now that we've been properly introduced, may I suggest a game of shuffleboard?"

"Sure! Come ahead!"

EVERY day he became more and more obsessed with her. He had never met anyone so apparently frank and at the same time so reserved or so provokingly impersonal. Even when they danced together—and she danced divinely—or afterward sat watching the golden constellations swinging above their heads, they conversed only in the most general terms. She offered him no information as to her past life, never mentioned her plans nor asked of his. He gathered in a vague way that she expected to join relatives, but she made no disclosure of where she was going or what she was going to do when she got there. He assumed naturally enough that she was on her way to take part in some international tournament.

Up to a certain point he got on most amazingly with her—after that it was like phantom boxing—nobody there. It left him with an exasperating feeling of futility.

Still, he had no reason to feel dissatisfied. He felt certain that she cared for him. Everything she said and did seemed to him to indicate it.

The last morning came. They had made Cap Santa Maria di Leuca on the heel of Italy at sunset the afternoon before and passed the lights of Otranto and Brindisi later in the evening. All night long the donkey engines had been at work and already the lower deck was piled high with baggage. Many of the passengers had been up since daylight and, although it was only nine o'clock and they were not going to dock until noon, were walking about in traveling costume, toting bags and umbrellas He found her alone in her customary place behind the bridge. In her dark blue frock, a blue straw helmet hat cupping her small blond head, she looked lovelier than ever.

She gave him one of her bright, straightforward smiles. Then, seeing the expression on his face, she started to rise. He motioned her back.

"Don't get up!" he said firmly, pulling a camp stool beside her. "This is our last chance for a talk before we land."

"Yes," she agreed. "It is such a shame the voyage is over! Hasn't it been fun?"

"It has meant more to me than any week in my life," he said. "Don't you think that by this time you might give me your answer?"

"Answer?"

"I asked you to marry me, didn't I? However, if you have forgotten it, I ask you now."

She had thought that she could be calm but she found herself wabbling. Something in his face frightened and shamed her. What had she done to him?

"Why, I thought it was all perfectly well understood!" she protested. "I believe you did have some preposterous plan for a sort of trial engagement, but I definitely canned that the first day, didn't I?"

He gazed at her steadily.

"*Did* you? Or did you only *say* that you did?"

Her eyes fell. That was the trouble. She had said one thing and done another. She had been flattered and weak—like any other woman.

"I didn't mean to be inconsistent. We said we'd forget all about it and I supposed we had."

"Did you? Well, I didn't, even if you did. This fencing is all rot, no matter what we thought. It's a condition, not a theory, that confronts you. Here we are."

He took both her hands and held them.

"I told you at the beginning, and I tell you now again, that there will never be anyone in the world for me but you. If you don't love me now, I'll make you love me sometime. I'll never give you up. But you do love me, don't you—a little anyhow?"

SHE was burning red now.

"I'm sorry if I gave you any reason to think so. But I have nothing to reproach myself for. It was all on your side."

"All? Don't you even *like* me?"

She moved her hands and he released her.

"Don't you care for me a little?"

The tears came into her eyes. She could not bear to see him suffer.

"Of course I do, John dear! I'm really very fond of you. But—but—nothing more. Besides, there are reasons why I can't marry—at least for the present. It's quite impossible."

"Do you mean you're engaged to someone else?"

"No."

"Then I'll never give you up. Some day you'll realize that nobody could love you as I do. I can wait a lifetime, if necessary."

She patted his arm without replying.

"When shall I see you again?"

"Next autumn. You must come to see me at Bradford as soon as I get back from Europe."

"And meantime, will you write to me?"

"I'll drop you a line when I sail!"

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes."

"All right. It isn't much but it's better than nothing. You'll find me waiting on the dock. I'll just scribble my address in that book you're reading." He felt in his breast pocket for his pencil. A blank look overspread his face.

"What's the matter?"

"I've lost my wallet. But I don't see how I could have! It may be in my other coat—the one I packed last night. I'd better go and look."

"I'm so sorry!"

"Oh, I'll find it, all right."

He hurried to his stateroom. The door was open and everything had been

(Continued on page 44)

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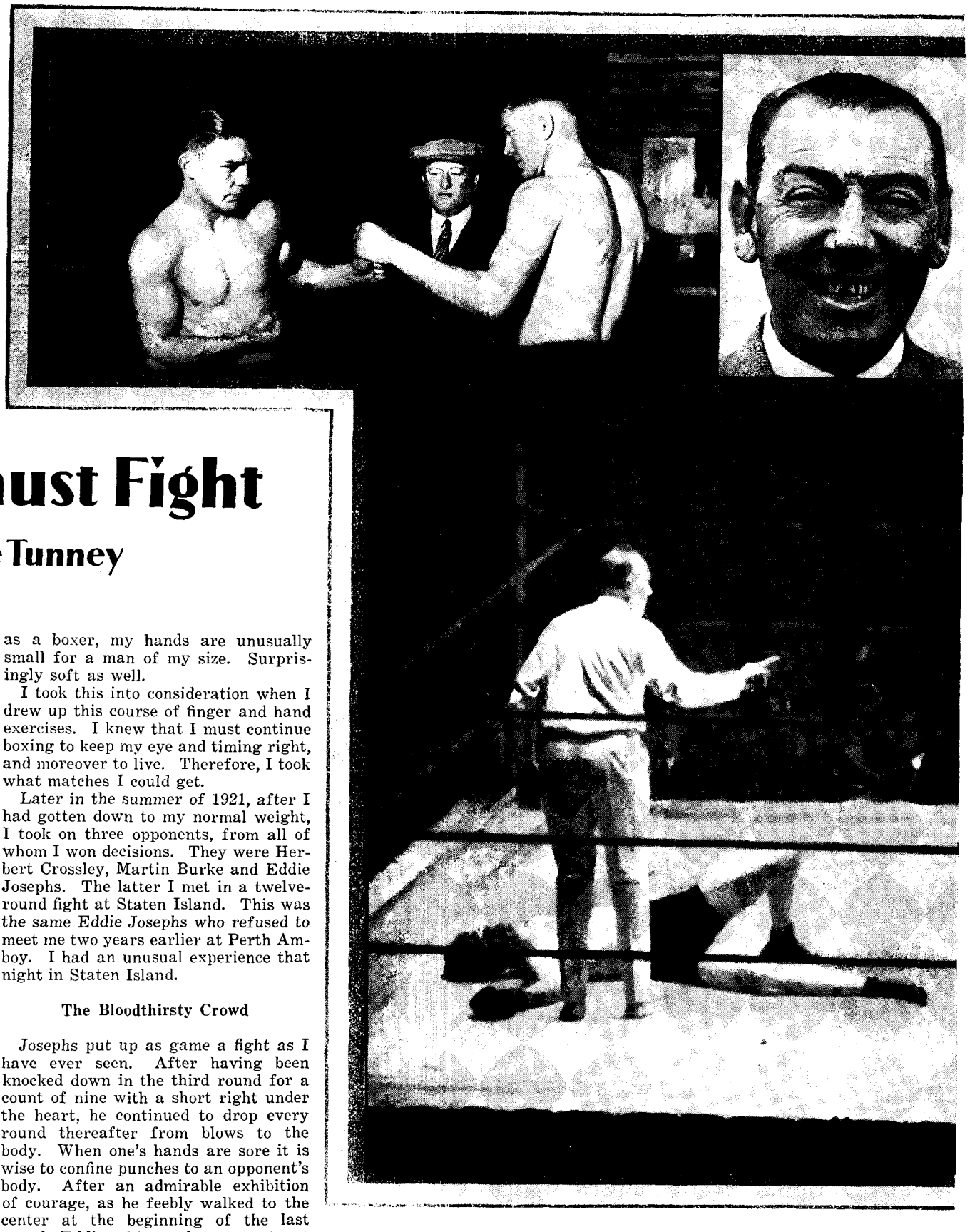
In all the history of prize fighting there has been no feud so bitter, so sanguinary, so relentless as that which carried Gene Tunney and Harry Greb through five gory battles. Here Gene writes the harrowing story of its beginning. He had won the American light-heavyweight championship from the ancient Levinsky. He was rising toward his goal —Dempsey. Then he met Greb, who not only took that championship from him but nearly ended his career



A Man must Fight

By Gene Tunney

ALTHOUGH a man may occasionally look bad against an awkward, unorthodox opponent, it does not follow that he is not a good fighter. On the other hand, the rule that applies in other sports applies in boxing. A second-rater against a fourth-rater looks unbeatable. A semi-pro baseball team looks like a world-series winner against a scrub team; and so on down the line. I have ignored this truism and victimized myself on several occasions. I picked Stribling to win from Schmeling. I picked Sharkey to win from Walker. Yes. . . . I am through picking.

After the Jones fight I had a double problem. In addition to the bad hands, I had fourteen pounds of excess weight to remove. I was thankful, however, that the fractured dislocation of the first metacarpal of my left hand, sustained in the Houck fight, seemed to be okay. It was only the knuckles of both hands that remained tender. And I mean tender with a capital T. I had decided to find myself some place in the country where I could swing an axe, remain out of doors, and do the strenuous road work I knew was necessary to reduce to normal fighting weight, 174 pounds.

An old friend of mine from Greenwich Village, Jimmy Eagleton, introduced me to a retired contractor, Harry F. McCormack, who had a large farm outside of Red Bank, New Jersey. Upon being advised of my needs by Eagleton, McCormack generously offered me the use of his farm. I made this place my headquarters until 1924.

I enjoyed these three years of simple country life immensely. When the time came to start the nation-wide campaign that led up to the Dempsey match, I deeply regretted having to leave Red Bank. I had made many friends there and to this day look upon Red Bank as my second home.

When I arrived at this farm, the first thing I did was to make a plan of training, which consisted of road work, tree chopping and a series of finger and hand exercises that I evolved for myself. The purpose of these exercises was to strengthen the tendons, ligaments and small muscles of the hands and knuckles. The process was slow. I knew it would take many months to strengthen my hands sufficiently to withstand the force of blows. Unfortunately for me as a boxer, my hands are unusually small for a man of my size. Surprisingly soft as well.

I took this into consideration when I drew up this course of finger and hand exercises. I knew that I must continue boxing to keep my eye and timing right, and moreover to live. Therefore, I took what matches I could get.

Later in the summer of 1921, after I had gotten down to my normal weight, I took on three opponents, from all of whom I won decisions. They were Herbert Crossley, Martin Burke and Eddie Josephs. The latter I met in a twelve-round fight at Staten Island. This was the same Eddie Josephs who refused to meet me two years earlier at Perth Amboy. I had an unusual experience that night in Staten Island.

The Bloodthirsty Crowd

Josephs put up as game a fight as I have ever seen. After having been knocked down in the third round for a count of nine with a short right under the heart, he continued to drop every round thereafter from blows to the body. When one's hands are sore it is wise to confine punches to an opponent's body. After an admirable exhibition of courage, as he feebly walked to the center at the beginning of the last round, Eddie whispered a request not to knock him out. I eased up. He had had my sincere admiration from the first round and I was glad of the excuse to discontinue the butchering. Now up to this time the crowd was yelling for Eddie, the home-town boy and local favorite.

"Come on, Eddie, he can't hit!" "Go to it, Eddie, he will quit!" "Knock him back to New York!" were some of the shouts of advice.

When this bloodthirsty crowd realized that I was not going to continue punishing their favorite in the twelfth round, they got up and screamed, "Fake—fake—throw the bums out."

Patsey Haley, who was refereeing the match, said, "Come on, Gene, don't spoil a good fight."

The attitude of the crowd toward what I considered a sporting gesture disgusted me. I refused to lay a glove on Josephs until the bell rang ending the fight. I learned before we left the club that three of Josephs' ribs over the heart were broken, also two teeth were knocked out. Yet the mob wanted the kill. The lust for blood makes beasts of the unthinking.

Tunney knocks out Charlie Weinert in the fourth round of

The course of exercises that my hands were getting was gradually strengthening them, though I continued to be known as the "fighter with brittle hands." In the fall and early winter of 1921, I had three more matches in New York—two in Madison Square Garden, and one at the Pioneer Athletic Club.

I had begun to learn by this time that there were certain complications about rising to prominence in pugilism that I had not considered or foreseen, and of which I was beginning to feel the importance. Doc Bagley pointed out to me the necessity of having a press agent or two who had access to the columns of daily newspapers. He pointed out that unless I had agents pounding out copy for me and getting that copy into newspapers I would remain unknown to the public; moreover, would get no recognition from boxing promoters.

"How do you think Willie Jackson, Johnny Dundee, Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey keep their names before the public? Don't you realize that they must have press agents daily sending out copy, otherwise you would hardly hear of them? The newspapers would be full of the exploits of second- or third-raters who have press agents."

Short Cuts to Prominence

Accordingly I was guided by Bagley's reasoning and advice in this regard, and engaged two active newspaper men with daily columns, to each of whom I agreed to pay five per cent of my purses. In return for this they gave me sufficient mention in their columns to keep my name before the public and the big promoters. This continued for about a year.

I was presently to learn that it was

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Above. Tunney and Harry Greb posing before their February, 1923, fight, in which Tunney regained the light-heavyweight championship; Billy Gibson, Tunney's manager; a training-camp scene before the fight with Greb, and the late Tex Rickard their fight in 1922

the custom to make monetary gifts to certain newspaper men after important matches.

The wisdom of Bagley's advice from a professional point of view was soon demonstrated. Shortly after these press agents got working, my name was brought to the attention of Tex Rickard.

My first match in Madison Square Garden, which was witnessed by Jack Dempsey, resulted in a technical knockout victory in the second round over Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh. The Burke showing and the subsequent knocking out of Wolf Larsen brought me a second match in Madison Square Garden against Eddie O'Hare, a promising, skillful, young light heavyweight, who subsequently met sudden death in doing a somersault into a pile of snow. He landed on a tree stump and broke his back while vacationing in Maine.

The decisive victory over O'Hare, before a large crowd in the Garden, secured a match with Battling Levinsky for the light-heavyweight championship of America.

Tex Rickard at this time had started reviving the championship titles of each class. He believed that having a recognized champion would increase interest in the smaller divisions. Rickard liked to develop and promote championship matches; it was an excuse to increase the price of tickets.

A Serious Young Champion

Battling Levinsky, who was an old warrior, had met almost every light-heavy and heavyweight, defeating most of them. He had but two black marks on his record, the knockout by Dempsey in three rounds and his knockout by Carpentier in the same time. He was a cunning, wily fighter, acquainted with all the tricks of the game and, for a little man, able to take surprisingly good care of himself against the big, hard-hitting heavies. He was very game, and ready at any time to take on any opponent. Despite his courage and willingness to fight anyone I do not believe he scored three knockouts in his long career. He had no punch.

The largest number of people that ever crowded into old Madison Square Garden up to this time witnessed the fight. There were 14,428 paid admissions. This fight took place on Friday, the 13th of January, 1922. I won rather easily but was unable to land solidly on Levinsky's chin.

An amusing incident happened during this fight that brings a smile to my face whenever I think of it. At the beginning of the twelfth and last round, as we came to the center of the ring, Levinsky whispered to me, "Please let me stay, Gene!" Having only the kindest feelings toward the old warrior, I relaxed. Whereupon, at the very next exchange, with my guard lowered, the old battler planted a right with all his might on the side of my jaw. It was fortunate for me that Levinsky could not hit. Instead of getting furious, I laughed at myself for being taken in by such an ancient and obvious trick. I was given the decision and the title of light-heavyweight champion of America. I never got the promised diamond-studded belt from Tex Rickard. Though Rickard did not think the title important enough to present me with the Tex Rickard belt, my new title was taken with dramatic seriousness. I wanted all and sundry to know that the new "champion" was ready to defend his important honors against any and all contenders. Though not confident that I could beat either Harry Greb or Tom Gibbons, I agreed to meet the winner of the match that had been arranged between them. I felt, in all sincerity, that no man had the right to call himself champion of his class unless he was the best man in that class.

It amuses me now to think of the importance I lent the American light-heavyweight championship title. The desire to establish myself as the best man in my class involved a principle, however. It was the same principle and attitude toward the newly won world's heavyweight championship that inspired me to sign with Tex Rickard on January 4, 1927, to meet the winner of a heavyweight elimination tournament that he was to organize and promote during the winter, spring and summer of 1927.

The idea of the elimination tournament was mine. I sold it to Tex Rickard. I felt that unless I could defeat the man who emerged from that tournament I had no right to be called world's heavyweight champion. When I say I sold this idea to Tex Rickard, I mean it literally. After Tex and I talked the thing over it was agreed we would sign the contract publicly. By this public signing I became with Rickard a sponsor of the tournament. This we believed would bring increased public attention to the tournament, and incidentally increase gate receipts. I demanded $75,000 for sponsoring the idea. It was incorporated in my guarantee of $525,000 for meeting the survivor of the tournament. This was $75,000 more than Tex Rickard ever guaranteed any other fighter.

The First Fight with Greb

The $75,000 was a very small percentage of the profits which Tex made through this tournament. Moreover, this was the first contract of its kind ever to be signed. Before this, it was the custom for all heavyweight champions to choose their own opponents.

The night of the Greb-Gibbons fight in old Madison Square Garden, I was introduced by good old Joe Humphreys as ready to meet the winner. As things later developed, it was fortunate for me that Greb won. Though there is no telling now what would have happened if I had been asked to meet Gibbons at that time rather than Greb, I believed then that I was not seasoned or experienced enough for Gibbons. He probably would have won from me by a knockout.

While training for the Greb match, which took place just four months after the Levinsky match, I had the worst possible kind of luck. My left eyebrow was opened, and both hands were sorely injured. I had a partial recurrence of the old left elbow trouble which prevented my using a left jab. Dr. Robert J. Shea, a close friend, who took care of me during my training, thought that a hypodermic injection of adrenalin chloride over the left eye would prevent bleeding if the cut were reopened by Greb. At my request he injected a solution of novocaine into the knuckles of both hands as well. We locked the dressing-room door during this performance.

George Engle, Greb's manager, wanting to watch the bandages being put on, came over to my dressing-room and found the door bolted. He shouted and banged. We could not allow him in until the doctor had finished his work. Getting in finally, he insisted that I remove all the bandages so that he could see whether I had any unlawful substance under them. I refused. He made an awful squawk, ranting in and out of the room. I became angry. Eventually I realized that Engle was only trying to protect his fighter, and if I let it get my goat that was my hard luck. Moreover, his not being allowed in the dressing-room made the situation look suspicious. I unwound the bandages from my hands and satisfied George all was well.

In the first exchange in the first round, I sustained a double fracture of the nose which bled continually until the finish. Toward the end of the first round, my left eyebrow was laid open four inches. I am convinced that the adrenalin solution that had been injected so softened the tissue that the first blow or butt I received cut the flesh right to the bone.

Rough Going

In the third round another cut over the right eye left me looking through a red film. For the better part of twelve rounds, I saw this red phantom-like form dancing before me. I had provided myself with a fifty-per-cent mixture of brandy and orange juice to take between rounds in the event I became weak from loss of blood. I had never taken anything during a fight up to that time. Nor did I ever again.

It is impossible to describe the bloodiness of this fight. My seconds were unable to stop either the bleeding from the cut over my left eye, which involved a severed artery, or the bleeding consequent to the nose fractures. Doc Bagley, who was my chief second, made futile attempts to congeal the nose bleeding by pouring adrenalin into his hand and having me snuff it up my nose. This I did round after round. The adrenalin, instead of coming out through the nose again, ran down my throat with the blood and into my stomach.

At the end of the twelfth round, I believed it was a good time to take a swallow of this brandy and orange juice. It had hardly gotten to my stomach when the ring started whirling around. The bell rang for the thirteenth round; they pushed me from my chair. I actually saw two red opponents. How I ever survived the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds is still a mystery to me. At any rate, the only

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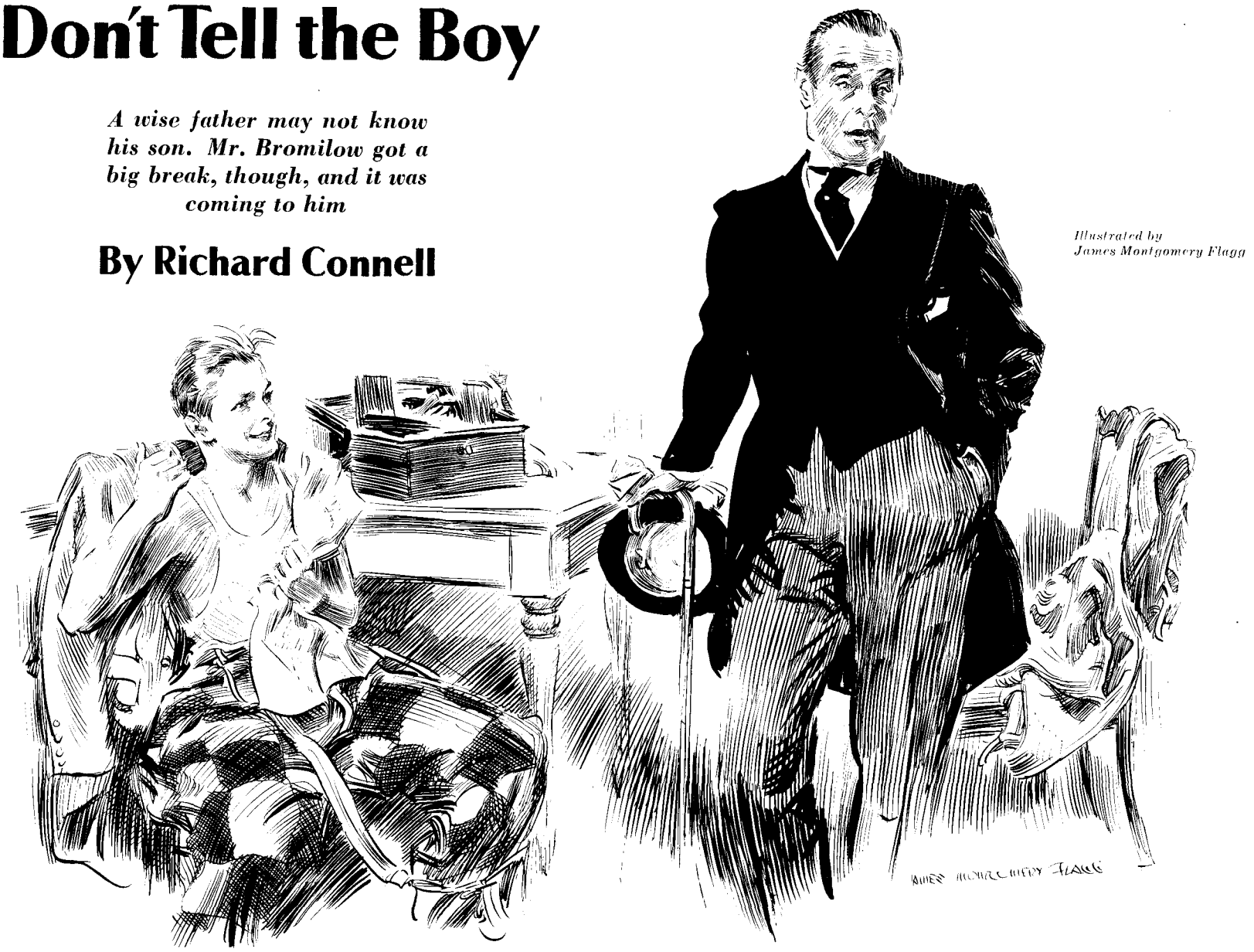
Don't Tell the Boy

A wise father may not know his son. Mr. Bromilow got a big break, though, and it was coming to him

By Richard Connell

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg



"Like the show, Dad?" Mr. Bromilow put on his best financier manner. "Not bad. Not bad"

GREENGLADES is just the right distance from New York to be a select suburb. That is why Mrs. Bromilow chose it for her home. It is too far from town and costs too much to attract those swarms of minor commuters who must be behind their desks or counters on the dot of nine; yet it is not so remote as to deter persons of weight and substance in the city, who are masters of their own time, from dwelling there.

The Bromilows moved to Greenglades shortly after their first and only son appeared.

Mr. Bromilow protested, saying it was too far from his work; but Mrs. Bromilow quelled him with:

"Do you want our son to be brought up among vulgarians and riffraff?"

Only once had Mr. Bromilow won an argument with his wife and that was when he persuaded her, against her better judgment, to become Mrs. Bromilow.

Her spouse's suggestion that their offspring be christened William Elmer Bromilow, Junior, was vetoed as soon as it was voiced, and the child was labeled Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow, and was whisked away to the chaste air of Greenglades.

On the eve of their departure to their new country home the parents were gazing down on their son, who was chewing his foot in his bassinet. Mrs. Bromilow, a tower of a woman, turning to her husband, said in her earnest contralto, "William, promise me something."

"What, Myrtle?"

"Boy must never know."

She called her child "Boy." Not "the boy," or "our boy," just "Boy."

Mr. Bromilow looked puzzled.

"Must never know what?" he inquired.

"About you," she said.

Mr. Bromilow regarded her unhappily.

"But, my dear Myrtle," he began. She bent on him an icicle-blue eye.

"I'm asking it for Boy's sake," she said.

With a show of spirit which surprised both of them Mr. Bromilow said, "I won't promise anything of the sort. I'm not ashamed . . ."

"Please! Please, William!" She checked him in mid-sentence. "Please consider Boy. Remember, we entered him at Dunscombe School the day he was born. He will go there as his grandfather and his uncles did before him. Then he will go to Harvard. Naturally, he will mingle with the sons of the best families, boys whose fathers occupy dignified positions in the financial and social world. . . ."

"I still don't see . . ." Mr. Bromilow dared to interject.

"Perhaps not, William," she said, frostily, "but I see, yes, all too clearly." She spoke in tragic accents—pointing a long, pale finger at the baby.

"Look at that poor, helpless little mite, there, William! It is our duty to make his life a happy one. Suppose he knew? Suppose they knew? How would Boy fare then? Do you want to see him snubbed and shunned?"

Mr. Bromilow hastily declared that he had no such wish.

"Do you want to see him sitting in some lonely corner at school, alone, ignored, sobbing his poor little heart out?"

"No," said Mr. Bromilow. "I don't."

"Then you must see," said Mrs. Bromilow, "that he must never be told. For Boy's sake we must keep our secret from him and his playmates."

Mr. Bromilow looked rebellious.

"For Boy's sake," cried his wife.

Mr. Bromilow looked miserable.

"Oh, all right," he conceded. "But, Myrtle, I don't see how it can be done."

"It can be done," said Mrs. Bromilow, firmly. "It must be done. It shall be done."

SO YOUNG Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow grew up in the rarefied atmosphere of Greenglades, a bright enough lad, and refined, too; and in only one way did he displease his mother: he persisted in looking like his father.

The other ladies got just a bit weary of hearing her say, "I had a letter from Boy today. He's at Dunscombe School, you know. He rooms with Ted Avory, the Boston banking Avorys, you know."

This was a bit rough on mothers who had sons at schools less élite than Dunscombe, which, as everyone knows, is the oldest preparatory school in the country, the hardest to get into, the most expensive and the one most successful in imparting a near-Oxford accent to the young gentlemen so fortunate as to gain admittance to its venerable, ivy-clad halls.

Though Mrs. Bromilow was, beyond dispute, the Queen of Greenglades it could not be said that Mr. Bromilow was the king. His position seemed to be that of a consort, in a morganatic sort of way, whose chief and most valuable function was to sign checks. It was known, vaguely, that Mr. Bromilow did something in Wall Street, and apparently, to judge from the style in which they lived, did it rather well.

He was often away from his home for long periods, and seldom was visible at his wife's dinner parties; nightly conferences, she told her guests, chaining him to his desk in the city. He saw his son briefly and infrequently, for young Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow was packed off to a camp in Maine each summer.

Each morning, at two minutes past nine, a special and luxurious train leaves Greenglades for the city—the Bankers' Express it is called—and each morning found Mr. Bromilow seated in the club car, darkly perusing the financial pages of a staid newspaper. In no way was he different from the other men of consequence who daily took that train. Like them he was well nourished, well tailored, and rather solemn. His clothes were as sober in hue and cut; his neckties as austere; his horn-rimmed glasses as large and glistening, and his brief-case as swollen and important-looking.

On reaching the Grand Central Station Mr. Bromilow was borne by taxi to a towering building, hard by the Stock Exchange, where he entered an office which bore the neat gilt legend:

WILLIAM E. BROMILOW
Investment Banker

He unlocked the outer door, passed through an outer office (empty) and

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entered a large and more ornate inner office (equally empty) and on a wide mahogany desk he deposited his bulging brief-case. He sighed, locked the door, took off his coat and shoes, stretched himself out on a plump leathern couch and took a nap.

At one he woke and presently emerged from his office, boarded a taxi and jostled up Broadway.

In the taxi his behavior was peculiar. He removed his gleaming spectacles and replaced them with another pair with amber-tinted lenses; he turned his coat-collar up and the brim of his soft hat down; and he molded his face, by nature benign and friendly, into a stern, even a savage leer, so that he looked not at all like the quiet, pleasant-seeming gentleman-banker who had come to town in the Bankers' Special that morning, but presented to the world the malevolent mask of an evil-hearted ruffian. He had his taxi turn off Broadway in the West Forties, and stop at a narrow slit of dim, dank alley, down which he went with quick, furtive steps. He entered a building and proceeded to a small, bare room containing only a mirror, a shelf and a stiff chair.

HE STRIPPED off his dark gray business suit, hung it up carefully, and began to dress in raiment of a totally different nature. First he donned a pair of trousers, blotched all over with black-and-white checks the size of a fist and patched here and there with swatches of red—trousers so monstrously baggy that they seemed designed for an elephant rather than a man. He put on a stiff white shirt, five sizes too big, but no collar; then an ancient and rusty coat of the Prince Albert type which had no buttons, but was held together by a huge safety pin a foot long. He covered his face with sheet-white grease paint and circled his eyes with purple so that he looked like a startled owl. He crimsoned the tip of his nose and, final touch, painted on himself a broad, red mouth which ran almost to his ears. He put on a red wig which bristled up like a brush, lit a cigarette, and waited. Presently a respectful voice said:

"You're on in two minutes, Mr. Toby."

The terrible secret of William Elmer Bromilow was this: He was a clown.

He had never been anything else. The respectable spectacles, the tumid brief-case, the office, were all a sham, all part of his wife's endeavor to keep their son from knowing about his father's shameful profession.

WHEN he was a boy in his teens, young Billy Bromilow ran away from a Missouri farm and joined a circus. He told them, at the circus, that his name was Tom Toby, and nobody in the show world knew that he had any other name. With the passing of time, he made a name for himself as Toby, the Tumbling Tramp. He had, naturally, one of those comic faces with just the right tinge of pathos in it, and he had, too, a gift for pantomime. Then one day the manager of a large vaudeville circuit spied him, was enchanted by him, and signed him. Now at forty-six his reputation was international and his salary was twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Most people knew his face, his professional face, with the bristle of red hair, that wide red mouth, that look at once boundlessly optimistic and yet a bit baffled by the complexities of life; but his private life, the life of the William Bromilow with a son in Dunscombe School, was not known to the public.

Twice a day he did his act. He was a cheerful, hopelessly inept man, trying to do his best, but thwarted always by fate and his own incompetence. If he essayed so simple a feat as walking across the stage with a semblance of dignity, some unseen power tripped him up and sent him sprawling ignominiously. If he tried to wind the grandfather's clock, he managed, somehow, to become involved with the pendulum. Seeking to escape, he pulled out the rest of the works. If he tried, with the valor of inefficiency, to repair the damage, he only succeeded in getting himself wedged in the case, so it was necessary for him to burst it asunder to get out. He seemed possessed by a cosmic clumsiness. He had not changed his act a particle in sixteen years; but his public came again and again to see him.

When he was with his son, which was not often, he was shy and said little. He was afraid that by some slip of the tongue, or by some gesture, he might betray himself. Twice he had had his son and a schoolmate call on him at his office where he had been found apparently very busy with piles of papers of a financial-looking nature; he had treated them to a costly lunch, and father and son had been stiff and rather uncomfortable and had stolen embarrassed glances at each other—as if they were strangers, sizing up each other.

The June came when Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow, having passed five expensive years at Dunscombe, was due to be graduated. His small stature, and a certain clumsiness, both hereditary, had kept the younger Bromilow from shining at games, so that the athletic avenue to fame and place was closed to him.

Bromilow, senior, diffidently advanced the notion that he would like very much to be present at his son's graduation; but Mrs. Bromilow took a negative position, declaring:

"I shall go. One parent is enough, I think, to represent the family. Besides, you have business in Buffalo that week."

"I could cancel Buffalo," said Mr. Bromilow, hopefully.

"No," said Mrs. Bromilow.

"I get it," said Mr. Bromilow, gloomily. "You're afraid I'll pull some boner and spill the beans."

"That," said Mrs. Bromilow, "is one way of phrasing what I mean."

BUT Mrs. Bromilow, so adept at controlling the present, could not, it turned out, control the future. Her chauffeur, swerving to avoid a more plebeian vehicle, did not see a load of hay and caromed his employer into it. She was carried home more indignant than injured, the extent of her damages being a broken big toe, painful but not dangerous. So William Bromilow canceled Buffalo, put on his financier-like suit and his most restrained tie, and had himself motored to Dunscombe School.

His graduating son greeted him with surprise; with embarrassment, too, Mr. Bromilow thought. The younger Bromilow was solicitous about his mother, but philosophical.

"Come along, Dad," he said. "I want you to meet the big shot."

"Eh? What?"

"The headmaster," said young Bromilow, and presented his father to the Rev. Dr. Phillips Peabody Bowditch, who boomed:

"I . . . rumm . . . am . . . rumm . . . delighted and honored to meet you, sir. You have . . . rumm . . . a fine lad. . . ." He gave young Bromilow a slap on the back that almost knocked him down. "Yes . . . rummm . . . a promising lad. We . . . rummm . . . that is, Dunscombe, expect big things of him. Yes, yes . . . rummm . . . big things. Like father, like son, eh?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, yes," murmured Mr. Bromilow, uneasily.

"Yes, indeed . . . rummm," said Mr. Bowditch. "Big things. We must have

(Continued on page 40)

He put on a red wig which bristled up like a brush, lit a cigarette and waited

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The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MISERABLE with her husband, the brutal and profligate Sam Clayborne, Rita Clayborne (to whom the idea of divorce is repellent) finally decides to go to Reno, secure her freedom, and marry the man she loves—Dean Resolve.

While preparing to leave, she has a talk with Dean at the Clayborne mansion. Clayborne, in a blind fury, appears. Confronting Dean—"Your old man," he roars, "owes me a million dollars. If Rita divorces me and marries you, I'll ruin your whole family!" An insult to Rita follows—and Dean promptly knocks the man down.

What Clayborne had said about the million-dollar debt is true. Dean's father—old Sturgis Resolve, head of the firm of Resolve and Company—admits it. Due to an unfortunate investment in real estate (a development known as Reussaler Place), Sam Clayborne does hold his notes for nearly a million dollars! . . . Convinced that her husband (a conscienceless scoundrel) will carry out his threat if she divorces him, Rita, ignoring Dean's frantic pleas, returns to Clayborne.

A short time before, Dean, returning from Europe, was greeted by a radio message: "Sweet of you, Dean, but I don't care enough about you to marry you." The message was not from his "Gracious Lady," Rita Clayborne; it was signed by Rita's dearest friend, Jinny Carpenter! . . . Obviously, someone had played a cruel "joke" on Jinny. But *who?* Meeting in New York, Dean and Jinny try to find an answer—and fail. . . .

Jinny is wealthy. Learning of the Resolves' financial difficulties, she does an amazing thing—orders her attorney to lend Resolve and Company whatever they may need, and to keep her name out of the transaction. For Jinny Carpenter is in love with Dean Resolve. . . . The attorney obeys orders. Dean telephones Rita, tells her Resolve and Company is now safe—that she can leave for Reno. . . . Later, he rings the Clayborne mansion again. A gruff voice answers. He asks for Rita. "Mrs. Clayborne," comes booming over the wire, "can't talk to you now. *There's been an accident.*"

IV

HE STOOD there, looking at Jinny with a queer expression of bewilderment. Later on, describing the scene to her mother, Jinny said that he looked like a little boy who had just taken a terrific tumble, and who wasn't quite sure yet how badly he had been hurt. "Like that pause," she said, "when you can't tell whether the child is going to laugh or scream. I was frightened."

But, as when other emergencies confronted her, alarm did not in any way rob Jinny Carpenter of self-possession. It was she who calmly picked up the fallen telephone.

"What's the matter, Dean?" she asked.

From his parted lips came neither laugh nor cry. Instead, his breath exhaled in an audible sigh. His eyes blinked as though he had been awakened from sleep by her question. His voice, when he answered, trembled.

"There's been an accident," he said.

Jinny's blue eyes narrowed.

"What do you mean? What sort of accident? Has Sam Clayborne—"

"God knows," he replied. "But—the man who answered—he wasn't a servant. And he told me Rita couldn't come to the phone, and—said for me to come right over."

As though shaking off the last fogginess of a dream, he started abruptly for the door. Jinny caught at his arm.

"Wait a minute, Dean," she cried. "You say—it wasn't a servant? Did he say what kind of accident?"

He shook his head.

"No. Just asked where I was speaking from, and—"

Her wit was quicker than his.

"Dean! Sam has— Dean, why would he care where you spoke from? There's been— Dean, I'm afraid to have you go there."

Now at last the implications of her questions, her unphrased fears, penetrated his understanding.

"You mean that Sam Clayborne—"

"You struck him today. *Before her.* Dean, he may have done *anything.*"

His gray eyes blazed.

"If he has—"

He threw off, almost roughly, her restraining touch on his arm. He was through the door, had snatched up his hat from the hall, and was out on Sixty-eighth Street, coatless, unaware that the hint of snow of the earlier day had been fulfilled, before she quite realized that he was gone.

HE COVERED the five blocks to the Clayborne house on foot, too impatient, too sick with apprehension, to seek for a taxi. And as he strode along, his mind was a confusion of dread.

Jinny had been right. He had been mad to let Rita return to her home. Clayborne was just the sort of beast to strike a woman—to *kill* her. He groaned aloud as his frightened thoughts brought him this far. If Clayborne had done that . . .

Half a dozen young men were lounging outside the Clayborne house. Although two uniformed policemen gruffly ordered them, every other minute, to move on, the young men merely crossed the street, to recross almost instantly. And as Dean turned up the short flight of steps, all of them raced back to the Clayborne house.

A policeman spoke to Dean.

"Where do you think you're going?" he demanded.

White-faced, Dean looked at him. His worst fears had evidently been realized; Jinny's forebodings had been justified by the outcome.

"I'm calling on Mrs. Clayborne," he replied.

"Oh, yes?" The officer was sarcastic. "What's your name?"

"Resolve," he replied.

"Oh, Resolve." The officer nodded. "Well, I guess that's oke. Go on in."

One of the young men who had raced across the street touched Dean's arm.

"Just a moment, Mr. Resolve." The others crowded about Dean. The two policemen busied themselves urging on their interrupted ways loungers attracted by the presence of policemen and obvious reporters.

"I've nothing to say," said Dean.

"You haven't been asked anything yet," said another young man. "And we only want to ask you a few questions. Is it true, Mr. Resolve, that you and Mrs. Clayborne expect to be married?"

BEYOND the question was something implied, and Dean caught at it. Rita's accident had not been fatal, or else the newspaper man would not have phrased his question in the present tense. For the first time since the telephone had clattered from his hand he breathed without a sense of constriction about the heart, without pain.

"That, of course, is too absurd," he said.

"Is it true that you and her husband had a quarrel today?" asked another reporter.

He never knew what reply he would have made to this. Fortunately, the opening of the door saved him from replying. A heavy-set man, in plain clothing that could not disguise his profession, beckoned Resolve inside.

"Hey, scatter, you birds," he ordered. "Cassidy, Tonelli!" he called to the two men in uniform. "Get these reporters away from here—"

"Aw, what's eating you, Morgan?" demanded the youth who had first accosted Dean. "What you trying to do? This is *news*, and if you think you're going to soft-pedal it, you're out of your mind."

"Come in, Mr. Resolve," said Morgan. With a sardonic grin at the clamoring newspaper men, he shut the door. "Name's Morgan," he said. "Inspector Morgan." He held out a huge hand, which Resolve nervously touched.

"There's been an accident," said Morgan. "But I told you that over the phone."

Resolve wet his lips with his tongue.

"Mrs. Clayborne—she's not—seriously hurt?" he asked.

"We-l-l, not seriously," replied the inspector. "Did you think she might have been killed?"

Some sixth sense warned Resolve to be careful, to hold back from utterance any expression of his fears.

"Why should I think that?" he countered. "I telephoned, and you said she couldn't come to the telephone, that there'd been an accident—"

"Read the first editions of the morning papers," said Clayborne. "The police have nothing to go on, but you can bet the papers have"

"I remember what I told you," interrupted the inspector brusquely. "But—you weren't expecting any accident to happen to her, were you?"

"Expecting? Why on earth should I have such an idea?" Dean felt that his surprise could not have been better acted.

"I'm asking you," said Morgan. "How did you happen to phone Mrs. Clayborne?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?" demanded Dean.

"I dunno," replied Morgan. "You'd know. I'm asking. Weren't expecting Mrs. Clayborne anywhere, were you?"

"NOW what the devil is this all about?" cried Dean. Naturally quick of temper, he assumed an anger now that he did not feel. His only emotion, aside from suspicion, was a torturing desire to know if Rita had suffered harm, and his evasions were due to an instinctive wish to protect her—from what he hardly knew.

"That's what I want to know," said the inspector. His manner, which had been gruff, became truculent. "Holding things back from the authorities ain't exactly healthy, Mr. Resolve."

"What do you think I'm holding back?" asked Resolve hotly.

"You and Mrs. Clayborne planning to get married?" asked Morgan.

"Would it be anyone's business if we were?" snapped Resolve.

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Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"It would be my business plenty," said the inspector. "When there's been shooting—"

"Did he—shoot her?" cried Resolve.

"Do you think he might?" parried the inspector.

Resolve, conscious of a slight dizziness, leaned against the wall of the hall.

"Inspector, if you'll tell me what's happened . . ." Rita, his Gracious Lady, wounded perhaps unto death. . . .

"I'm trying to find out," said the policeman. "And you're the man that can tell me most about it."

"I?" Resolve's surprise again should have convinced anyone.

"Yes, you," said Morgan. He advanced close to Resolve, and his heavy forefinger tapped the young man on the chest. "Now, you come clean, Mr. Resolve. I want to know—"

Resolve's hand, none too gently, struck the finger from his coat lapel.

"Keep your hands off me," he blazed. "And if you want any information from me, phrase your questions civilly."

The inspector whistled. He stepped back a pace, and his face assumed a placating expression with the rapidity with which a bully always changes front.

"Now, listen, Mr. Resolve, I'm your friend. Didn't I chase them reporters off the front steps?"

"Much obliged," said Dean curtly. "But if you'll tell me why the reporters happened to be there—"

"A shooting in a swell joint like this brings them out," said Morgan.

Resolve, out of his mind with suspense, leaned against the wall once more.

"And how would I, not even in the house, know anything about a shooting here?" he asked.

"You might know what led up to it," suggested Morgan. "Now, Mr. Resolve, I *know* certain things. I know that Mrs. Clayborne sent her trunks to the station, that she bought tickets for Reno. I know that you arrived on the Bartonia this morning. There's men out looking for you now. You telephoned and I told you to come over, but you'd have been *brought* over here if you hadn't phoned.

"NOW, I don't want to make trouble. I don't want to make mistakes. But I got my duty to perform. I know some more things. I know that you slugged Sam Clayborne in this house this morning, and that you and Mrs. Clayborne went out together. She came back in a couple of hours and sent for her trunks. And then, an hour or so ago, she packed her bags, sent her trunks off again, and was about to leave the house when her husband came in. Now—was she going to meet you? No use lying to me, Mr. Resolve. A servant listened in on your phone call to her."

"Go on," said Resolve. "What happened?"

"Is this all true, what I've just been telling you?"

"You say you know it's so, don't you?" evaded Dean.

"Did Clayborne object to you paying attention to his wife?"

"Exactly what is the charge against me?" asked Dean.

"There ain't any charge," admitted Morgan.

"Well, is anyone else charged with anything?" asked Dean.

Confidence was slowly coming back to him. Something had happened, but no fatality had occurred. Somehow, Morgan's attitude convinced him of this.

"Not yet," admitted the inspector.

"Then may I see Mrs. Clayborne? If she's able to see anyone?"

He hung on the man's reply. Assured though he was that Rita was not in danger, the ugly word "shooting" still alarmed him.

"Oh, she's all right," admitted the inspector reluctantly.

"Then why can't I see her at once?" demanded Dean.

Morgan scowled.

"Hey, just because I ain't sure of my ground—no need ordering me around. Her husband's upstairs with a bullet through his shoulder. A servant heard the shot and ran out into the street for a cop. The cop notified the station, got a doctor, and I came dashing over. I talked with Mrs. Clayborne, who said her husband had accidentally shot himself. Clayborne, when the doctor got through with him, said the same thing, but—"

"Then why have you cluttered up the street with policemen, why are you cross-examining me?" cried Dean.

Rita was not hurt. Rita was not hurt. . . .

"BECAUSE the whole thing sounds phony to me," said Morgan. "I talked with the servants. The one that got the cop said they'd been quarreling. Others told me about the baggage, about you slugging Clayborne this morning. It's ten to one that dame upstairs shot him, and—"

"And it's twenty to one I'll take your blackjack out of your pocket and break it over your thick skull if there's any more talk like this," cried Dean. "Now, I've stood enough. Because gossiping servants, hysterical servants, jump at conclusions—"

"Oh, yes? Well, believe me, Mr. Resolve, if we never listened to servants, there'd be lots of crimes never solved. Here's a woman about to leave her husband; here's her lover just got back from Europe—" He held up a quick hand. "No offense, Mr. Resolve. I'm just stating the case as it looks. Like it would seem to anyone. Naturally, if I can get anyone to admit something— I don't want to antagonize people like you, Mr. Resolve. I don't want to fall down on a case—but I guess there ain't any case," he finished disgustedly.

He glared, with quick truculence, at Dean.

"Just the same, if that bullet had gone through his heart, I'm telling you there'd have been a case."

"But it didn't," Dean reminded him. "To be zealous is all right, Morgan. But to try to discover crime where there hasn't been one—that gets an officer nowhere. Now—I'd like to go upstairs to see Mrs. Clayborne."

Morgan eyed him surlily. Like all bullies, he wavered between aggressiveness and timidity. Dean could easily read his thoughts. He had just missed figuring in a *cause célèbre*, and was not yet fully convinced that he could not make himself prominent in the day's news. But, with a shrug of his shoulders, he stepped aside, and Dean mounted the three steps that led to the drawing-room level.

A WHITE-FACED servant—who had probably been listening to the conversation between Dean and Morgan—lingered by the drawing-room door. He instantly departed to inform his mistress that Dean waited. And in a moment, the pallor of her countenance more pronounced than ever, Rita entered the room.

Morgan's words had reassured him, but it needed the evidence of his eyes to convince him that his beloved had come to no harm. And he could not trust even these, must enfold her in his arms. . . . She released herself quickly, glancing apprehensively over her shoulder at the open door.

(*Continued on page 57*)

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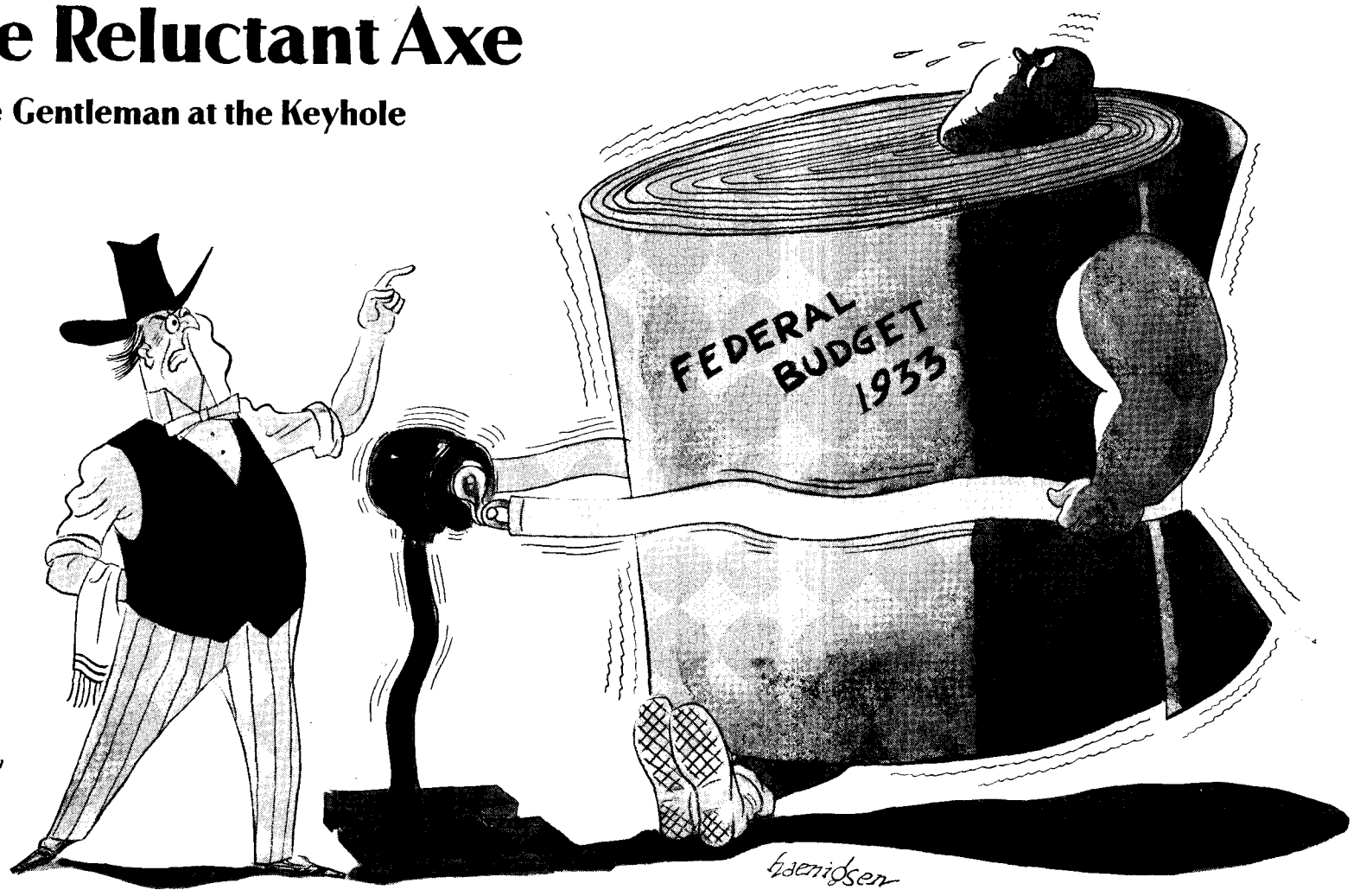
The Reluctant Axe

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Mild reducing exercises haven't done much for our $4,000,000,000 budget

THE Senate has passed Senator Pat Harrison's resolution to cut the budget for the fiscal year 1933, that is from July 1 of this year to July 1 of 1933, by $300,000,000. And it has become known that Speaker John Garner favors cutting the total of Federal salaries by $150,000,000.

These two totals must not be added together. If a reduction in Federal expenses of $300,000,000 is effected, one third to one half of that amount will have to be saved by the paring down of the salaries of Federal employees.

At this writing one appropriation bill has been reported out, that for the Department of Agriculture. The House Appropriations Committee cut this supply bill by $10,779,000. President Hoover had already had it cut $49,000,000 below the appropriation for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1932. The knife was not laid to wages in this appropriation bill. If it is subsequently applied several millions more will be saved.

The reduction of $10,779,000 on a budget estimate of $186,243,000 is less than six per cent. As only about $1,700,000,000 of a total budget of $3,996,000,000 is susceptible of being cut, according to President Hoover's estimate, the average cut in order to effect a reduction of $300,000,000 will have to be about 17½ per cent. A severe cut in wages might bring reduction in the Department of Agriculture budget up to 13 or 14 per cent, still short of the percentage necessary to effect a total reduction in the budget of $300,000,000.

There is nothing that the Democratic House of Representatives can do that would be so generally applauded by the country as to cut the budget of $4,000,000,000 which President Hoover transmitted to Congress by at least $300,000,000. No sensible person doubts that twice $300,000,000 could be cut from the budget without impairing the functions of the government, for Mr. Hoover includes in the sum that cannot be cut the $1,072,000,000 to be provided for the Veterans' Bureau—more than one quarter of the cost of the whole Federal government.

It is inconceivable that nothing could be cut out of that extremely generous provision for the ex-soldiers. But it is improbable that anything will be cut from that billion. It is the price, to a large extent, that Congress pays for the votes of the soldiers.

But although the country is faced this year by a deficit of at least $2,000,000,000 and probably $2,500,000,000, and although Mr. Hoover estimates the deficit for the next fiscal year optimistically at $1,500,000,000, the hardest thing in the world is to deflate the cost of government, which reckless administrations and reckless Congresses have piled up in the boom years since the war. Everything contributed to the enormous cost of government in the last decade. The government revenues were so great that it was possible to pay off the national debt at an unbelievable rate and still reduce taxes drastically all the while.

A Vote-Getting Business

A good deal of the money, besides the colossal billion spent on the veterans of a war in which there were comparatively few American casualties, has been spent in bidding for votes. Consider the Department of Agriculture. For a century or so this country got along without one. It was started more or less as a bit of flattery for the farm vote. It doubtless served some real needs and does serve some. But once started, a department or bureau or commission invents new things to do, new ways to spend money, and it can always line up votes behind its projects.

There are in the budget eleven large pages of fine print listing the projects of the Department of Agriculture. The thing has grown so that in the fiscal year 1932 it cost $225,600,000. It has taught improved methods of farming. It has developed dry farming. It has preached diversified farming. And it has done its work so well that only a few farmers living on the most fertile lands and exercising the greatest business ability can make a living.

To deal with this tragic situation the Federal Farm Board had to be created, which cost the country $102,000,000 in 1932, besides whatever losses may have been incurred by its purchase of surplus cotton and wheat. And it has been seriously proposed by the government to plow under crops as a means of getting rid of them! President Hoover cut $49,000,000 of its cost. The House Appropriations Committee has cut nearly $11,000,000 more. And if salaries are reduced, several millions more will go. Does anyone think the country will suffer seriously?

How hard it is to deflate costs is shown by the results of President Hoover's efforts last summer. The result of many conferences and many outbursts of publicity was reduction of this year's budget $56,000,000 below last year's, in the face of at least a $2,000,000,000 deficit. The persons who have to be consulted about cuts are the very heads of the departments and bureaus who have been magnifying their own importance and swelling their own appropriations by constantly finding new activities. Their bias is all in favor of the necessity of everything they are doing.

Congress faces the same difficulty in finding out where to apply the axe. It has to consult, with regard to the necessity of expenditures, the very persons who in the past have persuaded it that these expenditures are necessary and whose self-interest is in hanging on to the appropriations they have already obtained. The members of the Appropriations Committee have to reverse themselves about judgments made in the past. Some of them have personal or political relations which make it difficult for them to lop off existing governmental functions. With every cut they see votes lost, for there is a vested political interest of some kind in every dollar that the government spends.

Besides, Congress has hardly waked up to the fact that the country is perhaps facing several years of shrunken revenues. It refuses to believe that prosperity and big revenues are not just a few months off. It is no more realistic about this depression than President Hoover has been with his successive predictions that prosperity would return in sixty days.

Another Jolt Needed

Speaker Garner has had a hard time to persuade his Democratic colleagues that an attempt must be made to balance the budget, though few sophisticated observers believe that an extra billion of revenue from new taxation will actually balance the budget of the fiscal year 1932. The impulse to borrow and wait for the return to prosperity was very strong. It will take another shock of a mounting deficit in the third quarter of this year to bring Congress to its senses.

That evidence of how serious the financial condition of the government is may bring about a resolution to reduce government wages, such as Speaker Garner advocates. A shrewd student of congressional psychology says that a reduction in Federal pay will have to wait upon the legislative appropriation bill, which will not reach the House until April. By that time a keener realization of the government's financial difficulties will probably exist in Congress. A motion will be made to cut the $10,000 salaries of senators and representatives by ten and perhaps by as much as twenty per cent.

Congress will be aware that the eyes of the country are on it when this proposal is made. Every member will vote for it. "And then," this observer remarks, "the members will be so mad that they will vote to cut all other salaries, except those that provide no more than a bare living wage."

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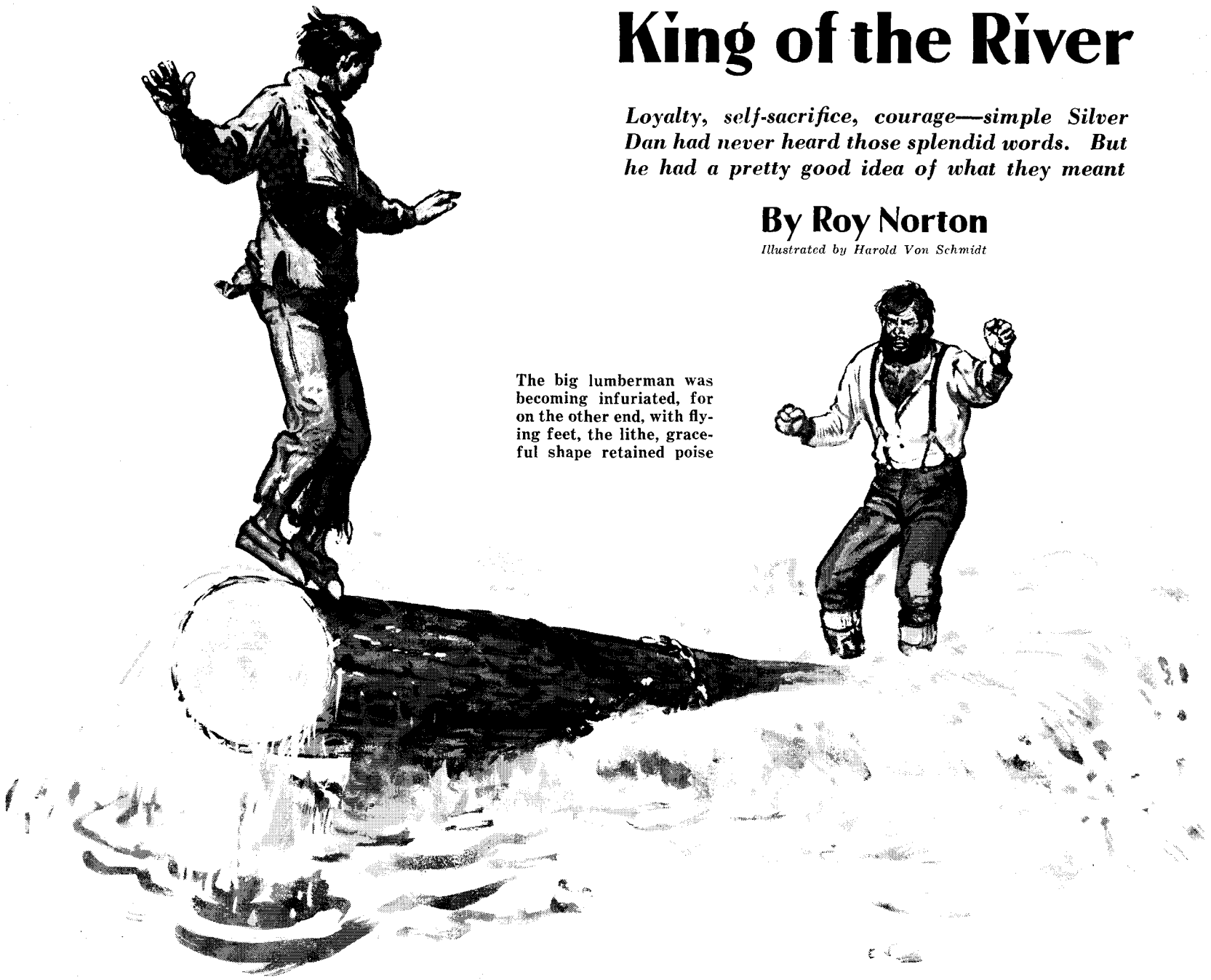
King of the River

Loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage—simple Silver Dan had never heard those splendid words. But he had a pretty good idea of what they meant

By Roy Norton

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



The big lumberman was becoming infuriated, for on the other end, with flying feet, the lithe, graceful shape retained poise

IT WAS Big Tom Carroll's pride in his protégé, Silver Dan, the Iroquois, that led the latter into his first serious enmity with a white man. In the two seasons he had worked at the A. & W.'s Camp 64, far off there in the northern wilderness, the white men, French Canadians, had tolerated him. They had appreciated the quickness with which he became a full-fledged lumberjack, and the swift, uncanny skill which he developed as a "river hog" who could do anything with a log in water. They had smiled at the dumb adoration he gave to Carroll, the camp boss, who had given him a chance, who spoke to him in the Iroquois tongue, and who once drawlingly explained, "I hired him for two reasons. One that he was six feet three, just my own size, and another that he was the first damn' Injun I ever saw that wanted to work."

When, at the end of that first drive of a seething hundred and fifty miles, Silver Dan had demanded his pay all in silver and, after walking sober and curious-eyed through the roaring sawmill town for a few hours, had loaded himself down with four alarm clocks, one long-out-of-date derby hat, one very large silver watch and chain and four full bolts of Turkey-red calico for his mother, Big Carroll had been amused.

"Me come back next winter. Reservation now," Dan had explained, and had kept his word. And now for the second time they had driven their logs into the head of the little lake on whose shores six saw mills ripped, tore and snarled. An army of other men from sixty other camps on three streams had done the same; come riding, roaring, swearing, looking forward to the annual "big bust," which consisted of temporarily turning Boomville into a miniature hell of gambling, carousing and fighting.

Silver Dan had stared at the fifty silver dollars laid temptingly flat in the window of a saloon but he could not read the white man's sign above them:

"Grand Prize for the winner of the first great river contest ever held in Boomville. The best birler wins! FIFTY DOLLARS for the River King!"

SILVER DAN listened to the white man's talk, of which he had gained a limited knowledge. "Palefaces all fools—all but the big chief Carroll," he thought as he wandered on down the slab sidewalks in front of the row of crude saloons, enticing stores, and less enticing abodes of women whose gibes he phlegmatically ignored. Also he avoided the troublesome drunks. He couldn't understand drink. He had tried it once. The protracted after-headache wasn't worth the temporary elation, he decided. More white man's foolishness.

Big Tom Carroll found him quietly basking in the sunshine at the foot of a tree where Boomville's one street ended and the vast wilderness began.

"Son," he said, softly, in that tone of voice which always brought Silver Dan's heart up to his neck, "do you know about this contest thing? Well, my camp's got to win it. I'm not going to have rivermen say that Carroll's 64 didn't have the best man on the river. I want 'em to say that Carroll gets the best men. Understand?"

Silver Dan didn't, but slowly nodded his head and grunted.

"Then listen. I'm giving you an order. I'm still your boss until you cash your season's pay check. You're to go out on that river tomorrow and show these lunkheads that Carroll's got a man. Show what an Iroquois can do on top of a log. You're to birl the best of 'em under. Show what a man of your tribe can do."

Somehow Silver Dan hadn't thought of his tribe. Iroquois! That name of which his people had for centuries been proud, dating back to legendary times when the palefaces had been the despised ones. The thought stirred him almost as much as the friendship of this "Big Chief" who, to him, was the greatest man in all the paleface world. He hesitated, and Tom Carroll's voice went on: "And while you are showing them, Dan, just think that you are birling logs for me, because I want the fifty big dollars I'll win if you beat all the others. You're to get it for me."

"Mebbe Big Chief lose. I dunno," Dan muttered. But Tom Carroll smiled to himself as he walked away. Silver Dan grunted, sighed, drew tribal signs with his finger in the dirt between his legs and wished he could slip away to the seclusion of the reservation and his own people, for whom he was suddenly homesick. Despite his efforts to avoid intrusion he knew that not all white men were friendly. Intuitively he knew that many despised him, even as he secretly despised them. It was not wisdom, he thought, for a descendant of proud chiefs and great warriors to lower his dignity by engaging in paleface follies.

But to Dan the "Big Chief's" wishes were law, and on the following forenoon he reluctantly appeared and went through the preliminary contests with other camp champions. The little lake was alive with miniature conflicts. With grim determination, unsmiling, Dan met the survivors one by one, and by noon was declared winner of his section.

HE SLIPPED hurriedly away, hoping to escape unwelcome attention, wandered alone for a time, and went almost sneaking back to have another look at the money in the saloon window. He slowly counted the display. Yes, there were fifty dollar pieces there. So they must be the ones the Big Chief wanted. He couldn't blame him, for that was quite a fortune. He wondered what he would do himself if he had that much money on top of his pay check. Heaps of money, that. He was roughly elbowed aside by a group of boisterous toughs who were loudly partisan for someone named Grizzly Donnard. Until then Silver Dan had never heard of him, and yet it seemed that he was the redoubtable champion of many rivers.

"That dough's as good as ours already," one bully asserted. "Griz'll be heapin' it on the bars for his pals tonight, an' we'll make this here camp look alive." Others chimed in but Dan had heard enough and silently, hastily, retreated. Grizzly Donnard's money, eh? Even if the best white man in all the world, Carroll, wanted it! Humph!

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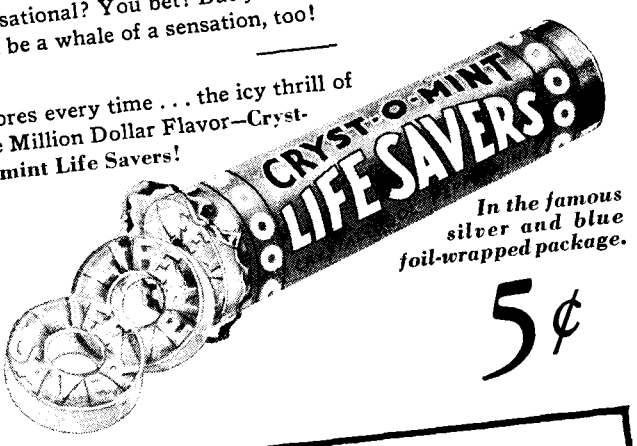

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Silver Dan stood unobtrusively on the outskirts of the crowd on that sparkling afternoon when he first saw his rival, Grizzly Donnard, whose face was messed up with scars where he had been caulked in scores of barroom fights, whose huge, high shoulders, long arms, and naked hairy chest explained his nickname. Grizzly loudly boasted that he was the "best damn' river hog that ever spiked a log, and could lick any dozen who said he wasn't." He was already drunk, but the moment he took a leap to a log and felt the caulks of his heavy boots bite into the bark he was poise and balance and skill combined.

Silver Dan, squatting on the beach alone, watched him closely and not without admiration. A hard man to beat, that. He watched Donnard overcome two others. He thought they didn't amount to much. Grizzly Donnard, triumphant, reached shore, and was applauded by his backers, and there was a stir on the roughly constructed judges' stand, and the shouts of the crowd were finally stilled to hear the shouted announcement:

"The undefeated men of the two sections that have been eliminated are Grizzly Donnard, of Wells Lumber Company's 37, and Silver Dan, of Ames and Wilkes' Camp 64, who will now engage in the final contest. If both are still on the log at the end of thirty minutes this contest will be declared a draw and the purse split accordingly. Now!"

A wild yell of bawled shouts rebounded from the huge yellow hulks of the idle mills. Most of the four or five hundred gathered on the bank—lumberjacks, sawyers, tailers, and a smattering of camp women, some of them harder than the men themselves—classed an Iroquois as an inferior being. Grizzly Donnard was loudest in scorn and was the first to gain the end of the log selected by the referee. When Silver Dan, graceful and effortless as a timber wolf, trotted forward and sprang, a derisive shout came from some of the worst of the gangs. One or two wanted to know if A. & W. 64 didn't have a baboon or a "Chink" to enter. A free-for-all fight threatened when some of the 64 crew showed their resentment and were quieted by Big Tom Carroll.

"Drown that lousy redskin, Grizzly! Drown him!" A man from 37 yelled, "Birl him under and keep him down!"

But it is doubtful if Silver Dan heard at all. He was absorbed in watching the brutish, grinning face opposite him as Grizzly edged backward to the end of the log. From then on there was no time to listen to shouts, for the log suddenly whirled as Grizzly's caulks beat a tattoo now on one side, now on the other, birling the big timber this way and that, suddenly halting it with his powerful legs planted, suddenly wrenching it sidewise, or again dancing up and down upon it until, under his weight, it leaped like a living thing trying to escape torment. The big lumberman was slowly becoming infuriated as trick after trick failed. Always there on the other end, with flying feet, the lithe, graceful shape retained its poise, upright, waiting.

SILVER DAN had quickly determined his line of fight. He would let the other man exhaust himself. Already he could see sweat trickling down the bearded face, anger in the drink-reddened eyes.

"Birl, damn you! Birl! Whad yuh think y'u're doin'? Jest dancin', you—" and Grizzly ended with a foul epithet that made Silver Dan clench his jaws. But he kept cool, watchful, biding his time until exhaustion began to show itself in Grizzly's speed, and the big man's efforts became more labored, more desperate.

At the end of twenty-five minutes Grizzly stopped and, while the crowd on the shore howled itself hoarse, stood still and cursed. Then suddenly Silver Dan heard above the confusion a familiar voice shouting in the Iroquois tongue, "Now, Son! Now! You've got him!"

With one sudden, abrupt spring he assumed the offensive. His attack was like the sharp pounce of a panther, and as unexpected. His wet moccasined feet bounded upward, down, and as they hit gave the log a swift sidewise wrench and whirl. Grizzly lurched, threw his great arms upward in a frantic effort to recover balance, and the log shot from under him. He went out of sight in the curling waters, and from the shore came a wild howl of victory from the men of A. & W. 64 and the few others who had backed the Iroquois to win.

Silver Dan took a savage delight, remembering the endured insults, in leaving the spluttering and beaten river hog to make his way ashore as best he could, unaided. Only once did he pause to look back to assure himself that Grizzly was capable of swimming to safety, and then he came lithely to land and for once was a hero to those who knew him. He was confused by his reception. It was unwelcome. He submitted to being slapped on the back until he felt his arm caught by a friendly hand and Big Tom Carroll led him to the judges' stand to be announced as winner.

He disliked all that shouting. He wished he could have slipped away alone. Surely the white men were crazy. He was not certain that his hero wasn't, also, when Tom Carroll refused the fifty dollars which the judges handed him. He listened in a daze until Tom, translating into Iroquois, said, "It's yours, Son. Don't you understand? You own it. You're the best man on the river now. Big Chief of the river."

"But—but—I thought it was for you. You said you would win fifty silver—" Dan protested in his guttural speech, and could not understand until Carroll explained, "No, no, no! I meant I had bet fifty on you. I win that. Understand? This is yours. But if you want me to, I'll keep it for you until you start back home."

"Tomorrow I go. Tomorrow—one sleep," Silver Dan said, and wriggled away like an eel to escape from the camp to where, alone, he could quietly gloat over his new fortune. But he kept his word as to his departure. The last man who spoke to him was Carroll.

"I just found out, Dan," he said, "that next season I'm to have a new camp. No. 65. It will be almost a hundred miles northeast—on the Willohatchy. So I suppose you'll not be with me again, although I'd like to have you. Number 64 will be closer for you, of course. So be a good Injun and work as well for the new boss as you did for me. Luck to you."

He had stopped from his busy affairs only long enough to say this much, and now another of the paleface bosses called to him and he hurried away, pausing but once to wave his hand when he had taken several strides. On the long trails and canoe trips back to the reservation Silver Dan was heavy-hearted despite his new wealth.

THE snow had fallen deeply in the doomed virgin forest; the long, squat log mess and cookhouses, and the office and living cabin of Big Tom Carroll at Camp 65 were covered with a two-foot blanket of white when a lean, lone traveler came wearily in on snowshoes of which the webs were worn and the thongs had been tied in knots.

"Good Lord! Son, is that you?" Big Tom roared when he was accosted outside his door while anxiously scanning the skies in fear of a fresh heavy fall of snow.

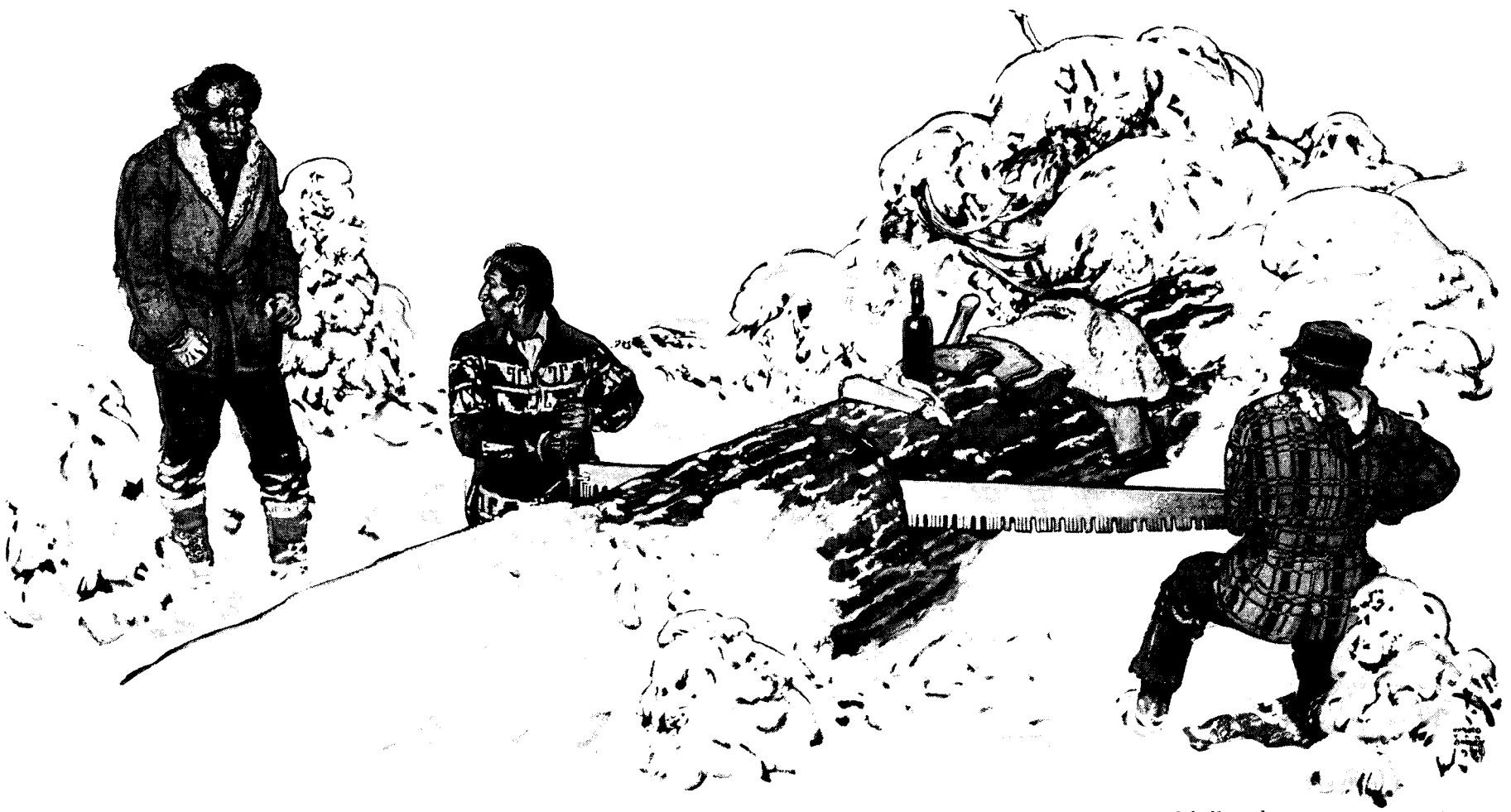
"Me, Chief. Come long way find you. Bad luck. Go hungry. No like work for other white men. So—come here."

That was his sole explanation of how he had found his old camp inhospitable and lonely with Carroll gone. He answered questions vaguely until asked what he had done with all his silver.

"Me keep-um," he said, with the air of confiding in a trusted friend. "Fine girl my reservation. Got nice face. Two braids hair—long—like this. Buy her next year. She like me. Make good squaw. All summer me build big house—big like Big Chief's—same as white man. Buy-um white man chairs and bed and look-see-glass when next summer come. This camp two times big as 64. Huh?"

"It's not too big to keep me from putting you to work, Son," Carroll said, secretly pleased with his protégé's loyalty. "But—it's a hard crew. Worst

(*Continued on page 55*)



Grizzly Donnard, inflamed with whisky, ready to loosen long-pent hatred, came up behind Silver Dan and bellowed

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Spring Fervor

The same men who snicker at their wives for wearing next summer's straw hats this winter start looking in March for October baseball pennant winners. We find Mr. Rice has the habit too and here's what he has to say about the 1932 prospects

By Grantland Rice

ONE certain bugle call of approaching spring is the announcement that the vanguard of more than five hundred big-league ball players, veterans and rookies, are on their way to that land of the sun which extends from Florida to California. From now until the world series in early October they will occupy one of the main sectors of sport.

Fourteen of the sixteen big-league camps will face the same problem. In the National League this problem will be cutting down the big margin of games which Gabby Street's St. Louis Cardinals piled up last season. In the American League it will be a matter of deposing Connie Mack's Athletics after a three-year reign.

Both leagues were drawing big crowds and making money last spring and summer in spite of business conditions until the Cardinals and Athletics finally moved so far out of reach that all pennant competition was ended late in August. When the two strongest clubs are from ten to fourteen games in front of the straggling procession there is very little fanatical enthusiasm left in the other fourteen cities. So one of the big problems this spring will be to whip a few other teams into shape and so prepare for an assault on the leaders that will develop a pennant race and not a parade.

This should be a tougher job in the National League than it will be in the American. The St. Louis Cardinals have had the greatest "farm system" for four years that baseball has ever known. Their incubating plants extend from Rochester, New York, to Houston, Texas, and they also have a scouting system which overlooks no promising youth equipped with a stout arm or a batting eye. This system has worked so well that the Cardinals have won three pennants in the last five years, have sold stars to other clubs, and still have a cast in which there already is so much talent that the club owners could afford to save Dizzy Dean for 1932.

This spring the Cardinals will prepare for battle with practically the same army which ran away with the last National League pennant race and then stopped the Athletics. The one big change is that Dizzy Dean, the sensational young pitcher from the Texas League, will replace Burleigh Grimes, the veteran who was traded to the Chicago Cubs for Hack Wilson, the stormy petrel of baseball. Grimes was a big help to the Cardinals but there is a chance that young Dean will be an even greater help. A year ago Gabby Street said that Dean was good enough to win from twenty-five to thirty games and with additional experience he should be as effective this year.

The two clubs expected to give the Cardinals most of the trouble this season are the Cubs and the Giants. Both Hornsby and McGraw have been trying every known way to bolster their teams since last summer. Late in the season McGraw added a star young pitcher in Mooney, from Bridgeport, who won his first six starts. During the winter Hornsby traded Hack Wilson for Grimes and thereby acquired a pitching veteran who should be a decided help.

A Help for Hornsby

Grimes is no budding entry in the big show. He will be thirty-nine years old in August and he has been pegging at the plate for nineteen years. But if he was slipping last fall the Athletics failed to notice it. He was at his best against one of the hardest-hitting clubs that baseball ever knew. If young Dean should happen to blow and Grimes should have another good year, it would help close the gap between the Cardinals and the Cubs. While Dean has been a minor-league star, he hasn't been one of the easiest ball players to handle. Hornsby is confident that he will have a better club through 1932.

McGraw will have better pitching than he has known for six years, and lack of good pitchers has been one of the main faults of the Giants. He has five first-class pitchers and at least three good aides for emergencies. Pittsburgh may cause some trouble but the other teams are still working their way upward. Max Carey is facing his first season with Brooklyn, where he has a flock of rookies who are still in the doubtful state. If only two or three of these come safely through, Brooklyn will be back again among the best people in the baseball business.

Boston and Philadelphia both look for better seasons, but they still have a long hike ahead. American League clubs feel that the Athletics are slipping. But they can slip and still be hard to stop. As long as they have Grove and Earnshaw whipping the ball into Mickey Cochrane's glove, with Simmons and Foxx walking up to the plate, the Athletics will be full of poison for any set of rivals.

Which club will give Mack the stiffest battle? The best choice at this time is Joe McCarthy's Yankees. Washington will be strong again and always threatening. But McCarthy did a fine job of building up last season in spite of abnormally hard luck; and if he gets the pitching he expects to have, even the Athletics will need their best output to win.

Ruth and Gehrig in themselves are a winning offense. Last year this pair drove in more than three hundred runs. In Chapman the Yankees have the best base runner since the reign of Cobb and Carey, and Gomez is one of the best young pitchers of many seasons.

McCarthy's team lacked the pitching effectiveness of the Mackmen and this weakness in the rifle pit will have to be corrected to give the heavy artillery, headed by Ruth and Gehrig, a chance to produce winning results.

Walter Johnson is another manager who has an interesting spring season to face. With Hadley, Brown, Crowder, Marberry, Jones, Burke and others the Senators have their share of pitching. Once again they must look for help to the rookies or to the younger talent in camp, for at least one or two Washington veterans are close to the verge and may slide over at any moment.

The all-star cast for the annual big-league drama, which is now rehearsing

It is still too early to figure where Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston are headed. Cleveland, for example, was second in club batting last year but sixth in team pitching. A certain amount of the unknown is bound to figure in any pennant race. Here and there some veteran suddenly runs into a bad year. On another club some unknown suddenly becomes a star, as Vosmik of Cleveland did a year ago. Then there is the gamble of accidents and injuries. Heavy-handed fate can lay its rough paw on one or two stars and wreck a ball club.

One of the chief problems this spring will be to develop strong reserves with a team cut down to fewer men. You will see more attention paid to sliding and base-running this spring and there will be a return to the old-fashioned game, which called for speed above mere slugging. Less than twenty per cent of the modern players know how to slide correctly. It will be different this year.

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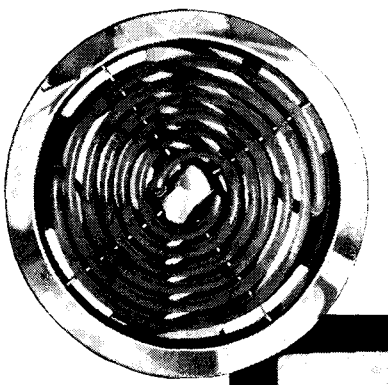

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by RIPLEY

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Return to the Woods

Who's to say a man's a hero or a coward—until the whole story's told?

By Laurence Stallings

Illustrated by John Gannam

I slashed with the machete, and then it was so hot I stooped down and worked from below. But he stood upright and cut the wire

THE village was changed. The major and the adjutant climbed from the ungainly little French car and looked down upon the village after eight years. There were patches of red tile in the old roofs, and all the houses to the south were covered with corrugated iron flashing naked in the sun. The woods to the right were cool and inviting, a green coast washed by the sea of wheat.

The two men walked through the wheat silently. "I never did know," the adjutant said, "just why we took the village."

The major was carrying a floral wreath. He carefully threaded his arm through it and swung it to his left shoulder. "It was a mistake, I guess," he said.

At the far edge of the wheat field there was a wire fence. The major lifted the top strand, the adjutant depressed the lower one, and they crawled through. Both seemed loath to leave the fence. "This is right where the little cook got his," the adjutant said. "I never thought much of that cook."

The major began speaking out of the past: "He had a ring on his finger. One with three stones. I saw the finger spring into the air and away from his hand. There was a pack on his back. Things came through his chest and tore the pack away, dusting it. Something rang the bell of his helmet and the wide rim of it was torn off. He went on cutting the wire."

"Maybe he's buried around here," the adjutant said gently.

"He is buried here," said the major. "I've checked the plot number." It was warm in the wheat and beads of sweat were falling from the major's face to the wreath. Very carefully he shifted it farther down his arm and away from his face. "This wreath is for his grave," said the major.

THEY walked across the field while the adjutant talked of the other days. He was embarrassed. He thought the wreath was for the major's friend, a captain who had been killed the second day.

The little cook had been a white-faced man. The adjutant when he first saw him thought of the British colonel's warning at the Gondrecourt school: "Beware, gentlemen, of the white-faced man!" The colonel meant that it was inadvisable to permit advancing troops to talk to retreating wounded. The white-faced wounded, impressed by their own disaster, often exaggerated the difficulties of the advance. But the little cook had seemed stricken before ever facing fire. The adjutant, after the major had told him whom the wreath was for, did not speak of the cook again.

They entered the fringe of the wood, skirting the heavy undergrowth of the interior. "The road will be one hundred paces to the west," the major said presently. The trees were standing out of dense tangles of green ferns and shrubs. The wood seemed no longer enchanted with the sickly sweet odor of gas and figures of the dead dragged half out of sight along the paths. They found the road in fifty paces; though once they had found it after five hundred deaths. Its sandy path led through an aisle of trees in cool, inviting depths. Both men breathed more deeply now.

"Parallel of departure, second day," said the major.

"Zero plus five," said the adjutant. "Yellow smoke when we started."

"The trees are beautiful," said the major. "But they feel things, deep down in the roots of things." He was walking the rut of the road, giving the toiling adjutant the crown. The wood was too silent, now that it was no longer filled with men. "The peasants," the major said, reading the adjutant's mind, "have removed the dead trees." The road debouched into a glade and stopped before a lodge. The hedges of the garden were neatly prim again. There was a bright roof of tiles, and new glasses were leaded into the windows.

"CURIOUS, walking across this patch," the major said.

"I feel more like crawling it," the adjutant said.

"Let's crawl it again," the senior said. Gravely the major dropped to hands and knees, shifting the wreath to his shoulder. The adjutant joined him. Grotesquely the two of them crawled across the grass to the garden hedge. The major straightened and dashed into safety behind the house, the adjutant at his heels.

They saw a garden beneath some old apple trees mothering a dozen new ones. A fair woman with full breasts was walking the path, a tow-headed baby on her hip. They conversed with her in bad French and gestures. She was anxious to talk. They learned that the garden was ruined. There were too many machine-gun belts and pieces of jagged steel beneath the soil. One was forever turning up brass cartridges in thousands, old steel helmets, and occasional shoes with the small bones of the feet.

"I think," said the adjutant, "she wants us to clean up the place. I always thought we'd be looked upon as saviors." He grinned. "I left a foot around here somewhere."

THE major gave the baby a five-franc note. The woman never stopped talking. "It won't cover the damage," the major said. They walked from the garden and to the front of the lodge, where they could no longer hear the woman, who was still talking. The major sat on the steps and brushed the earth from the knees of his gray flannels. From the stoop they might see the slope of wheat they had crossed. "This is where the stuff was coming from the day the cook cut the wire," the adjutant began.

The major cupped his hands against the wind to save his match. "He was a little Greek cook," he said.

"He was a damned good cook," the adjutant agreed consolingly.

(Continued on page 52)

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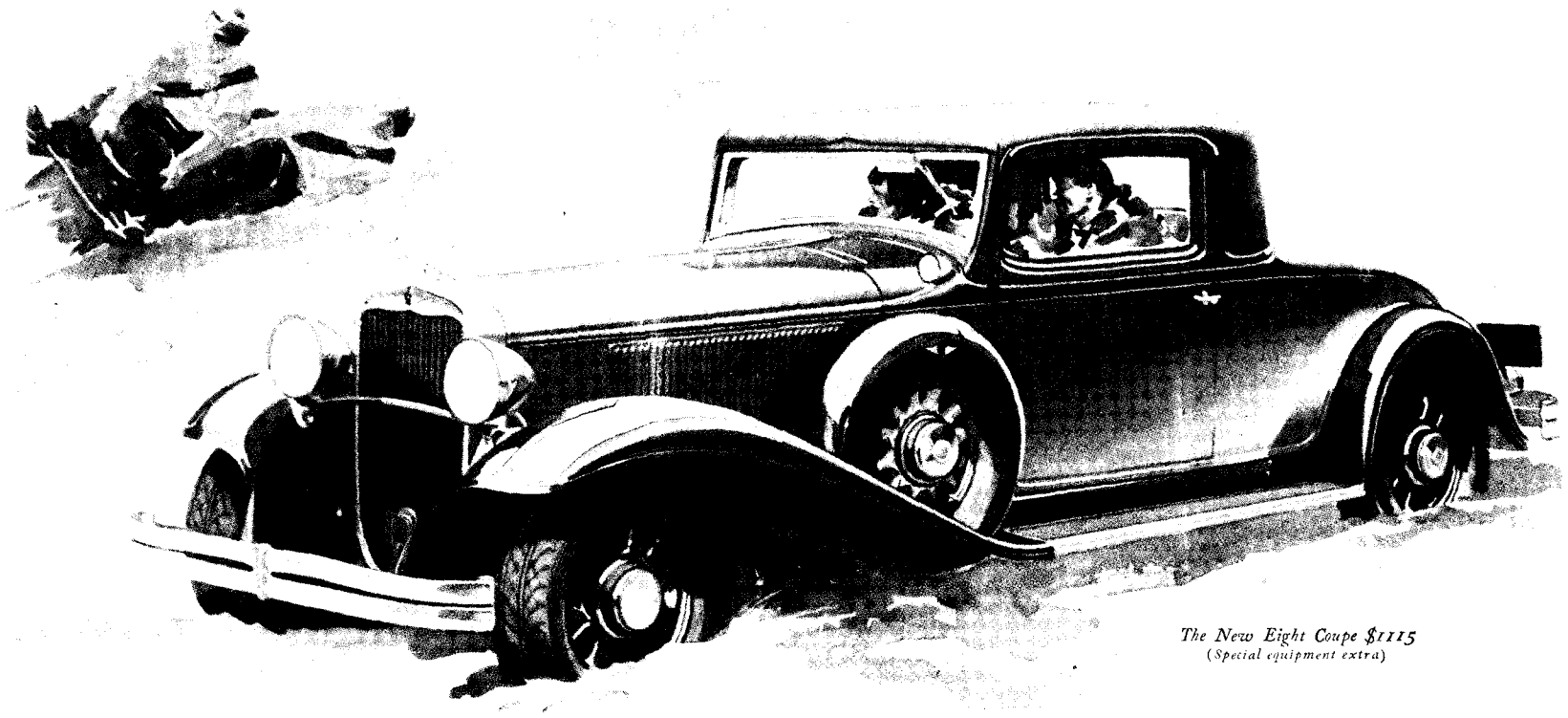

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NEW DODGE SIX . . . . . $795 to $845
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F. O. B. Detroit. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms. Five wire or demountable wood wheels no extra cost. Duplate safety plate glass at new low price. Automatic Clutch only $8 additional on all Sixes. Closed models factory-wired for Philco-Transitone.

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

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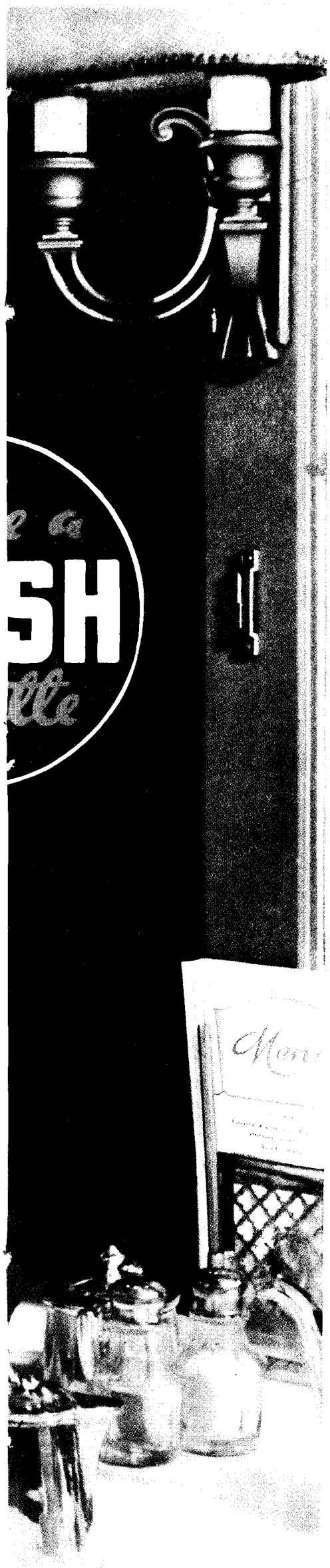

"Yes sir, Camels are always FRESH!"

WHEN you call for Camels you get fresh cigarettes — cigarettes that are *made* fresh, then *kept* fresh. No matter where you chance to be —on a railway diner, at a crossroads store, on the desert or by the sea, the Camel Humidor Pack keeps germs, dirt and weather out and holds the precious, natural moisture in.

Awaiting your enjoyment is all the original delight of choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos expertly blended into the coolest, mildest cigarette you ever touched match to.

With each puff you get the pure, unalloyed fragrance and joy of rare tobaccos, unimpaired by excessive heat. For Camels are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't tried Camels lately, switch over to this brand for just one day. After you've known their mildness; after you've compared their smooth, throat-easy manners with the harsh, hot, stale smoke of parched-dry cigarettes, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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"I felt sorry for him. Ha! Me feeling sorry for Senator Adam Bentley, the—great statesman"

The Senator Rests

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By M.C.Blackman

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

The nation mourned—the papers said so

THE nation mourned the Senator's passing—the papers said so. The nation mourned by telegraph, telephone and mail.

The telegraph office in the Senator's home town put on an extra man. The extra operator had a wife and three children, and had worked only eight days in six months. He thought: "Gee, this is a lucky break for me; I ought to get four days out of this."

The doctor was a sick man. He told his wife: "It's not fair. He was getting well, I tell you. Well! How could I foresee that occlusion? They can't blame me for that. And Kenyon went the same way. Two prominent patients lost in two months! And not my fault—not in any way. It's not fair, I say."

The widow kept her eyes full, and through the tears watched the pile of telegrams grow. When no one was looking she shuffled the stack loosely to make them appear even more impressive. She noted the signatures with satisfaction, and placed the one from the President on top.

"THAT ought to show them," she thought. . . . "Adam is dead. Well, well . . . It just doesn't seem possible. . . . He'd be surprised if he knew the stir he'd caused just by dying. . . . He was too modest, Adam was. Too modest for his own good. . . . He could have been President, if he'd had any push about him. If it hadn't been for me— They ought to let me finish his term. . . . I could do it as well as he. . . . Better, I suspect . . . If it hadn't been for me—"

The Governor summoned his most confidential secretary. "Give him the whole works, John. He was all right, that man was. He never crossed my path. Fix up a proclamation; make it flowery, but not sloppy. Order the statehouse closed and arrange to have his body lie in state a few hours in the rotunda. Give him a military guard of honor. . . . And don't let those buzzards who want his job get to me till after the funeral. What a break for me! I'm gonna grab it myself, if I can get away with it."

The senior member of the undertaking firm said to his partner: "He didn't leave a dime, I hear, and we'll be lucky to get our expenses. But I'd take it for nothing. Think of the publicity! The newspapers'll give us credit, and it'll throw business our way. Plenty of it. I'll bet those cheapskates down the street are tearing their hair. They tried to horn in, but it didn't do 'em no good."

THE President of the United States instructed a secretary to send a message of condolence to the widow. "I'll say the things I'm expected to say," he thought, "but nobody will ever know how glad I am that man is out of the way. . . . A troublemaker. Always criticizing. And laughing. That was the worst: the way he poked fun and tried to make me look ridiculous. I wish he'd had my job for a while. That's the worst fate I could wish for him. He might have had it, too, if he had lived. Maybe he's lucky, after all. Lucky to be dead. Oh, well . . ."

The Senator's son had to leave the university during fraternity rush week. He tried not to feel aggrieved at the inconvenience, but the thought kept recurring: "If he could only have waited a week. With me gone, those dumb-bells will mess things up, and the Kappas will grab off our best men. . . . I ought to be ashamed of myself. Dad was a good scout, and darned decent to me. . . . It's hard, though, to think of its being my father that's dead. I keep thinking of Senator Adam Bentley. . . . Headlines. . . . Wonder how much insurance he had. . . ."

The star reporter sneaked another drink from a bottle secreted in the "morgue," and began putting smooth phrases together.

It was a hot story, the biggest he'd handled in many dull months, and he gave to it the best he had in him. "That oughta knock 'em dead," he thought. "And what a break for us that he died on our time. He always was good copy for us, that old bird was."

THE special nurse who had attended the Senator during his stay at the hospital read the papers, reread them, and shook her head wonderingly. She thought: "It don't hardly seem like it could be the same man. He was just a human being, and a nice old duck, I thought. Only it was kind of pathetic the way he'd ask me to sit down and talk to him after all those big guns would leave. And him saying he didn't have a friend to his name. I felt sorry for him. Ha! Me feeling sorry for Senator Adam Bentley, the—" she consulted the paper again—"the great statesman. But I don't care; I did. He was that lonely-like and sad. And he treated me like I was a human being, too. That he did."

She wiped away a tear, and thought she might send flowers. But she decided she wouldn't; there would be so many flowers for a great statesman that her tiny wreath would be lost. Besides, she really couldn't afford it. So she brushed away another tear, and went to see what that cranky old heifer in 42 wanted this time.

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ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS about ULTRA-VIOLET

SINCE the dawn of civilization, men have instinctively turned to sunlight for its beneficence. Today we know that the ultra-violet rays in sunlight are especially beneficial to health.

The action of ultra-violet rays upon the skin develops Vitamin D, which assists in promoting the growth of strong bones and teeth in children, and helps both children and adults to resist disease.

You will find here the answers to many of your questions regarding ultra-violet.

Question—Will a MAZDA Sunlight Lamp produce sunburn?

Answer—Yes, if the exposure is great enough. Twenty minutes' exposure at a distance of two feet directly under the bulb of the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) will produce sunburn on portions of skin ordinarily covered by clothing (back, chest, upper arms, etc). *The sunburn will not be noticeable until several hours after the exposure.*

Question—Is sunburn necessary in order to obtain benefit from ultra-violet rays?

Answer—No. Sunburn is *not* necessary. For best results you should get a little ultra-violet every day.

Question—How long may I remain under a sunlamp?

Answer—At 24 inches, it should take about 20 minutes to cause a mild sunburn on back or chest. At twice the distance it will take four times as long to get sunburn. In case of a ceiling or wall fixture, where you are five or six feet from the bulb, you can remain under a MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) for hours without sunburn. *But* remember—even then you are receiving beneficial ultra-violet radiation. Sunburn is *not* necessary.

Question—Is it necessary to protect the eyes with goggles under a sunlamp?

Answer—No. The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) is as safe as sunshine. Special glass in the bulb shuts out the short waves which might be harmful to the eyes. You can read or sew under this lamp with perfect safety.

Question—Is it harmful to look directly into the bright light of the bulb of the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2)?

Answer—It is harmful to look directly at *any* bright light.

Question—How often should I use a sunlamp?

Answer—Daily if possible. That is why many people have a ceiling or wall sunlight fixture in the bathroom—so that every member of the family gets a little ultra-violet every day. Sunburn is *not* necessary to health.

Question—Why can't I get all the ultra-violet I need from outdoor sunshine?

Answer—Because you don't spend enough time in the sunshine, for one thing. Ordinary window glass shuts out ultra-violet rays. And in winter, outdoor sunlight gives you very little ultra-violet, even on a bright day.

Question—Should the aluminum cap be removed from the bulb of the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2)?

Answer—Never. The cap reflects heat back into the bulb and increases the ultra-violet output. This cap also reduces direct glare from the lamp.

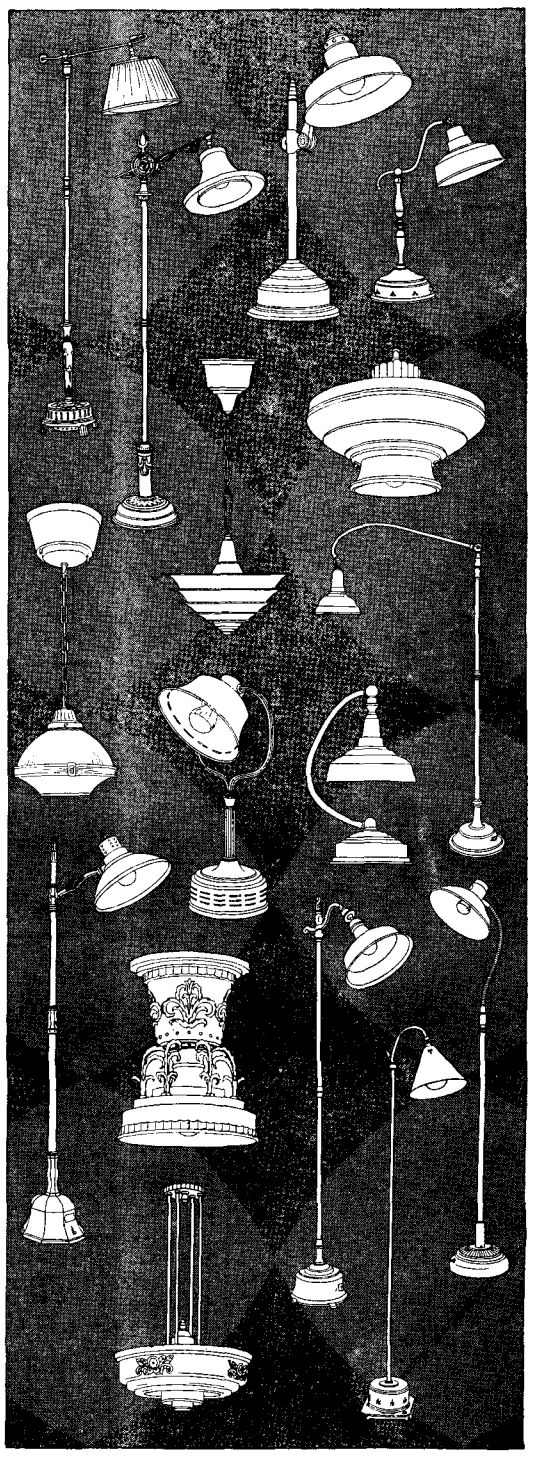
Question—What is the difference between the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) and the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1)?

Answer—The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1) is a high-powered source of artificial sunlight. The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) is milder, but just as effective when used at the proper distance.

Question—Can a sunlamp fixture be plugged into any outlet?

Answer—Yes, provided the current is 60 cycle, alternating. But both the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1) and the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) must always be used in fixtures made expressly for their use.

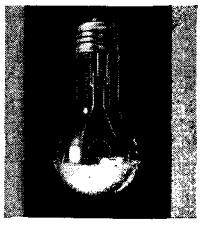
Below are shown some of the special fixtures required for the use of the new MAZDA *Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2)*



A GUARANTEE OF RELIABILITY

This emblem is a guarantee that the fixture to which it is attached has been tested and approved for illumination and ultra-violet effectiveness when used with the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2). Purchasers should look for this emblem when buying fixtures for the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp.

THE NEW MAZDA SUNLIGHT LAMP
(Type S-2)



This lamp can be operated at an average cost of less than 1½c. per hour. It operates on alternating current, and *only in fixtures specially designed for its use.*

Note: The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1) is also available in new fixtures and for renewal purposes.

BEARDSLEE CHANDELIER MANUFACTURING CO.,
216 South Jefferson St., Chicago, Illinois

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.,
Des Plaines, Illinois

BRADY MANUFACTURING CO.,
565 East Larned St., Detroit, Mich.

CURTIS LIGHTING, INCORPORATED,
1123 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

DOMINION ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.,
712 Ontario Avenue, W., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE FRINK CORPORATION,
23-10 Bridge Plaza South. L. I. C., N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE EDWIN F. GUTH COMPANY,
Jefferson & Washington Aves., St. Louis, Mo.

HEALTHMASTER SUN RAY LAMP DIVISION, LIBERTY ELECTRIC CO.,
50 West North Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

HOLOPHANE COMPANY, INC.,
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE KAYLINE COMPANY,
600 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio

LIGHTOLIER COMPANY,
569-575 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LUMINATOR, INC.
851 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

THE MILLER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

MOE-BRIDGES COMPANY,
220 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

S. ROBERT SCHWARTZ & BRO.,
160 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

THE F. W. WAKEFIELD BRASS CO.,
Vermilion, Ohio

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO.,
Edgewater Park, Cleveland, Ohio

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Ultra-Violet for Everyone" describes the MAZDA Sunlight Lamps (Type S-1 and Type S-2) and illustrates some of the new inexpensive fixtures now available.

You may obtain this booklet by mailing the coupon to Ultra-Violet, 2147 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Any manufacturer listed here will gladly send you detailed information regarding the fixtures made by him.

ULTRA-VIOLET, 2147 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of "Ultra-Violet for Everyone."

Name .....

Street and Number .....

City ..... *State* .....

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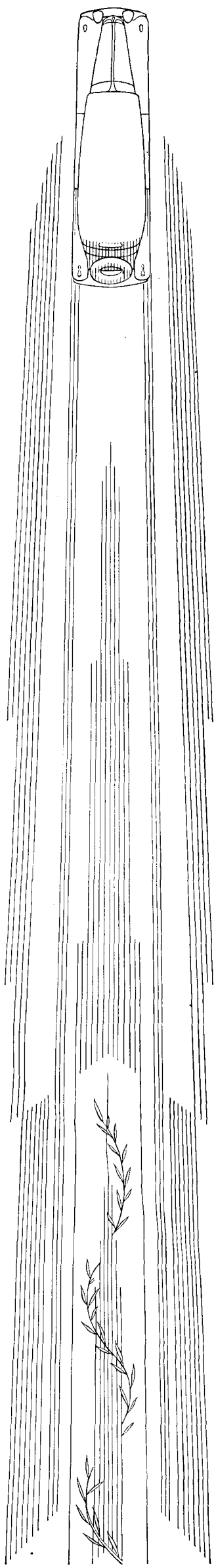


NASH STEPS OUT AHEAD

WITH 5 NEW SERIES

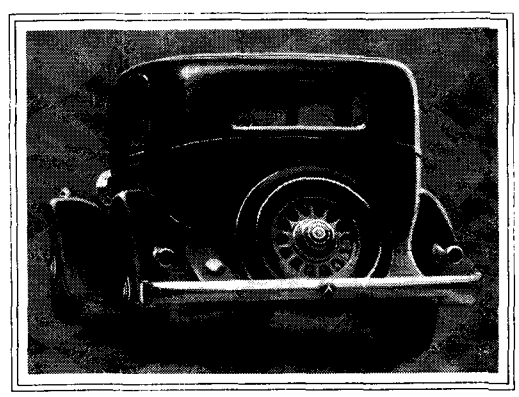
Within the last few months, the industry at large has announced its new models. *Now Nash steps out ahead*, presenting important basic advancements in both chassis and body design.

The new Nash is the fine and final result of one of the most sweeping and costly manufacturing programs ever undertaken in the Nash field.

These cars are really different. And that difference has been created, not just to attract attention, but for *the sound purpose of improving your motoring!*

Their complete Slip-Stream Body Design, with V-Radiator and Beavertail back, creates a new motor car individuality. Their chassis design introduces a new personality in motor car performance.

The prices have been established at *all time lows* for cars of anywhere near similar quality.



Beavertail Back of the new Nash Slip-Stream Body

You are invited by The Nash Motors Company and your Nash dealer to see these cars today and to drive one—that you may discover how far NASH STEPS OUT AHEAD!

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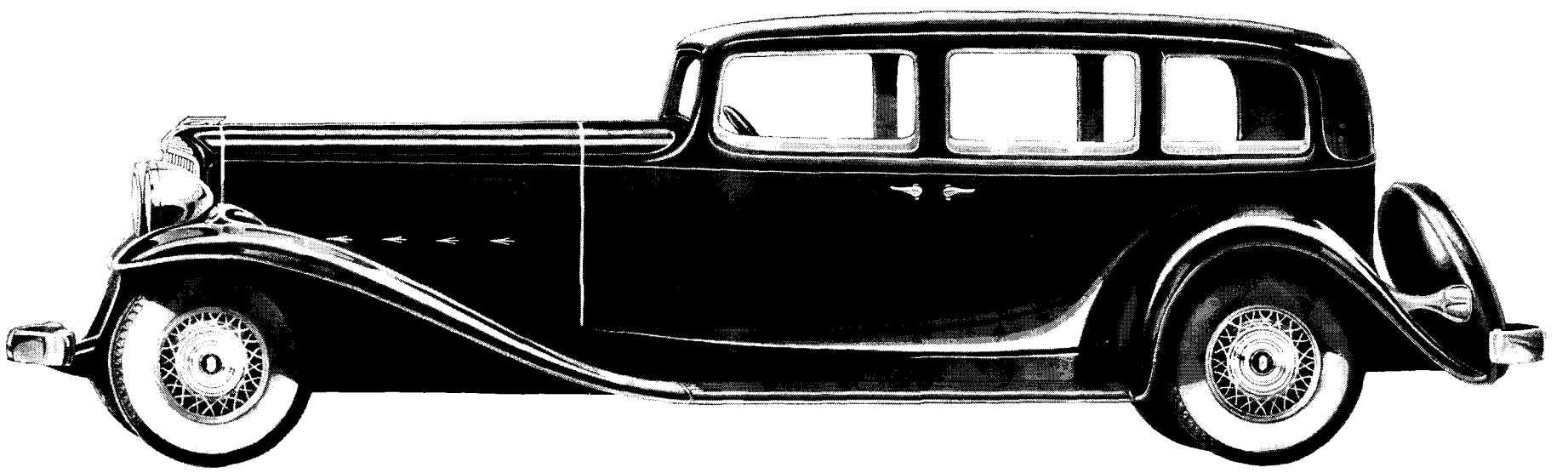
The World moves. Progress marches on. Leadership is for the industrial organization that marches ahead, setting the pace and fixing the pattern for others to follow.



BIG SIX *116-inch Wheelbase*

STANDARD EIGHT *121-inch Wheelbase*

SPECIAL EIGHT *128-inch Wheelbase*

ADVANCED EIGHT *133-inch Wheelbase*

AMBASSADOR EIGHT *142-inch Wheelbase*

NOTE: *Features found in all Nash cars are starred (*). Those not starred are exclusive to the Series specified*

Complete Slip-Stream Body with V-Radiator and Beavertail Back★

Silent Underslung Worm Drive, "500,000 Mile Rear Axle" (*Special, Advanced, Ambassador Eights*)

X-Dual Frame, Super-Rigid★

Dash-Adjusted, Full-Range Ride Control★

Silent Synchro-Shift Transmission★

Selective Synchro-Shift Free-Wheeling★

New Steel-and-Rubber Running Boards★

Twin Glove and Parcel Compartments on New Instrument Panel★

High Seat Backs with Deep, Contour-shaped Seat Cushions★

Improved Parking Brake Lever, under Dash, at left of driver★

Long Chassis Springs, New Type Spring Suspension★

Spring Covers (*Special, Advanced, Ambassador Eights*)

Lower Over-all Body Heights with Ample Head Room and Road Clearance★

Increased Horsepower★

Centrifuse Brake Drums (*All Eights*)

Twin Ignition (*Special, Advanced, Ambassador Eights*)

"Finger-tip" Driving Seat Adjustment★

New Slip-Stream Fenders★

Three-spoke, Clear-vision Steering Wheels★

Inside Lock on All Doors★

Roof Radio Aerial—all sedans and coupes except convertibles★

Silent Camshaft and Valve Action★

New Rubber Air-cushion Engine Mountings★

New Slanting Non-glare Windshields★

Main Bearing on Either Side of Each Connecting Rod★

Improved Road-to-Steering Shock Eliminators★

Aluminum Alloy Connecting Rods (Drilled for pressure lubrication) Bohnalite★

Aluminum Alloy (Invar Strut) Pistons. Bohnalite.★

Automatic Centralized Chassis Lubrication (*Special, Advanced, Ambassador Eights*)

Completely Sound-Proofed Bodies★

Extra Long and Extra Wide Bodies with Wide Arm Rests★

New Silent Carburetion★

New Dual Exhaust Silencers★

Inside Sun Visors★

Rubber Pedal Pads★

Deep Pile Carpets★

Longer Hoods, Door-type Ventilators★

Concealed Hood Fasteners★

Non-Shatterable Glass (optional at $15 and up)★

5 Demountable Wood or Wire Wheels★ (3834)

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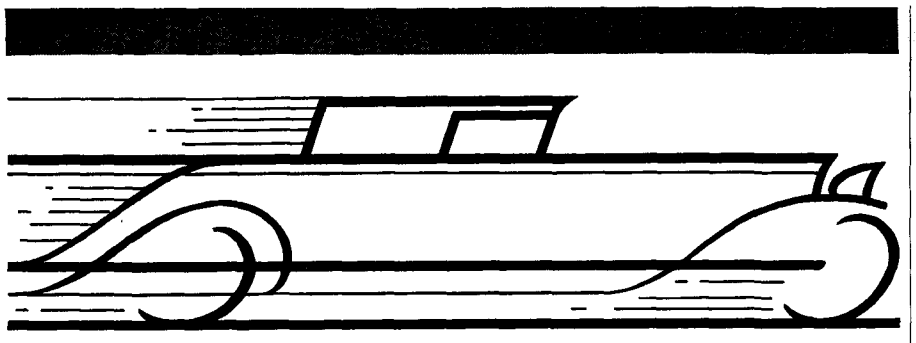
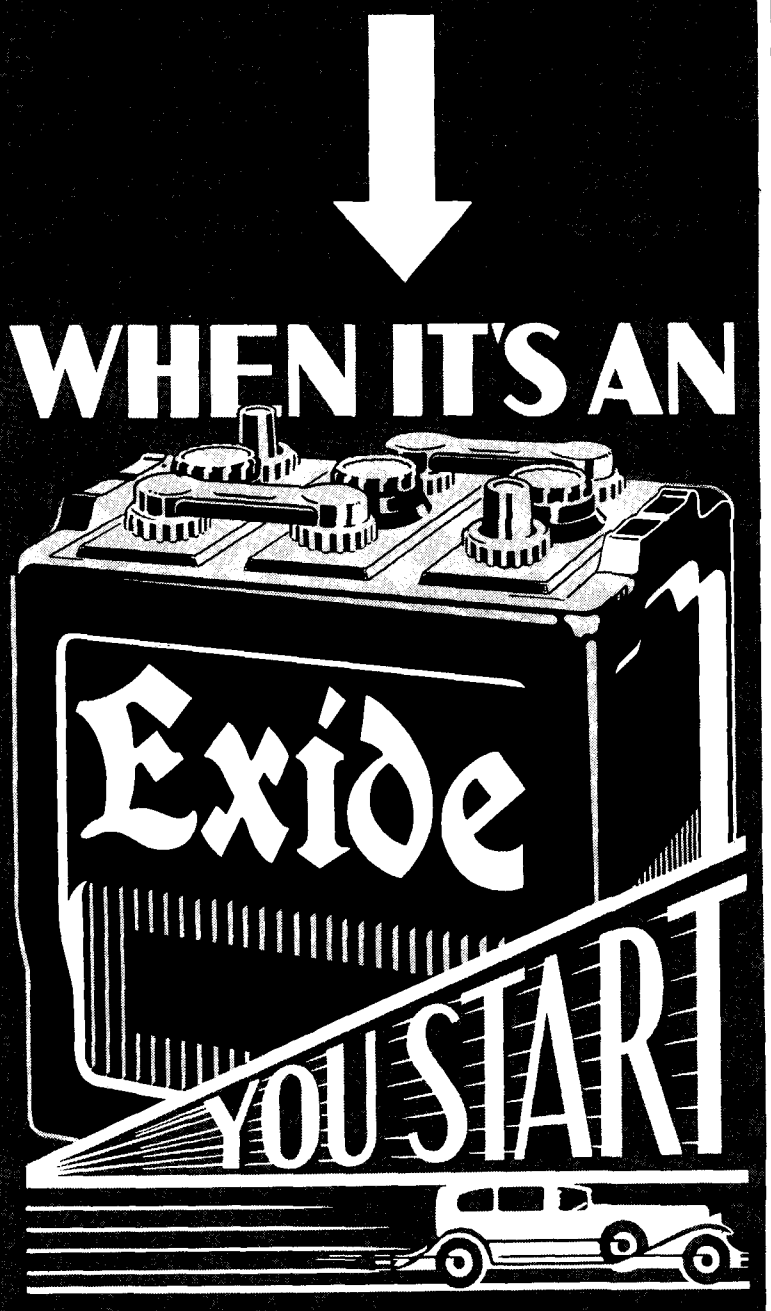


IT TAKES MORE THAN LOW PRICES TO START YOUR CAR

REMEMBER—

WHEN IT'S AN



THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STORAGE BATTERIES FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Kisses are Different

Continued from page 10

woman in the world . . . and you are. Naomi . . .?"

Well, she had wondered how it would be to be kissed by Jamie. Now she knew. She was trembling, all crushed in his arms, her heart bursting with some sort of forgotten joy which was at least part payment for the past.

"But you haven't said you loved me, Naomi."

"What? Please let me go now, Jamie. Love you? Of course I do . . . well, I haven't thought enough about that, Jamie."

"There's nothing to think about," he said. "You're only a little older than I am. That doesn't count. I don't care whether you can play tennis and swim or not. And dancing isn't everything. I can teach you all that. It will make me very happy teaching you things, Naomi. You've got to tell me now."

Naomi subsided on the low wall. She felt bruised. The arm she had wrenched at tennis was hurting again. "Jamie . . . will you go away and leave me here alone for a while? Come back in fifteen minutes, and then I'll know."

JAMIE turned and left her striding back along the walk with a dignity he considered called for, under the circumstances. After all, let her think. He did not want to rush any woman off her feet.

He stepped down from the walk and walked across the circle towards the hotel. All the lights were out now. Only one car remained in the parking line. Walking around it, Jamie was arrested by the sound of sobbing and he knew right away whose sobbing it was. It was Molly's. Then he heard the voice of that fellow, that English fellow who had spoken to Naomi. "You make me feel like a villain of the first rank, Molly. I had no idea . . . why, give me five years and I could be your father, Molly. You're a grand little girl and you're going to be a golfer one day. A chap like me would just be in your way."

"Well, why did you kiss me then?" That was Molly, sobbing.

Jamie stood very still, his breast heaving. So that fellow had kissed Molly and Molly was in love with him.

He listened intently. "Oh, I know. You needn't tell me. You're in love with another woman."

"Yes. I dare say you're right, Molly. Since about three years ago, and I told her only the other day. You see, she thinks of me only as a sort of favorite golf bag."

A new burst of Molly's sobbing made Jamie resolute.

Roger rose in surprise when Jamie appeared in front of them. "I say! What's this!"

Jamie spoke through his clenched teeth:

"I've heard every word you've said for the last five minutes. And—"

Molly had risen from the old trench coat which Roger had spread on the running board for them to sit on. "Don't hit him, Jamie. He isn't worth it. Oh, Jamie, don't . . .!"

When motives became too complicated for Jamie, his policy was to hit out. I'll teach you how to treat an American girl. . . ."

But Jamie's right swing ended this time with his wrist in a grip that was like a vise. His left was likewise pinioned. He was being bent slowly back over the fender of the car. The pressure on his chest almost stopped his breath.

Molly's eyes grew wide with fright. "What are you doing to him! Stop it! Don't you dare hit Jamie when he's down!"

"Hit him?" Roger was trying to shake her grip from his collar. "I am merely doing my best to keep from being hit, I tell you. Let go, you little wildcat!"

Technically Roger was the victor in that combat. At least he was last on the field, although his dress collar lay in the dust, his dinner coat had suffered a yanked-out pocket and he had a generally uncomfortable feeling which meant that the back buttons of his braces had ceased to function. With his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down he got into his car and made off for the golf club with all possible speed.

Naomi sat on the wall. She spent five of her fifteen minutes trying to keep her mind on Jamie in his full dress tails and the near brutality which constituted his idea of a kiss. But she couldn't. All she could think of was a long procession of years with wrenched arms from tennis and sprained backs from allowing your legs to fall over when you dived. The interims were filled with various versions of Jamie's life. At the end of ten minutes she began to be afraid and before the fatal fifteen were passed she got up and bolted.

At ten the next morning Naomi had a more courageous view of things. In the broad daylight she could make Jamie see her point of view. She owed him that much. Pushing aside her breakfast tray, she picked up the house phone. She heard the voice of the desk clerk. "You want Mr. Norwood, Mrs. Wheelwright? I'm sorry but he has checked out. Mr. Norwood departed by motor with Mrs. Ordway and Miss Molly Ordway for St. Jean de Luz early this morning."

Naomi put down the phone. She had sense of humor enough to appreciate new experiences. "Jilted," she murmured. "As Roger would say, jolly well jilted."

That was one of the pleasantest days Naomi ever spent.

During the afternoon she became a trifle restless, got into her little car and made for the golf club. She was practicing chip shots up to the eighteenth green when Roger appeared. "Hello, there," he said. "You all ready? We'd better start on number ten. Too much of a crowd on the first nine."

NAOMI was two down when they arrived at number fifteen. Her tee shots were off the line. It was easy to see when she addressed the ball there that she was shooting straight for those evergreens. "Look out!" said Roger. "You're shooting for the trees."

He was too late. Naomi's drive was beautifully hit but it sailed without hook or slice straight into the bordering evergreens. "You'll have to come help me find it, Roger. Let the caddies go on ahead and watch yours. It's just my luck."

"Luck? You deserved it. Anybody might have thought you did it on purpose."

Roger's kisses were so different from Jamie's. "And just to think I had you in these trees once before," he said, "and let you get out alive."

Naomi laughed. "I suppose, if I had missed that drive, I'd have remained a widow the rest of my life. It's my first hole in one, Roger."

"Well, you can't make me buy tea on the strength of that, although I will, if we can get to Rouen before six o'clock, buy your breakfast coffee tomorrow morning."

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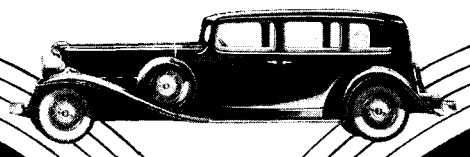
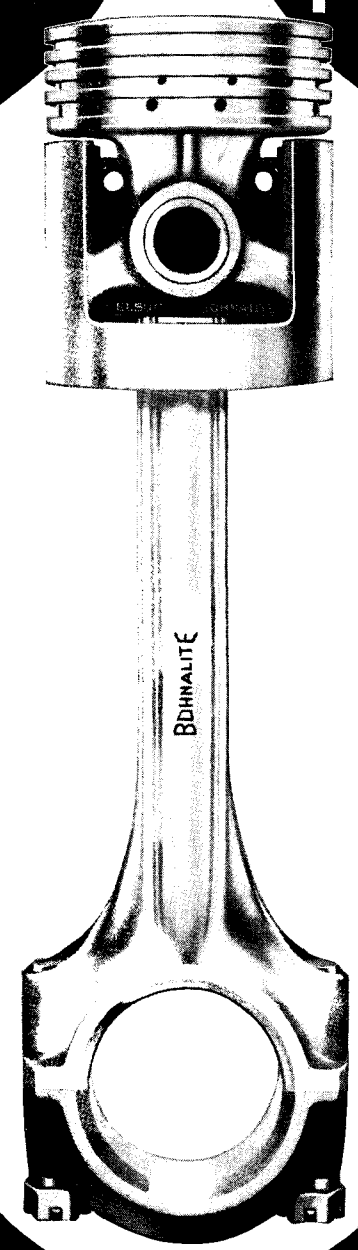


An Outstanding NASH Feature

Weight Saving BOHNALITE Rods and Pistons Revolutionize Performance



The new Nash series just announced represents refinements in advanced body designs, luxurious appointments and noteworthy engine developments which demonstrate more clearly than ever the genius of this American automobile builder.

Knowing this to be a year of performance, Nash left no stone unturned to give the public the very zenith of engine perfection.

All Nash engines now are equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons and Bohnalite Connecting Rods. This is the first time any motor car manufacturer has offered this unique combination. *Such equipment costs more, but Nash willingly pays more, to give you the last word in superior performance.* And what a stimulating motor performance is the result!

As Bohnalite is 62% lighter than iron, reciprocating parts are lightened, developing a new brilliance in operation undreamed of in the past. Bearing loads are reduced—cylinder scoring prevented—bearing temperatures decreased due to high thermal conductivity.

All of which translated into terms of performance means faster, snappier, smoother getaway, in addition to a *decided* power increase.

May we suggest that you have just one Nash demonstration. Then and only then, will you understand the outstanding performance advantages of the combination of Nelson Bohnalite Pistons and Bohnalite Connecting Rods—exclusive with Nash. . . . Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corp., Detroit. New York - Chicago - Cleveland - Pittsburgh

NELSON BOHNALITE PISTONS

BOHNALITE CONNECTING RODS

CONNECTING RODS AND PISTONS MADE OF BOHNALITE 62% LIGHTER THAN IRON

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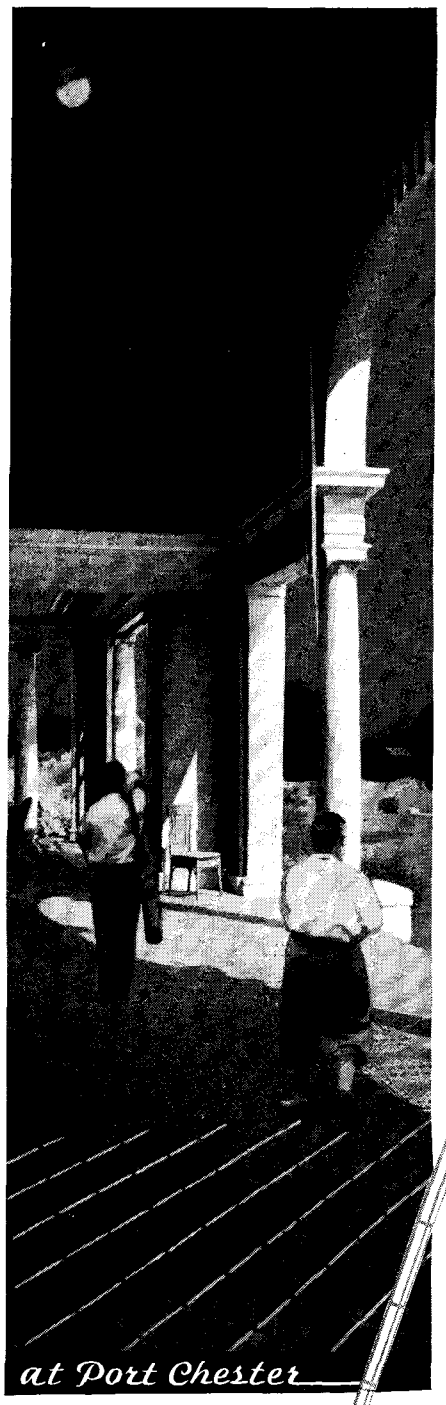
GOLF AT ITS FINEST

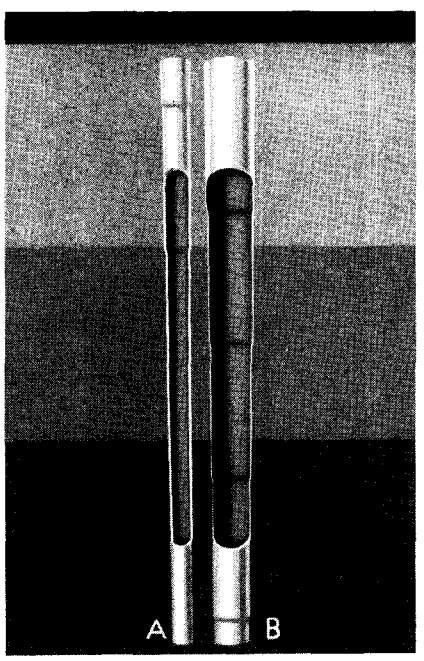


WHEN GOLF IS MOST ENJOYABLE

When the sky, the course, the beautiful clubhouse and delightful companionship conspire to make golf most enjoyable, a perfectly matched and balanced set of clubs adds the final touch. ❖ ¶ All prominent makers use "True Temper" Shafts on their better clubs. Distinguished in appearance—with the life and action of a thoroughbred—"True Temper" Shafts contribute to the balance, power and appearance of both woods and irons . . . Ask your Pro to let you try your favorite make of clubs fitted with "True Temper" Shafts. ❖

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
Keith Building Cleveland, Ohio

THE EXTRA PUNCH



Two sections from a "True Temper" Shaft *cut away to show wall* thickness. Section (A) from the lower end of the shaft shows a wall thickness 50% greater than section (B) taken from the grip end. This exclusive feature allows greater strength, backbone, flexibility—the extra punch. The "steps" distinguish "True Temper" Shafts from all others.

TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN STEEL SHAFTS

Don't Tell the Boy

Continued from page 17

a chat about his future before you leave, eh?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, indeed," said Mr. Bromilow.

"Will you excuse me now, Mr. Bromilow? I . . . rumm . . . see Randolph Avory . . . one of our alumni, you know, coming in the gate. Until later, then?"

He moved majestically away.

Father and son looked at each other.

"I'm glad you were able to come, Dad," said young Bromilow.

"What do you want to do? After you finish college, I mean?" asked Bromilow, senior.

"Oh, I've got my spot all picked out," said the son.

"Your mother wants you to go into the diplomatic service, you know."

"Not a chance," said young Bromilow. "Not my line at all."

"Well, what is your line, then?" asked his father. "Want to be a doctor? Or a lawyer?"

"You'll be sore as a bear with a sunburned snout when you find out."

A perspiring and very respectful lower-form boy approached them and gulped out that young Bromilow was wanted at once in Winston Hall.

"I'll have to dash along, Dad," said the son. "I'm sort of master of ceremonies. And, oh, here's your ticket for the class-night exercises tonight. I hope they won't bore you too much."

He went racing across the school quadrangle.

AFTER dinner the parents of both sexes crowded into Winston Hall, and awaited in the flag-decorated auditorium, for better or worse, the performances of their sons on class night.

It began with an address of welcome, delivered by Ted Avory, of the Boston Avorys, who looked like a plumber's helper, and who spoke in a falsetto which often soared to such altitudes that it was not intelligible. Then a nervous young man who could not make up his mind what to do with his hands—a Baltimore Chester, he was—dashed at full speed through The Charge of the Light Brigade. Mr. Bromilow, rather to his surprise, had been given a seat of honor in the box of no less a person than the headmaster. He sat there, stiffly, beaming through his glasses.

A leggy young man, with the face of an emu—who was one of the Brookline Appletons—arose to announce the balloting of the school on the abilities, or lack of them, of members of the senior class.

In a well-bred croak the Appleton read:

Biggest dandy—Clive Thorndike. (Sniggers.)

Best athlete—Charles Talbot Turnbull. (Rumble of applause.)

Best scholar—Edmund Roger Wilbur Allan. (Hardly any applause whatsoever.)

Most likely to succeed in life—Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow. (Great applause from guests and students.)

Most popular man in school—Stuart Douglas Montgomery Bromilow. (Tremendous applause, and even cheers.)

MR. BROMILOW blushed, and felt a surge of pride far beyond any pride he had ever felt when ten times as many people had applauded him until he had had to take five bows.

The Appleton, of Brookline, croaked out his final announcement and retired. There was an expectant silence. The audience knew what was coming next, but Mr. Bromilow, having no program, did not know.

Then the school orchestra began to commit mayhem on The Mosquito Parade, a piece Mr. Bromilow knew very well, for it was his own overture. Out on the stage shuffled a figure in baggy checked trousers, a ridiculous frock coat, a wide, carmine grin and a bristling red wig. He started across the stage, walking pompously, but a pin or a hair tripped him, and he crashed down, to howls of appreciative enjoyment. A grandfather's clock stood in the corner, and this figure, noting that it had stopped, started toward it, to fix it—

To Mr. Bromilow, sitting there rigid in his box, came a sensation unique and alarming. If we were suddenly confronted with somebody exactly like ourselves in every respect, we'd probably be knocked flat, or at any rate rendered dizzy. Mr. Bromilow became dizzy, and he never drank. For there he sat, face to face with himself. He had often seen himself imitated. But this was different. He had seen himself imitated from Bangor, Maine, to Tampa, Florida; from Poughkeepsie, New York, to Olympia, Washington; and he had seen himself imitated in Tokyo and Man-

(Continued on page 43)

"What's my tribe, boss—in case anybody should ask?" *P. Webb*

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The FLORSHEIM Shoe . . . .

nothing changed but the price!

Today's new low price covers the same fine styles, fine leathers, skilled workmanship as always . . . no tampering with the high standards that have given The Florsheim Shoe its reputation. More per dollar than ever. *The* shoe *For The Man Who Cares* . . . STYLE M-428

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HORN IN ON THIS

WRITE A "BLURB"! $25,000!

464 CASH PRIZES THIS MONTH — 2 FIRST PRIZES OF $500 EACH

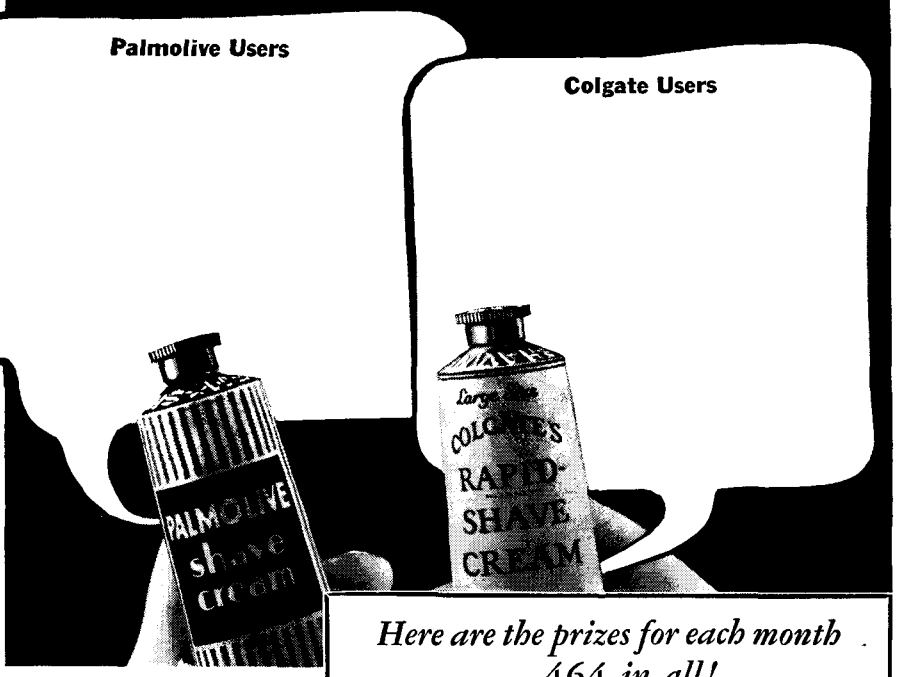
HERE DAD—TRY A REAL SHAVING CREAM —PALMOLIVE. THERES NOTHING LIKE IT!
THANKS, JIM, BUT I'M STICKING TO MY COLGATE'S. IT'S GOT 'EM ALL BEAT—HANDS DOWN

SURE — ALL EXCEPT PALMOLIVE. NOTHING TOUCHES AN OLIVE OIL SHAVING CREAM FOR A REAL SHAVE-AND FOR KEEPING YOUR FACE FEELING FINE. NOTHING
LISTEN, JIM. WHEN YOUR BEARD GETS AS TOUGH AS MINE YOU'LL APPRECIATE WHAT IT MEANS TO GET A CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVE —LIKE COLGATE'S GIVES ME.

GWAN, DAD, THERE'S ONLY ONE SHAVING CREAM WORKS UP A QUICK, LASTING LATHER LIKE THIS IN ANY KIND OF WATER—AND THAT'S PALMOLIVE!
WELL, JIM—I'VE USED COLGATE'S FOR 20 YEARS AND I HAVEN'T FAILED TO GET A SMOOTH, SKIN-LINE SHAVE YET! YOU CAN'T CONVINCE ME THERE'S ANYTHING LIKE COLGATE'S

Here's where you take your shot at some of that $25,000

Jim wants you Palmolive users to back him up. His Dad wants every Colgate shaver's help. If you haven't tried either of these famous shaving creams, start *now* and get into this $25,000 argument!



SEE those "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths? Can *you* write one? We're putting up $25,000 in cash for those who can. Get your pencil out—now!

Here's the idea. In a field of 176 competing brands, Colgate's and Palmolive are the two outstanding leaders. They have won an overwhelming preference over all other shaving creams.

We know that Palmolive users swear there's nothing as good as Palmolive. And Colgate shavers claim that Colgate's beats 'em all in a walk.

What we want is *your* opinion. Do you side with Jim or his Dad in the big Palmolive vs. Colgate's argument? Are you a Colgate fan or a Palmolive booster. Let's hear from you!

In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces, or on a separate sheet of paper, just say *your* say. In your own words, write your boost for Colgate's—OR for Palmolive—*not both*. 464 cash prizes each month for the best "blurbs" sent to us!

Here are the prizes for each month —464 in all!

For Best Colgate "blurbs"		For Best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE for contest rules and hints to help you win

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$25,000 "BLURB" CONTEST

read all about it here

CONTEST RULES

WRITE your "blurb" in one of the empty spaces on the opposite page, or on a separate sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to **Contest Editors, Dept. G-3, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois.** Residents of Canada, address: **64 Natalie St., Toronto, 8.**

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into six sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list on opposite page) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 . . . $4200	Mar. 31 . . . $4200
April 30 . . . $4200	May 31 . . . $4200
June 30 . . . $4200	July 31 . . . $4200

(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

Here are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard, hold water against each hair at skin-line and soak it soft where the razor works.
3. Gives a close, skin-line shave due to small bubble action.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 22, P-O. Box 1133, Chicago.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Don't Tell the Boy

Continued from page 40

chester; in Java and Moscow; in Oslo and Perugia; in the capitals of Europe; in Lima and Rio and Cape Town. Some imitations had been good, painstaking, even inspired; but they were as different from the original as is a copy from an authentic Rembrandt. But this figure, now tangled up in the works of the grandfather's clock, was not somebody pretending to be the famous Toby, the Tumbling Tramp; it *was* Toby. Mr. Bromilow did not need a program to know who was inside those baggy trousers.

HE SAT there full of conflicting emotions. He watched this ironic joke on himself. When the act was over, and the clock had been demolished, and the last plate shattered, he joined mechanically in the storm of applause. The awful orchestra struck up the school song, Dunscombe Triumphant. Mr. Bromilow was in a species of coma. A clap on the back aroused him. It was the headmaster.

"A clever lad, that boy of yours," he said in his rolling bass. "Yes . . . rumm . . . a very clever lad. I congratulate you, sir."

"Oh . . . thanks," said Mr. Bromilow faintly.

Somewhat unsteady on his feet, Mr. Bromilow went behind the scenes. He found his son removing the last blob of grease paint with a rough towel. The younger Bromilow looked up, smiled, tried to be nonchalant, failed; where the grease paint had been there was now a blush. They regarded each other for two full minutes. Then the younger Bromilow said, "Like the show, Dad?"

Mr. Bromilow put on his best financier manner.

"Not bad. Not bad," he said.

"How was I?"

"Oh, not bad. Not bad at all."

"Gee, I'm glad to hear you say that, Dad. Tell me, on the level now, was I at all like the original and only?"

Mr. Bromilow endeavored to look even more financial and Wall Street than he had been looking.

"I'm not in a position to say," he said. "I never saw the original."

His son looked at him steadily.

"Dad," he said, "when are you going to stop trying to kid me?"

"I tell you I never saw this Toby," said Mr. Bromilow.

"Aw, look in the mirror," said his son.

Mr. Bromilow made one final stand.

"I do not apprehend your meaning," he said.

His son laughed.

"Spoken like Mother," he said. "But it's no use, Dad. Be yourself. I know you're Toby."

"What? You do?"

"Sure."

"When . . . when did you find out?"

"Oh, I knew it when I was a kid, long before I knew storks don't bring babies. I've wanted to tell you dozens of times, but I didn't want to crab Mother's little game."

"Oh, Lord," groaned Mr. Bromilow, "did the boys find out?"

"Find out?" exclaimed his son. "Heck, I told them the first day I landed here. And did it burn them up? I'll say as much and more. What were their fathers? Just a stuffy lot of ordinary bankers and lawyers and toothpick manufacturers; but my father was a famous man. Why, I'll bet there isn't a fellow in Dunscombe who wouldn't swap his dad for mine. . . ."

MR. BROMILOW turned away. He had not cried since he was eleven and his aunt beat him with a harness-strap. Then he turned to his son, and his eyes were bright. . . .

"Billy," he said, "—and from now on I'll call you Billy—I'm happier than I've ever been in my whole life."

"Me, too," said his son.

After a minute, Mr. Bromilow said, "But we're in a tough spot, Billy."

"How come?"

"Because of your mother. . . ."

"Oh, she'll get used to it. I'll write her tonight and tell her my plans. . . ."

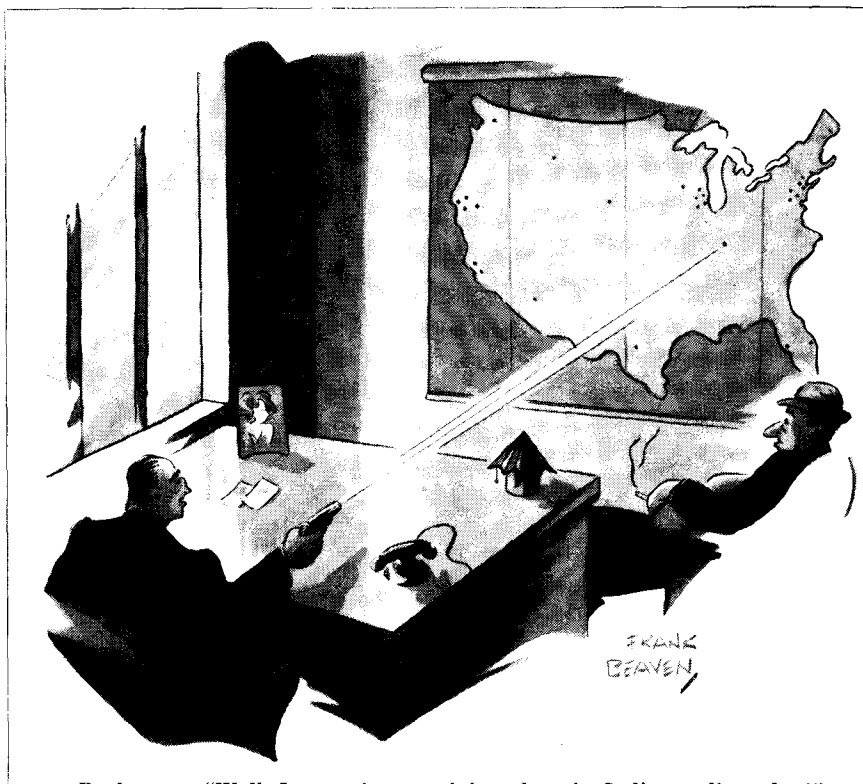
"What plans?"

"Such a question you should ask. Why, I'm going to be your understudy, of course."

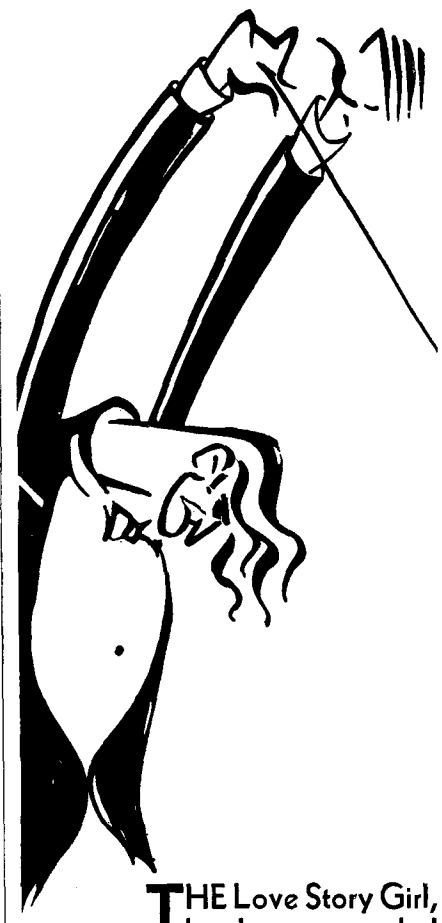
Mr. Bromilow took his son by the arm.

"Oke, Billy," he said. "Let's go out and grab a soda."

"Oke, Dad," said his son.



Racketeer: "Well, Leo, we're openin' a place in Indianapolis today!"
Frank Beaven



THE Love Story Girl, her heart in a whirl is pursued by adventures outrageous. Uncle Henry stands by with a shuddery sigh and prays for a hero courageous. The music rolls out in a thundering shout. The villain is foiled by a fraction. The Radio Hour at the top of its power is bringing you "Collier's —for Action!"

TUNING TABLE

Baltimore	WBAL
Boston	WBZ
Chicago	KYW
Cincinnati	WLW
Cleveland	WGAR
Council Bluffs, Ia.	KOIL
Denver	KOA
Detroit	WJR
Kansas City, Kan.	WREN
Los Angeles	KFI
New York	WJZ
Pittsburgh	KDKA
Portland, Ore.	KGW
Rochester, N. Y.	WHAM
St. Louis	KWK
Salt Lake City	KSL
San Francisco	KGO
Seattle	KOMO
Spokane	KHQ
Springfield, Mass.	WBZA

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

TIME

8:15 P. M. Eastern
7:15 P. M. Central
6:15 P. M. Mountain
5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTHER—*your child is too precious to experiment with*

VICKS VAPORUB *is the* PROVED *way to treat* COLDS

[NOW IN WHITE *stainless* FORM, IF YOU PREFER]

Family colds worry every mother. Colds cost money. Colds may lead to more serious illness.

So wise mothers don't gamble with cold troubles. They turn to the tested, reliable method—the *proven* method. That's why each year more and more mothers treat colds with Vicks VapoRub—they *know* it's dependable. That's why over 26 million jars of VapoRub are now used yearly—a jar for every family.

Just rubbed on, Vicks VapoRub acts through the skin. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled direct to inflamed air passages. Unsurpassed for adults as well as youngsters. Now sold in two forms—new *stainless* white—or the original amber, as you prefer.

MILLIONS ADOPT NEW VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL-OF-COLDS

Through a remarkable new discovery, a further advance in the control of colds has been achieved by Vicks laboratories. Years ago, Vicks gave the world the modern method of *treating* colds—Vicks VapoRub. To-day, Vicks announces a companion product—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. These drops are based on a new idea for *preventing* colds—and practical tests in thousands of homes have already proved their amazing effectiveness. Together, these two allied products now form the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. It is helping millions to fight colds more effectively. It can mean fewer colds—less severe colds—less expense to you, too!

Put Vicks Nose Drops beside Vicks VapoRub in your medicine cabinet and try the Vicks Plan, as directed. If results don't more than satisfy you, your druggist will cheerfully refund your money.

Before *a cold starts* After *a cold starts*

The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 13

taken out of it. He hunted all over the stateroom and in the closet without finding his wallet. A fine way to begin his duties! The Italians might refuse to let him land without a passport. He could not even send a code cable! Luckily he remembered the name of the agent at Trieste—Johnstone—and sent a wireless requesting him to get in touch with the American consul and arrange permission for him to land. It was the first time in his life he had ever lost any papers.

WHEN he came up on deck they were in sight of Pola and through the amethyst haze he could see white houses with red roofs against the bright olive of the land. He found Helen on the forward deck among the other passengers. "Did you find your wallet?" she inquired anxiously.

He shook his head.

"It's been stolen. There's a bare chance that I may get back my passport. But it's a mess."

"How provoking!" she said. "I'm so sorry! Will it make a great deal of trouble for you?"

"I don't mind that. What I do mind is that it may prevent my seeing you again on shore. I had planned to ask you to have tea with me—just to say good-by—unless you were going to take a train or something."

"No, I'm spending the night in Trieste at the Hotel Excelsior."

"So am I; that is, if they let me land."

He sat down beside her.

"I can't bear to let you go this way! I never hated to leave anyone so much. If I can manage to get ashore, will you have tea with me just the same?"

"Of course I will." She felt her eyes dimming again and looked away.

Trieste, surrounded by its tawny amphitheater of hills, came toward them like a cloud, defining itself so rapidly that the passengers began to crowd down onto the landing deck. The water, heretofore translucent, became filthy and covered with small boats, seagulls, melon rinds and streaks of oil. Then the engines stopped and the Proconsul, scarcely moving, inched into the Porto Vecchio toward the Molo dei Bersaglieri. It became very hot.

BRENT and Helen stood at the rail on the forward deck. Anything more that he had to say would have to wait until five o'clock. Just outside the breakwater lay a tiny gunboat, hardly larger than a yacht. It was dressed from stem to stern with bunting, and from its masthead flew a yellow and blue ensign. As they passed there came a flash from the bow, followed by a sharp detonation.

"The Illyrian navy!" said Brent. "I wonder whom they're barking at. Perhaps they're warning me to keep away from Italy!"

A motor launch containing two men in business suits and straw hats shot alongside. They clambered on board and shortly after a steward came hurrying by, calling, "Signor Brento! Signor Brento!"

"That is probably my local alias," said he. "It looks as if the long arm of the C. P. C. has got busy. If by any chance I miss you on the dock I'll be at the Excelsior at five."

Despite the consular presence it was after four o'clock before he was allowed to go ashore.

"You'll have your emergency passport tomorrow," said the consul as they shook hands. "Meantime, watch your step."

Brent thanked him, promised to take no chances, and hurried across the quay to the hotel, where he found that Miss Helen Stevens had duly registered. The foyer was crowded with travelers waiting to take train for Venice and Vienna, among whom he noticed several officers in Illyrian naval uniform—from the gunboat, probably. The manager assigned him a room and handed him a heavy bundle of mail, together with a cable which had just come in.

It was from Washburn and instructed Brent, instead of continuing on to Tokar, to proceed at once to Rome in order to confer with representatives of the G. O. I. as to the possible formation of a syndicate.

He greeted Helen at the foot of the stairs at five o'clock without noticing that the officers in the foyer behind him had arisen and were standing rigidly at salute.

"Everything all right?" she asked.

"More than all right. I've been ordered to Rome and am spending the night here."

"Where are you taking me for tea?"

"There's a nice quiet place with a gypsy band on the Via Fabio Severo. I thought you might like to hear it."

"I'd love to. Let's walk if it isn't too far."

"It's only four or five blocks."

THE Croce d'Oro was almost empty when they entered it, in spite of which the head waiter insisted on seating them by the door, declaring that all the other tables were engaged. Gradually the café filled and, while the middle of the room remained empty, the seats along the sides under the mirrors were soon all occupied. The orchestra began to play more loudly and a gypsy girl in native costume leaped forward, dancing and posturing to the rattle of a tambourine, obviously directing her efforts toward the couple at a near-by table.

Brent for the first time observed what an extraordinary combination they were. The man was gross and plebeian-looking, with a lantern, or jimber, jaw, and heavy black mustaches that gave the impression of being dyed, while the stiff pompadour on his bullet head grew low over his small, crafty eyes like a black cap. He was obviously drunk. His companion was one of the most beautiful women Brent had ever seen. A delicate blonde, her pearl-pale skin, with shadowed circles about the eyes, enhanced the wistfulness of her madonna-like face. In contrast with the slovenliness of her associate she was exquisitely dressed. The music stopped, and the man reached forward, pulling the gypsy upon his knees, while his eyes roved around the room ogling the women sitting beneath the mirrors. To Brent's surprise, their escorts, even those in uniform, ignored his actions. Presently he caught sight of Helen and began to leer at her.

"*Che bel pezzo di ragazza!*" he called out insinuatingly. "I didn't see you before!"

Putting down the gypsy he arose, an obscene and revolting figure, and made toward them.

Brent met him halfway.

"*Gran mascalzone vigliacco! Torna da dove sei venuto!*" he ordered. "Go back where you belong, you big stiff!"

The man stared at him incredulously; then with a grunt swung his fist. He was too tipsy to direct the blow, however. Brent caught him by the collar, twisting it until the man choked,

(Continued on page 47)

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Her teeth too precious to risk with any tooth paste but the *softest*

Baby teeth are given new protection by a new discovery... a cleansing and polishing material has been developed that's twice as soft as those in common use... it's contained exclusively in Pepsodent

CHILDREN's teeth are softer and more porous than adults'! That explains why they decay faster and more often. Being softer, young teeth are injured frequently by harsh tooth pastes. Those designed only for older, harder teeth are often too abrasive.

Acting on this knowledge Pepsodent laboratories recently developed a new and entirely different cleansing material. Baby teeth brushed by it thousands of times and examined under a powerful microscope fail to show the faintest scratch — only a soft, lustrous glow—film stains completely erased.

The adoption of this new discovery in Pepsodent affords greater protection to children's teeth. And children's teeth are one of the great problems of national health today. Mother, are you aware of that?

What investigation shows

Recently hundreds of thousands of school children were examined by local dentists. The facts brought to light are appalling: 90% possessed teeth ravaged by decay and in need of dental care... many showed signs of bodily illness due to neglected teeth... the backward students were usually the ones with poorest teeth.

Care of baby teeth

If your child hasn't visited the dentist in the past six months, go at once! If decay is present ask your dentist or physician to suggest an improved diet.

At home, remove film from teeth twice every day. FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from foods and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is vitally important.

Some tooth pastes remove film but leave microscopic scratches. Others are safe but fail to remove film satisfactorily. But Pepsodent—through its notable discovery—combines film-removing power with *super-safety*. This new cleansing material stands unsurpassed in removing stubborn film. It gives more brilliant polish to enamel. Pepsodent is the outstanding tooth paste of today.

1. Remove film—*use Pepsodent tooth-paste every morning and every night.*

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

3. See your Dentist—

Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Wheels Never Before Carried So Many Marvels

Gears that mesh as silently, as easily, and as surely as you can clasp the fingers of your two hands—motors that start and stop and swing along at 80 in a whisper—solid steel bodies that ride on the chassis as a canoe rides the ripples—shock absorbers that iron rocky, rutty roads into boulevards at a twist of the fingers on the dash! Tires that form a perfect safety-zone between the rims and the road!

Never since the first horseless carriage clattered into being have so many marvels been placed on four wheels as are to be found in the motor car of 1932!

And we mean marvels!

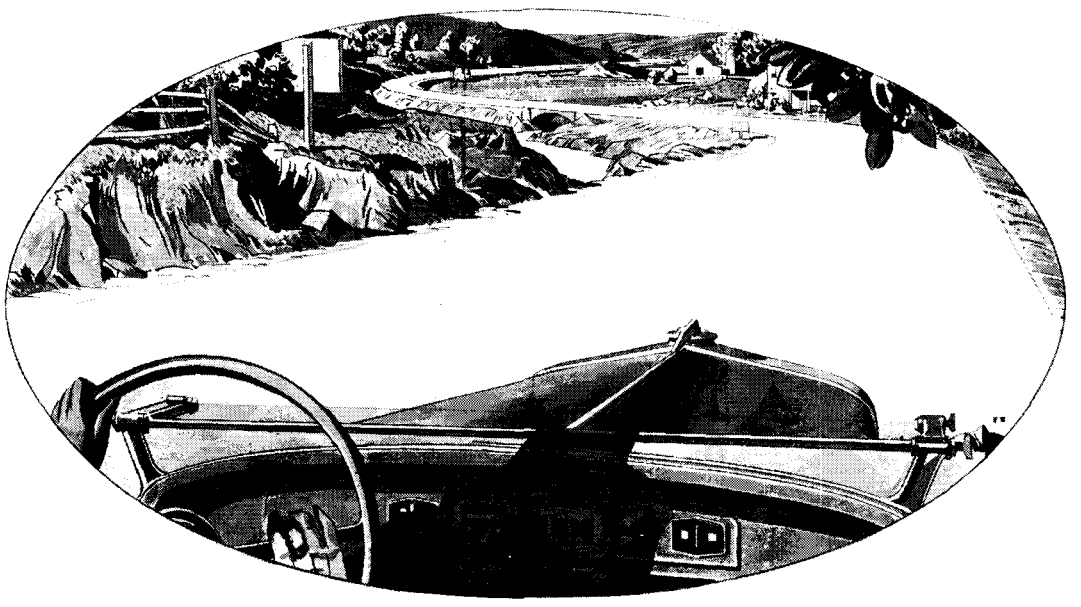
Almost any one of the many new features to be found in cars of the latest type would have been sufficient to have caused 1932 to go down in history as a banner year in automotive improvement.

Just read the pages devoted to automobile advertising in any current magazine—you will be amazed at the *extra* comfort, the *extra* convenience and the *extra* economy that are part and parcel of *every* car you read about!

And you will be more than merely amazed when you have taken your place in the driver's seat of one of these super-modern motors.

The American automobile of 1932 is not just a new model—it is a new era in automotive travel—it forms a new conception of automotive convenience—it sets a new limit of automotive luxury undreamed of twelve short months ago!

To sit behind the wheel of this year's motor car today is to experience a new thrill—to realize a glorious new freedom—*to fly without wings!*



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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 11

ran him backward the length of the café and flung him into his seat.

"Sit there, you swine!" he shouted. Then, as the excited head waiter hurried forward: "You ought to kick this drunk out and turn him over to the police!"

At that instant he felt his arms gripped from behind and he was hustled backward, struggling, through the doorway into the street, where, still pinioned, he was allowed to get to his feet.

Two Fascisti bicycle policemen—hardly more than boys—held him tightly by the wrists. Both wore large revolvers in holsters and their long hair glistened with pomatum. They had nearly wrenched his arms from their sockets.

"*Siete sotto arresto*," said the taller of the two. "You are under arrest."

"You have made a mistake," answered Brent, boiling with anger. "That man was drunk and insulted the lady I was with. I was merely protecting her and trying to keep order."

The youth regarded him coldly.

"Where are your *carte identificazione?*"

"I have no identification cards. I am an American."

"Show us your *passa porto*."

"My passport was stolen upon the steamer, but I shall have an emergency passport tomorrow. Meantime here is a written authority to land from the Immigration Bureau."

HE GAVE the permit issued by the inspector to the Fascist, who put it in his pocket without looking at it. A crowd began to gather.

"Come with us."

They walked along the Via Fabio Severo followed by the crowd, and turned down the Via Ghega to the Piazza della Liberta. From here they crossed into a narrow side street and thence to a court where a group of other Fascisti were loitering, smoking cigarettes.

The bicycle cop pointed through a half-open door.

"*Entrate ta!*"

It was a small, smelly room about ten feet square. A discolored wooden seat ran around three sides of it and there were four stone spittoons—one in each corner. The Fascist shut the door.

An hour passed—another hour. The courtyard became quiet. At length there were steps outside and a young Fascist stuck in his head.

"A thousand pardons for the delay, signor. Will you kindly accompany me to the capitano?"

Brent followed his captor up a flight of stone stairs into a room containing a desk and two telephones, where an officer sat smoking. He gave the Fascist salute.

"Signor Brent?"

"I am John Brent."

"You are discharged. Your detention has been due to a misunderstanding. I am sorry if you have been inconvenienced in any way. Mistakes unfortunately do occur."

Brent hurried back to the Excelsior. He wanted to relieve Helen's anxiety at the earliest possible moment for he knew that she would be greatly worried about him. Now, of course, they would have dinner together, instead of tea, and a nice, quiet evening by themselves, which would partly and perhaps fully—depending on what happened—compensate him for the way he had been treated.

It was nearly eight o'clock before he reached the hotel, and the foyer was practically empty. Both trains had already gone. At the desk, when he asked for his key, the clerk handed him an envelope addressed in pencil, saying that the signorina had left the note when she had given up her room. Brent stared at him, flabbergasted. Miss Stevens couldn't have given up her room—she was spending the night and leaving for Rome tomorrow morning. Oh, yes, the man reiterated, Signorina Stevens had gone away over an hour ago. He did not know which train she had taken. In fact she might not have taken either. In any case she had left no forwarding address. Dazed, Brent tore open the letter.

"Dear John," it read. "Please forgive me for apparently deserting you in this way. Some time I will explain exactly why I did so, but there was nothing else I could do. I did not go until I knew that everything would be all right. It is much better if we do not meet for a while. I realize that this will sound very queer to you, but I think you know me well enough to believe what I say. I hope your business will be successful. Till autumn, then!

"Sincerely,
"HELEN STEVENS"

He reread it several times, hardly crediting her handwriting. What the devil could it signify? An appeal to the concierge elicited merely the further fact that the signorina had left in a taxi shortly after seven o'clock. He had been very busy himself and could not possibly identify the taxi.

Brent was completely baffled. For her to have run away like that—just in order to keep her name out of the papers—seemed totally out of character. What did she mean—"nothing else I could do" and "knew that everything would be all right"? "All right!" How could she know everything would be "all right"? Yes, it certainly did all "sound very queer"! Was it possible that he could have been so mistaken in her? Why should it have suddenly become "better if we do not meet for a while"? Nothing had happened since four o'clock except the fact of his arrest. No, there was something mysterious behind it all—something she wished to conceal—another man, perhaps—that made her want to get away from him. And she had fixed it so he could not communicate with her! Now, by cripes! It *would* be until autumn! For the first time he fully realized how much more she had become to him than the business upon which he had been sent to Europe—than anything else, in fact, in his entire existence. He felt deeply aggrieved. Nevertheless he tried—as she had expressed the hope that he would do—to believe what she said. A sleepless night left him more indignant with her and with the world in general. He was not so sure that he believed her, after all. Women could not be trusted where their personal feelings were concerned.

NEXT morning he went to the consulate and got his emergency passport and an Illyrian visa. The consul questioned Brent in great detail about his incarceration, the charge against him, and the exact hour of his release.

"Don't you know who the 'bum' was you throttled?" he asked. "The fellow whose windpipe you twisted was Crown Prince Milan, heir-apparent of the Kingdom of Illyria. You're lucky to be alive."

(To be continued next week)

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SWAB your chin with Ingram's cool Shaving Cream! Shave those barnacles off your prow with never a scratch and never a sting!

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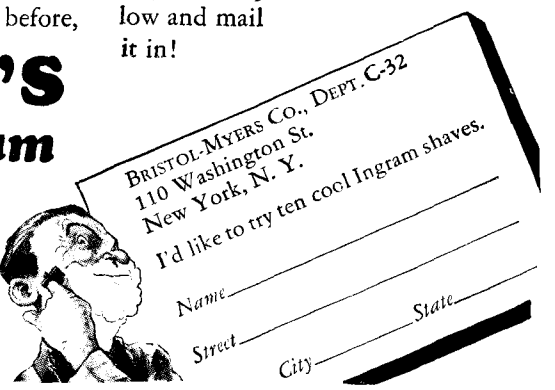

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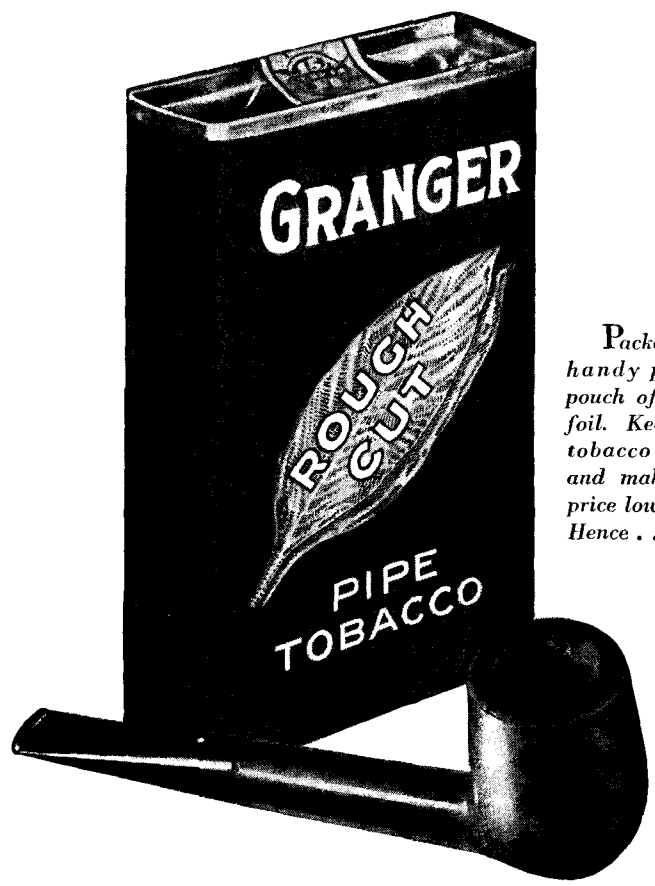

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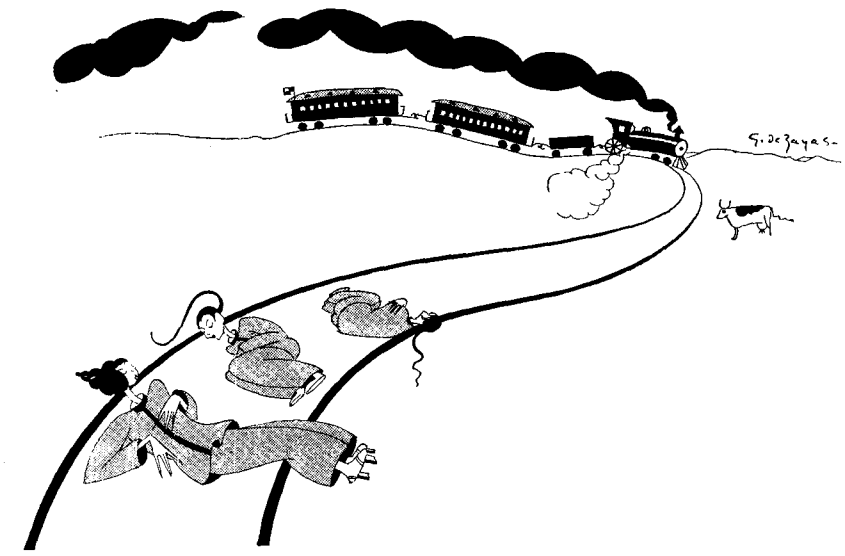


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

When a railroad was built in Korea not long ago, many citizens found delight in sleeping with their heads on the nice, cool rails. After being routed several times by passing trains, they petitioned the Emperor to have the trains, when coming upon a sleeper, stop and wait until he has finished his nap.

During the winter in Tibet, the temperature frequently rises to 110 degrees at midday and drops to 30 degrees below zero at midnight—a change of 140 degrees in 12 hours. — *By C. C. Moyer, Ainsworth, Nebraska.*

Some of the biggest safe-deposit-vault doors in the United States today have four locks with a total of 16,351,500 different possible combinations.

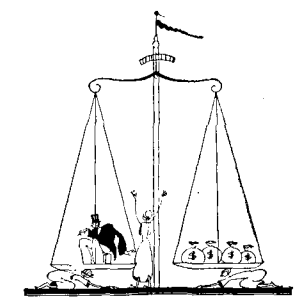
Hitler, Germany's Fascist leader, made a tragic mistake when he let his little mustache—a patch under his nose—become the facial emblem of his party. Most of his followers are not old enough to grow one.

Scientists have found more than 400 different kinds of plants that daily catch and eat insects.— *By Alfa Riden, Stillwater, Okla.*

Spiritualism is so rampant in Germany today that a Berlin "ghost" factory is behind on its production of all kinds of trick equipment — from tapping tables to answering angels — for hundreds of busy "mediums."

About the most intricate machine ever built is the new differential analyzer for engineers which quickly solves mathematical problems in complex equations that would otherwise require days of highly complicated computations.

Millions of carats of beautiful but synthetic rubies and sapphires now are made in electric furnaces in Switzerland and France. A large percentage of them are shipped to the Orient where they are sold to American tourists.



The Aga Khan, spiritual head of India's 70,000,000 Moslems, who spends most of his time in London and Paris, takes a yearly bath in Bombay, after which the water, then considered holy, is sold to the Faithful. For it he receives his weight in gold, which amounts to about $53,000.

In Paris, executions—by the guillotine — still take place on a scaffold in a public square. The latest one, held at dawn on December 26th, had its date and time announced over the air and was spotlighted and watched by thousands of merrymakers on their way home from Christmas parties.

At the El Azhar University in Cairo, Egypt, whose 21,000 students make it one of the world's largest educational institutions, the entrance examination requires each applicant to repeat from memory the entire Mohammedan bible, the Koran, which takes three days of recitation. — *By Mrs. Mary M. Wilkes, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

Only 10 out of every 100 patents granted in the United States prove to be of any economic value.

Spiders, in using their thread, which is only 1-32,000,000ths of an inch thick, are able to entangle, hold and eat animals that are several thousand times heavier than themselves, such as snakes, mice, fish, frogs and bats.

In the jungles of India, today, numerous nomad tribes who live by hunting have so developed their powers of observation that they can track down an animal by its claw marks on trees.

The Large-scale Ordnance Survey Map of Great Britain contains 51,500 sections and shows every house, building, fence, lamp-post, fire plug and isolated tree in every city, town, village and on every farm in England, Scotland and Wales. — *By Julius Goodman, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Germany's Brown Shirt

Continued from page 11

and wide as the "Brown House." It was erected expressly for them a few years ago, when the movement had begun to take on strength and importance.

The Brown House looks somewhat like a big New York club. Rather more yellowish than brown in color, it fronts squarely on one of Munich's handsomest residential streets. It dominates the whole neighborhood with its big façade, its high walls, its scroll-work of swastika signs — the emblem of Hitler's party—worked into its decorations. In and out of it goes a stream of Hitlerists, in brown flannel shirts and semi-military gaiters.

In the Brown House one breathes the very essence of Hitlerism. There, as nowhere else, one realizes the strength of the faith which has welded together millions of Germans, of different classes and divergent types of mind, into one vast whole, compounded of all post-war Germany's elements of discontent—a whole throbbing with life, instinct with youth, alive with the thirst for vengeance.

A Call on Hitler

Recently I ventured into the Brown House to get a close-up of Hitler and Hitlerism.

A friendly "Nazi"—the nickname for a Hitlerist in Germany—ushered me past the sentry and into the big lobby. Along one wall were stacked a dozen banners, as imposing as those of an army's regiments; on another was a tablet bearing the names of Hitlerism's most select group of martyrs, the eighteen of Hitler's adherents who were killed on that November day in 1923 when he, aided by Ludendorff, tried vainly to seize power in Germany by force.

Since then he has consistently emphasized his resolve to use none but legal weapons; to work toward eventual control of the German government only by legal means. But can he curb the "wild men" among his followers? As I looked about me, I wondered. "Wild men" were certainly well represented among the groups of Hitlerists, some bearing the scars of battle, nearly all young, brawny and determined.

Up the stairway I went, still under the wing of my "Nazi" guide. In the great upper hall a huge golden eagle glowered above an enormous swastika. Pushing open a door, the guide silently motioned me into a big room, decorated in gold, filled with rows of chairs upholstered in red leather.

"The Senate Chamber of the National Socialist Party," he announced. No wonder enemies of Hitlerism accuse it of being "a state within a state!"

Suddenly my guide snapped: "Turn around—quick!"

Every man near me had suddenly sprung to attention. Click after click sounded, as one pair of heels after another came together. Over a dozen heads right arms were raised in the salute which German Hitlerism has borrowed from Italian Fascism.

A man with stern features and close-cropped mustache came swinging up the stairway. He was clad in a brown shirt with soft collar.

"Hail!" he said, lifting his arm.

"Hail!" chorused those around him.

While they all stood at attention, like soldiers in the presence of a general, Adolf Hitler strode masterfully across the hall and disappeared through the door leading to his private office.

It had been arranged that I was to have a few minutes with him. After a short wait my guide beckoned to me.

I entered a large, square room, sparsely furnished. The first object that met my gaze was a bust of Mussolini—with a particularly grim frown. Flanking it were two pictures of Frederick the Great, the hero of all hundred-per-cent Germans.

At a flat-topped desk, which might have been included in the equipment of any office in Wall Street, sat the man who has hypnotized millions of his fellow countrymen into doing his bidding as if he were a genius of statecraft, into following in his wake as if he were the inspired leader of a holy crusade.

Adolf Hitler jumped to his feet. His heels met. He raised his arm over his head. My guide's heels thudded against each other as he sprang to attention. And I, under the influence of the atmosphere of formality and militarism pervading the room, could feel my heels itching to click together and my right arm straining to execute the Fascist-Hitlerist salute.

In a moment, however, the formal part of the greeting was over. Hitler took a step forward and shook hands with me, quite like an ordinary person.

Then he motioned me to a seat beside his desk and the interview began.

I remarked that there had been a strong impression in the United States, ever since the inception of the Hitlerist movement, that its triumph would bring harm to Germany. Hitler retorted:

"Why should a movement which fights only with legal weapons and only wishes the welfare of the Fatherland be considered harmful? This apprehension on America's part is due simply to a deliberate deception of foreign countries, with regard to the National-ist-Socialistic movement, by a partisan press."

By "partisan press" he meant, of course, the newspaper organs of the parties forming the backbone of the German Republic as at present constituted. Foremost among these, in his mind, are those whom the rest of the world knows as Socialists, but whom Hitler prefers to call "Social Democrats" to distinguish them from his own followers, the National Socialists—or, better still, "Marxists," an allusion to Karl Marx, their prophet, whose name to all Hitlerists is anathema.

"The average American believes," I continued, "that the so-called 'Policy of Fulfillment' is the best thing for Germany. Would you not say something on this?" (The "Policy of Fulfillment" is the name usually given in Germany to the policy, initiated by German Republicans, that Germany must seek a way out of her present difficulties by conciliating instead of antagonizing the nations, notably France which vanquished her in the war.)

Hitler again countered my question with a question of his own:

"Can a policy be beneficial," he asked vehemently, "which must necessarily culminate in the ruin of the entire economic structure? We National Socialists have predicted for many years the present crisis and have now been proved right."

What Should We Do?

The talk then turned to the attitude which the United States should adopt.

"My opinion as a National Socialist," he told me, "is that the United States would scarcely have entered the war had she known how the pledges of the Fourteen Points were to be fulfilled in

(Continued on page 50)

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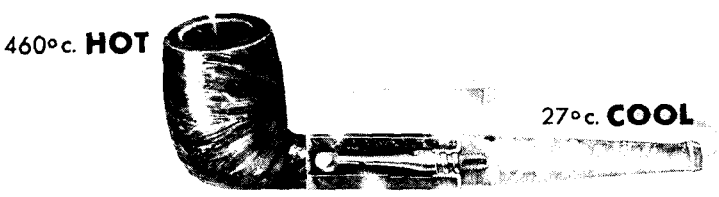

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Prevent spread of colds and self-infection by using KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

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Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

(Continued from page 49)

practice. I do not believe that anyone in the whole world outside Germany will come out definitely on the German side; but I do believe that every practical aid extended to a cultured nation must indirectly benefit all cultured nations.

"The destruction of the German economic system in this present chaos—which is heading straight toward Bolshevism—will be of doubtful profit to the rest of the world's nations.

"As for the United States, I hope that she will, above all else, extricate herself from the spirit of hatred fostered by France, thus restoring to the Goddess of Reason that which is her due."

This Way Out

With a sudden motion, Hitler leaped to his feet. He brought his heels together. The guide who had piloted me into his chief's presence straightened up, and his heels met with a martial thud. I scrambled out of my chair. Once more hypnotized by the atmosphere about me, my shoulders went back and my heels touched.

Chief and subordinate raised their arms in the Hitlerist salute. Then Hitler relaxed and gave me and the other man an ordinary hand-shake.

I was ushered into another room on the wall of which hung a large-scale map of Germany. Over it were dotted a large number of pins with red heads and a considerably smaller number with black heads. The name of nearly every German town of any importance whatsoever had one of the red-headed pins stuck through it. The names of many German cities had around them quite a cluster of the red-headed pins and one or more of the black-headed ones. In the case of the leading cities, the cluster totaled dozens of pins, until, finally, over the name of Berlin, the red-headed pins ran into scores and the black-headed ones must have reached a dozen or more. The significance of this map was explained to me by Colonel Ernst Röhm, "commander-in-chief" of the "army" which forms the backbone of the Hitlerist movement.

"Each of those red pins," said Colonel Röhm, "represents one hundred men of our regular forces. Each black pin represents one hundred men of our special 'shock troops.' In most places, as you see, we have only one hundred men or thereabouts. In others, though, the numbers are much larger—until, when you come to Berlin, you see that we have thousands.

"In all, our 'army' numbers about 250,000 men. All over Germany they are fighting against the Communists and Socialists; all over Germany they are being subjected to constant outrages.

"My great task just now consists in curbing my men, keeping them within bounds, seeing that they do not resort to violence under the constant provocation of the opponents, who hope they can make my men undertake reprisals which may cause the police to intervene."

The hostility between Hitler's followers and the German Communists and "Marxists" is so intense that already scores of men have been killed and thousands injured on both sides in furious street encounters. At the Brown House these clashes are invariably described as having been wantonly provoked by the enemies of Hitlerism. Every Hitlerist killed or wounded is glorified as an innocent victim of ruthless aggression. That such a version does not embrace the whole truth goes without saying.

Before I left the Brown House I had a final and most informal glimpse of Adolf Hitler—seated, in his brown flannel shirt, at one of a number of rough wooden tables, without tablecloths, in the big "canteen" which occupies the basement of his headquarters. There, surrounded by his staff officers and others—among them several women—he was eagerly talking and gesticulating and planning, while attendants, winding in and out among the tables, filled plates with rough food and set down, by the elbows of chief and subordinates, mugs filled to the brim with foaming Munich beer.

The most paradoxical thing about Adolf Hitler is that he, supreme chieftain and inspiration of the most frenzied party of German super-patriots, is not a German at all. He is a native of Austria, where people are easy-going and disinclined to go into a frenzy about patriotism or anything else. But Hitler's ardent belief in the excellence and brilliant future of the Teutonic race caused him years ago to identify himself with Germany.

He was born in 1889 in Braunau, close to the Austrian-German frontier, where his father was a customs official. Hitler senior could see nothing better for his son than apprenticeship for an official existence similar to his own. But Adolf would have none of it.

For five years he worked with his hands, earning meager pay, hobnobbing with rough, uneducated men whom, had it not been for this unforeseen emergency, he would never have met on terms of equality.

In 1912, when he was twenty-three years old, he left Vienna for Munich. Some say he did it to escape service in the Austro-Hungarian army; others, though, insist that he was attracted to Munich by its fame as a center of art.

Enlisting as a volunteer in the German army in 1914, he became a dispatch-runner, in which capacity he distinguished himself alike for efficiency and gallantry.

Yet, when a chance came to him for military leadership after Germany's defeat, he failed to distinguish himself. The uprising of the autumn of 1923 against the government of the German Republic, led by Hitler and Ludendorff, proved a pitiful fizzle. Hitler was made prisoner. Not for many months was he suffered to regain his freedom.

He lost no time in gathering into his hand the threads controlling the movement for the regeneration of Germany which he had launched five years before, after he had "crashed" the meeting of those six ambitious young Germans.

Hitler vs. the World

Not long afterward he was shouting exhortations and thundering threats of vengeance against Germany's enemies to milling, cheering, frenzied multitudes of twenty thousand and more.

If Hitler should seize the reins of power in Germany it seems impossible that he should escape the fate of leaders of the opposition in other countries when they succeed in ousting foes in the government; that, in other words, he could contrive to govern without moderating his frenzy and "hedging" on his threats of drastic suppression of foes at home and dire vengeance against foes abroad. If, however, he should manage to continue his career of extremism, if he should indeed succeed in overthrowing the *status quo* in Europe, it would seem that one of two things must necessarily occur: Either France, completely changing her attitude, will acquiesce in the restoration of Germany to her pre-war power; or Germany will be abetted in her defiance of France by strong allies among the nations of the world. Neither of these possibilities would appear, at the present writing, to be looming at all conspicuously on the international horizon.

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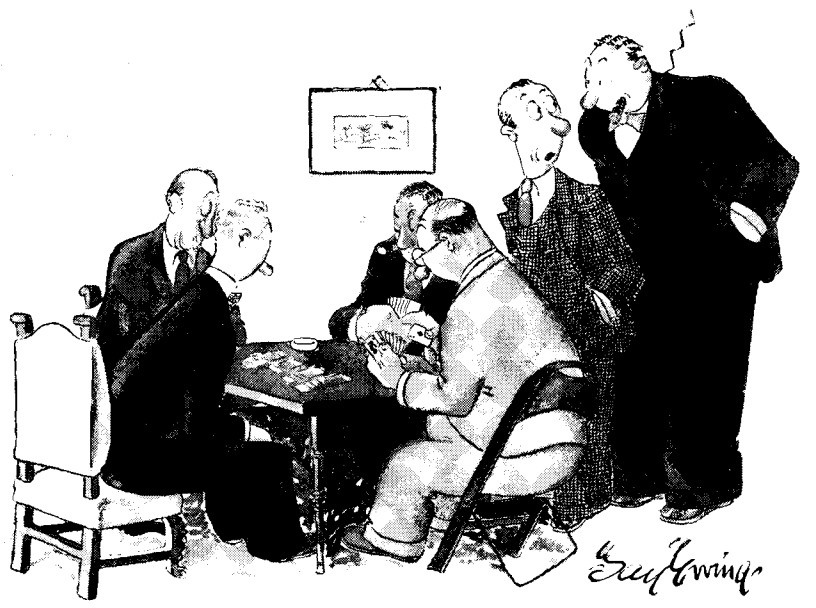

"Please, Moe! Don't stand over my shoulder. I'm superstitious"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

	North S. 5-2 H. K-2 D. J-10 C. A-K-J-9-8-7-2	
West S. Q-J-10-9-7-3 H. Q-8-4 D. K-9-2 C. 6		*East* S. 6-4 H. 10-7-6-5-3 D. 6-5-3 C. Q-5-3
	South (Dealer) S. A-K-8 H. A-J-9 D. A-Q-8-7-4 C. 10-4	

THE "Vienna Coup," establishing a high card in an opponent's hand so that later he may be forced to discard it or unguard another suit, is one of the rarest of the "trick plays" of Bridge.

The above is an illustration of the Vienna Coup. With neither side vulnerable, the bidding was varied. As a rule South opened with one or two Diamonds, and West overcalled with Spades—a bold defensive bid designed to keep North and South from bidding No Trumps. North, of course, declared his Clubs, South then called No Trumps, North rebid Clubs, and the final declaration at all tables was Six No Trumps or six Clubs.

The Official System had not been announced at the time hand was played. The bidding under it would be: South, with four and a half high-card tricks and two low-card tricks, two Diamonds. West, with five probable tricks, a following or defensive bid of two Spades. North would not have to decide whether his hand was strong enough for a forcing jump-shift, since an original two-bidder is forced to keep the bidding open if partner responds with anything less than a game-bid. So North would bid three Clubs and South three No Trumps. After that, North would call five Clubs and South then would bid for a small slam at Clubs or No Trumps.

The vital play of this hand was the same whether North was the Declarer at six Clubs or South at six No Trumps. In either case a Spade was led and won by South. Three rounds of Clubs were won, in order, by North's Ace and King and East's Queen. West's discards were the Nine of Diamonds and the Trey of Spades. South, on trick 4, parted with the Eight of Spades. At trick 5, in response to his partner's signal, East led a Diamond. From this point the play varied, and a majority of Declarers failed to make good their slam contracts.

With one trick already lost, each Declarer saw that he could make his slam by a successful finesse in Diamonds or Hearts. At a few tables he decided that West's Nine of Diamonds probably was a bluff, so the Diamond finesse was taken at trick 5, and West's King set the contract one trick. The other unsuccessful Declarers "believed" West and went up with the Ace of Diamonds at trick 5. These Declarers put North in the lead with the King of Hearts, and if playing with a Club trump the Heart finesse was tried. West won with the Queen, cashed his King of Diamonds and set the contract two tricks.

The successful Declarers saw that West's bid of a Queen-high Spade suit marked him with the bulk of the adverse strength, and the Queen of Clubs already had appeared in East's hand. West's discard of the Nine of Diamonds at trick 3, plus his unwillingness to drop a Heart at trick 4, tended to mark him still more strongly with the King of Diamonds and the Queen of Hearts. The successful Declarers played the hand accordingly. At trick 5, they played the Ace of Diamonds, establishing West's King. South's remaining high Spade was then cashed and North was put in with the King of Hearts. Three of North's four Clubs were then led, South discarding three Diamonds.

To trick 11 North led his remaining Club, South discarded his last Diamond, and West was squeezed. If he parted with a Heart, his Queen would fall on South's Ace; if he threw his King of Diamonds, North's Jack would be high. All the Wests let the Heart go and all the Declarers took advantage of it and made a well-earned slam.

One of the features of the fine play of the Declarers who made the slam was that the possibility of taking or refusing the Heart finesse was always left open, and a West who realized this might have deceived the Declarer by a Heart discard *before* trick 11. That, however, would have been a daring play.

Next Week's Hand

North S. A-7-4 H. K-J-7 D. J-10-5 C. K-8-6-3	*East* S. 5 H. 9-4-3-2 D. Q-9-7-3-2 C. Q-J-10
West S. K-6-3-2 H. 8-6-5 D. A-K-4 C. 7-4-2	*South (Dealer)* S. Q-J-10-9-8 H. A-Q-10 D. 8-6 C. A-9-5

He wouldn't give in till I fooled him

JIM always pooh-poohed the idea that caffeine affected him. He had been working awfully hard and getting increasingly nervous. It really was beginning to tell on him. He didn't sleep well and he looked worried.

One night, I changed the coffee — gave him Kaffee Hag Coffee. He never even noticed it, except to say it tasted unusually good. But from then on, *I* noticed a change. He began to sleep like a top. I told him about "the coffee that lets you sleep" later on. Now he won't drink anything else.

• • •

Kaffee Hag Coffee is the purest, finest coffee — with 97% of the caffeine and the indigestible wax removed. You can't tell it from the best cup of coffee you ever tasted.

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee for a week and see if you do not sleep better, feel better — put more enthusiasm and zest into your work. Kaffee Hag Coffee will benefit you, aside from its freedom from caffeine—for you need a warming, cheering beverage at supper. It aids digestion, encourages relaxation and sounder sleep.

Serve it for your evening entertainments, too, so all your guests can enjoy fine coffee without risk of a sleepless night. At a new low price. If you aren't entirely satisfied, return the can to us and your money will be refunded. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Quality guaranteed.

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This New ALKALINE Way

To Relieve Colds, Headaches and Indigestion

It is the mother's duty to keep constantly on guard against the forces that endanger the health of any member of the family. When serious illness occurs, she calls in the family physician for expert assistance. But for the common complaints such as Colds, Sore Throat, Headaches, Digestive Troubles and muscular aches and pains—the wise mother now depends on ALKA-SELTZER Tablets for prompt and pleasant relief.

It's the new "Alkaline Way" you have heard so much about, to relieve the pain and discomfort and at the same time remove the cause of the trouble. Modern mothers know, when one of the family suffers with any of these common ailments, usually the real cause of the trouble is TOO MUCH ACID in the system. We are all fond of rich foods, good times, late hours—but it is these indulgences which cause EXCESS ACIDITY. Then the "Alkaline Reserve" is lowered, we become an easy victim of Colds, Headaches, Stomach Disorders and other common ills.

That's the time to use ALKA-SELTZER Tablets to alkalize your system. They help restore the normal alkaline content of the body. Dissolve a tablet in water—it makes a bubbling glassful of the Alkaline Citrates your body needs to relieve pain and correct the excess acid condition that causes the trouble.

Every mother should use the coupon and try this new "Alkaline Way" to keep the family healthy. It is such a pleasant and effective way to get well and keep well. Let every member of the family use it to build up their "Alkaline Reserve"—then they will be less apt to catch cold or be troubled with headaches, stomach disorders and other common complaints.

The thing you will like about ALKA-SELTZER is the pleasant, effervescent drink it makes. And it is nice to know when you take a sparkling drink of ALKA-SELTZER that it contains no harmful drugs.

ACCEPT THIS TRIAL OFFER

We make it easy for you to try ALKA-SELTZER because we want everybody to know how wonderful this new "Alkaline Way" is to get relief from colds, sore throat, headaches, sour stomach, indigestion and other everyday ailments—so here is a Special Offer for you. Fill out the coupon NOW—take it to any drug store and the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package for only 10 cents. You will find it the best 10 cents you have ever spent.

At All Drug Stores

Large Size $1.00 Pocket Size 25c

This coupon saves 15c

Take this coupon to any Drug Store and as a Special Introductory Offer the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package of ALKA-SELTZER tablets for only 10 cts.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

DRUGGIST: Mail this coupon to us signed by the customer and we will replace each package you give out on this Special Offer.
DR. MILES' Laboratories, Dept. C-52, Elkhart, Ind.

Return to the Woods

Continued from page 30

"He turned white when we were shelled the first night," the major said. "He seemed to shrink in size."

"I thought," the adjutant said gently, "that he was going to crack up. But he didn't."

"He did crack up." The major was smoothing out his wreath, which was of dark leaves woven with white. "He came to me the night we got up. He said that he was a cook. Not a headquarters cook who would instantly turn into a runner. He said he was a fine cook. That he was no soldier. I never heard a man admit so readily that he couldn't stand the pace. Not hysterical, either. As cool as a doctor telling a colleague that he had detected within himself the unmistakable evidence of a fatal malady. 'I just can't go through with it,' he said. 'I just ain't made for this. I'm scared. I'm scared all the time. You'll have to let me go back to the rear and cook for somebody. I'm a good cook.' He said this as coolly as I repeat it now."

"WHAT could you do?" The adjutant had heard that the deaths of some men leave impressions others never recover from.

"What could I do? I didn't want him. A thing like that's communicable. So I told him to go back to the rear. To see doctors. To trick his temperature. To eat soap and throw convulsions. To do anything to get a ticket to the rear. Then we would be rid of him. He would find somebody who would appreciate the fact that he was such a good cook. Some doctor. Then he'd be safe all the rest of the war."

"When was that?"

"The night before we jumped off the first time."

"When his kitchen was smashed?"

"That was when he came to me. That corporal was standing by the kitchen. The cook and the corporal were friends. Around headquarters, before we came up, the corporal used to spend hours teaching the cook to use a bayonet. I used to hear them beneath my window back at Châtillon.

"Then some shell went through that corporal standing by the kitchen and he pitched forward into the cook. His last cry was a rush of breath through his chest. It literally carried his heart in it. That's when the cook came to me."

"You couldn't do anything?"

"But he could. I told him to tell the doctors, when he found them, that he was shocked. I begged him not to return. I said if he returned I could do nothing but give him a bad job. But he told the doctors exactly what he told me. He simply stated his case. That he was frightened and that it was worse than he had imagined it would be and he wanted to go back to the rear."

"If I had been the doctor," the adjutant said, "I would have tagged him and sent him back."

"You couldn't," said the major. "Not with a whole surgical personnel standing around listening to a man say he was sorry he came to war and would like to go back to a quiet spot and cook potatoes. You couldn't. You would have sent him back, just as they did. And when he got back . . .

"When he came back he crept into the hole with the other headquarters men and began to cry. He had twenty men shivering when the sergeant major came to me. That's why I had him come to my place and sleep; to keep him away from the headquarters men. He prayed and cried most of the night. There was no time to do anything about it then; to see anyone about him. We were attacking at dawn. I went to sleep about three; to get an hour.

"When I awakened it was because of the smell of frying bacon. He had a little alcohol stove—something my wife had given me, and it was a nuisance—and he was cooking my breakfast over it. He had stopped his tears. He didn't have any more tears. He was reduced to trembling. He scrambled some eggs. They were half white and half yellow. Streaky; stirred with a shaky fork. Things he must have been saving for himself. Eggs, bacon, some French bread toasted with cinnamon, and beet sugar and some coffee.

"He had thought it would be like that. That he would cook and I would fight. He hadn't understood that I wouldn't fight. That I would walk along with a cane and he would walk a little to the rear of me. He thought it would be a domestic arrangement. That I would rise in the morning and he would have breakfast ready, and then I would shave and go down to the battle and leave him to help around the house.

"I couldn't do anything. A thousand men ready to die in a wheat field and I would tell one he need not go along? I could not do that. I didn't know what to do with him. He was afraid of rifles, of firearms generally.

"Then we didn't get the preparation. And at the last minute that message came about the wire.

"That big headquarters corporal, his name was Babcock. He wore a machete and an automatic and a Very pistol and some wire-clippers. He was a walking accessory. His body was under a blanket. I got the wire-clippers and the machete and washed them and dried them. I gave the cook the clippers. I said I would be right by him. I said I would see that he got through all right. That it was a duty he owed his friends in the headquarters detachment to cut the wire for them. I said that he must. That if he didn't . . ."

"I know," said the adjutant.

"'But I'm a cook,' he said. I never told before. You remember how we hit the wire? He saw it first, I think. He was at my heels. I ran to the wire with the machete. He was right beside me. It was hot by the wire. They were pinging on it. I slashed with the machete, and then it was so hot I stooped down and worked from below. But he stood upright and cut the wire. I *had* to stand, too. He cut until he was dying. He cut with one hand toward the last. When the end came, men were rushing through with automatic rifles to enfilade that spot with the rocks. I let him down to the ground when he was through. 'I'm a good cook,' he said. 'Major, I'm a good cook.'

"You know how it was. They said the battalion could have eight D. S. C. ribbons; two to each company. The French were throwing away war crosses like potatoes. I wrote about him that night. Do you know what happened? They sent me the ribbons; for me. Beyond . . . extraordinary and all that."

THE major began walking the road again, carrying his wreath.

"There'll be some sort of dram shop in the village," the adjutant said. "Let's go there and have a bottle first. Then we can go to the cemetery."

"This must be done soberly," the major said. As they cleared the wood they looked out upon a plain of crosses in myriads of echelons beneath a tall flagstaff and a bravely whipping flag.

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Rich Men in Politics

Continued from page 8

simply because they must be doing something and do not know what, except their businesses, will keep them busy. Interest in life must be maintained, growth must be continuous, for to stand still is to stagnate. To the men who have earned competences and who wish to keep alive their eagerness for life I can recommend public work. The hardest thing is to make the break from private life, but once that is made any man will find himself consumed with interest in building something worth-while in public life, and the sky is the limit in this sphere.

It is more stimulating to work in a good cause than for private gain, more enlarging. The satisfaction in accomplishing something for the social good is very great; therefore politics is worth the price of admission, despite disappointments it may bring. I have given much money to the Democratic party, and have had to forgo the making of larger sums, and I wish it had been possible for me to do more.

A Natural Transition

In my business career there were many satisfying experiences and many big tasks. The creation of the profit-sharing plan for General Motors before such plans as this became fairly common was one of the things which gave me greatest pleasure. It has been profitable for thousands of employees and also for the company, which usually is the case, for I have yet to see anything good for society that is not also good for business. We have learned many things in America these past few years, and one of them is that we all rise together or fall together. It is an axiom of the new economics that you cannot hold a man on the ground unless you are willing to stay down there with him. This is very distinctly an economic age, hence an age when business is most fascinating; but it also is an age when business and government are more closely allied than ever before. The transition, therefore, from business to government is natural, and not nearly so difficult as it would have been a few years ago.

But after he gets into public life the business man may find himself suffering considerable pain because results come slowly, and only through methods different from those with which he is acquainted and for which perhaps he has not enough respect. Still, there is a mountain of loose talk about the extravagance and the incompetence of politicians. Both exist, but not to the extent some would have you believe. It is easy to criticize, easy to write sharp editorials about how things should be done. But could the critics do them better than they are done? I doubt it.

The campaign of 1928 probably was the costliest America has known. Some estimate the total expenditures for national and local elections at twenty million dollars. The two major parties expended on the national contest about eleven million dollars, the Republicans exceeding the Democrats by more than one million. Each vote, a statistician has said, cost approximately thirty-three cents. But the number of votes cast, more than 37,000,000, was far greater than ever before. This was due in part to the issues involved, the widely differing personalities of the two candidates, and to the amount of money expended.

Everybody knows that money is necessary in political campaigns. It is foolish to shut our eyes to that fact, and equally foolish to wish for a return to the so-called good old days when very little money was expended—openly. It is more important that money be expended properly than that it be too restricted as to amount. The cost of any great national selling campaign in business is tremendous, and a national election is the vastest of all selling campaigns. The heaviest single charge against party funds is for publicity in its many proper forms—advertising, news releases, pictures of candidates, circulars, campaign buttons and so on. Hundreds of speakers must have their expenses paid, halls must be hired, time on the radio paid for, bands employed. The headquarters organization is large, necessarily, and grants must be made to lesser committees. Postage, tons of print paper, telegraph and telephone bills, all these are inevitable and usually proper.

The Need for Campaign Funds

Some of the money is wasted, of course. A national business operates every day in the year and those who work for it have personal incomes at stake. But a national election for President comes only once in four years and most of those who work for one candidate or the other are working because of their faith in ideas. For three years and six months a national political organization is relatively inactive.

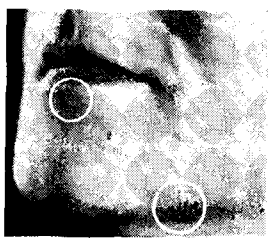
Those who speak harshly of political

(Continued on page 54)

"There's a little tune that's been running through my head all evening that's driving me nuts!" *Jack Markow*

CAN YOUR SKIN STAND THE *Girls-Eye View?*

Pimples and Blackheads. *The deep cleansing action of Mennen lather helps to correct such disturbances.*



Unshaved Patches—*due to incomplete beard softening . . . Mennen's special beardsoftening ingredient (tristearin) corrects this.*

Rough, Raw Skin—*due to razor pull. This condition invites infections. Mennen eliminates razor pull.*

What does she see when she looks at your face?

EVERY girl is a "severest critic" when it comes to faces and skins. Girls are more sensitive to masculine carelessness than you think. What your face looks like often decides between romance—and indifference.

Don't fool yourself! She notices those red spots . . . nicks . . . pimples . . . blackheads . . . She notices—and she can't help feeling a certain sense of distaste.

Thousands of men who realize that looks count have found relief from skin and shaving troubles in Mennen—the Shaving Cream that *"helps your skin as well as your shave."*

Mennen lather acts like a fine skin cleanser. It loosens the pore-imbedded dirt and grease deposits which so often cause pimples and blackheads. As you rinse off the lather you flush out the pores. You leave your skin really CLEAN.

And CLEAR! Clear enough to pass the test of any Girl's-Eye View! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble *completely*. Therefore, the blade takes off all the hair easily—*without skin irritations!* We'll be glad to *prove* it to you—if you'll send the coupon!

Free 14 MENNEN SHAVES!

You are welcome to a free 14-day tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. Send coupon to Mennen Co., Newark, N.J., Dept. C-1.

I want Original ( ) — Menthol-iced ( )

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

LISTEN TO TED HUSING AND ALL-STAR CAST . . . COLUMBIA CHAIN, THURSDAY 9:15 P.M., E.S.T.

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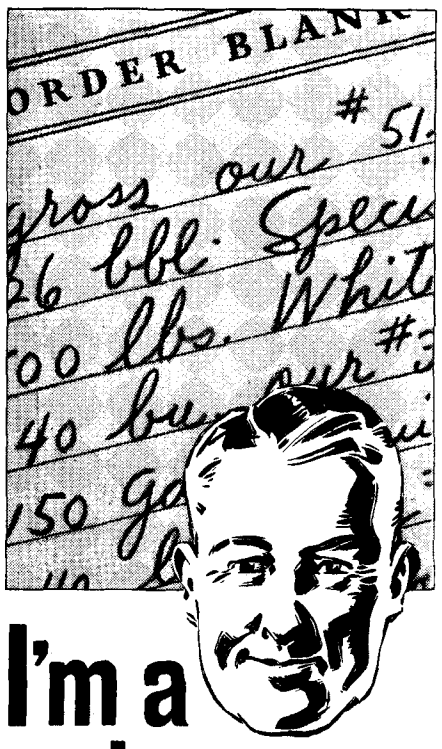
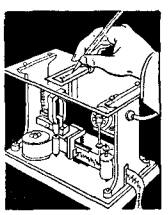


I'm a salesman

and landing orders is my meat. I talk with my pencil and talk fast . . . figuring costs . . . profits . . . turnover. Checking stocks is a pencil job, too, but with an Eagle MIKADO there's always enough point left to write a good long order . . . and that point gives me sharp carbon copies, with never a break when I bear down on it."

A MIKADO pencil will increase your efficiency, too. Its speedy, strong point keeps ahead of your thoughts and never drags on your hand or nerves. Writing with MIKADO is one smooth glide from start to stub, because its quality is guaranteed by scientific research and constant testing. You can depend on every MIKADO lead for uniformity, writing ease, strength, flexibility and economy . . . it's the lead that gives 35 miles of smooth, black line for a nickel.

Ask for MIKADO. You can't buy a better pencil.



This exclusive Eagle invention makes a pressure graph of the effort used in writing. MIKADO writes easier by actual test.

5c EACH—60c PER DOZEN

EAGLE
MIKADO
THE *YELLOW* PENCIL WITH THE *RED* BAND
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY
LONDON—NEW YORK—TORONTO

(Continued from page 53)

campaign methods should remember that an organization must be thrown together in a hurry, steamed up within a few weeks and then made to work like fury, with no direct personal gain in sight, except for a very few of the workers. In theory, of course, men should work harder for ideas than for pay, but do they? It is the very apathy of the public which makes large campaign funds necessary. In some way you must be stirred, and you will not be stirred unless there is publicity, printed and spoken, and unless someone makes it his business to stir you. If all of us were as interested in government as we should be the costs of campaigns would be only a small part of what they are.

Making Politics a Business

There is another thing, also, which critics of political methods should bear in mind: Business has ready at hand a way to discipline ineffective workers, but politics has not. If the head of a political campaign denounces and discharges his far-flung associates, he will defeat his own ends. They usually are volunteers, lovers of liberty, and they will not tolerate methods of discipline which every business must use.

I am not saying any of this in defense of political extravagance where it exists, or of political inefficiency wherever it may be found. I am working hard to overcome both in the Democratic party, to build an organization which parallels, as nearly as conditions will permit, a first-rate business enterprise operating all the time, spending money effectively and meeting the real issues at hand. No doubt it would be easier and temporarily more pleasant to gloss over the troublesome questions, but I do not think any good can come from evasion, either in business or in politics.

Never before in my lifetime has there been such a loud call for constructive leadership, therefore never before have I known such a demand for men who have made good in their own affairs to do their bit for the national life. I am hopeful that henceforth there will be less criticism at random and more constructive effort to do something. These past few years have brought a degree of humility to financial leaders and to all others which they did not have in 1928. Business itself, as we all know to our sorrow, is capable of a few slips in judgment. These are hard times, and hard times should lead to fine loyalties in coöperative efforts for the common good. We cannot go on leaderless as we now are. New blood must be put into our national affairs, new strength, new courage. Regardless of the cost to themselves, men of proved ability must do what the times demand of them, and the times are demanding that they seek posts of importance in public work. The cost to them will rarely if ever be prohibitive, and the compensations, spiritual and intellectual, will be great.

One of the things which interest me most in the position I have held these past three years is the magnitude of all the tasks. It is worth any man's time, money and life to work toward effective political leadership, toward effective political organization. The most trying specific task before me at the moment is to bring the political drys and wets together on common ground. That is not easy, but it must be done. Prohibition will be an issue, if it cannot be treated as a social problem and referred to the people in some manner: it cannot in honesty or wisdom be ignored, no matter how difficult the solution may appear. The task which is hard is the task which is fascinating, and the problem which is dangerous is the one which must be faced fearlessly. This dangerous matter of prohibition stands in the way of many other things, and that is why I advocate so earnestly that we refer it to the people, who alone have the ultimate right to say what shall be done about it.

"It is not by consolidation or concentration of powers," says Thomas Jefferson, "but by their distribution that good government is effected." And again: "I have been blamed for saying that prevalence of the doctrine of consolidation would one day call for reformation or revolution. I answer by asking if a single state of the Union would have agreed to the Constitution had it given all powers to the central government."

That suggests my own viewpoint in asking that the people of the forty-eight states express themselves on prohibition. I believe that states should exercise a greater degree of sovereignty than they now are exercising. But I expect to meet with more misunderstanding of my position on this point. Some people, as I have said, cannot believe in simplicity of motive, but always must be seeking auxiliary aims. Continuously, motives will be attributed to public men which are foreign to their attitude. I have seen many stories about my opposition to Governor Roosevelt, my leanings toward this candidate or that. None of them is authorized. Somebody made them up to satisfy the thirst for inside news. Hundreds of times it has been said that I started my career as a street-car conductor. I never have been one, but that mere fact does not diminish the success of the story.

My first meeting with Mr. Pierre S. du Pont had no relation to a trolley ride, despite the perennial story that he employed me after I, a street-car conductor, had shown him some sort of courtesy. I cannot trace the genesis of that story, nor of the companion piece that I once was a cigarmaker. This is how Mr. Du Pont and I happened to be associated:

The Penalties of Public Life

Back in Lockport, New York, where I grew up, I held a job as a stenographer, and drew $7.50 a week. This money helped my widowed mother, my two sisters and my younger brother; but, obviously, it was not enough to help them much. I asked for a raise in pay, which was refused, so I wrote to a friend in Lorain, Ohio, to look around out there and let me know if any good job were to be had. He replied that Mr. Pierre S. du Pont was in need of a secretary, and I at once wrote to Mr. du Pont, stating that I would expect a salary of $1,000 a year, a sum so large that all my friends told me I had killed any chance of landing the place. But Mr. du Pont gave me the job and an indissolvable life partnership has sprung from the exchange of those letters, thirty-two years ago.

I speak of these personal misrepresentations and errors and false labels merely to illustrate a point, the point being that a man who enters politics, especially a man of reputed wealth, must come in prepared to read a great many astonishing things about himself, some of them errors in fact, some of them attributed motives. But, fortunately, the truth usually prevails in the long run, and even before it does prevail, the misconceptions are not real bars to effective and pleasant work. The experiences in politics are more good than bad, and the opportunities for accomplishment, provided a man has patience, a willingness to face real issues and a proper sense of humor, are tremendous. Therefore the opportunities for happiness, which can be won only by doing things, also are tremendous.

Keeps Your HAIR NEAT

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as sticky lotions do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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King of the River

Continued from page 24

lot I ever handled. Go over to the van and get some blankets, then find a bunk and tell cookie to give you some grub. You can start in tomorrow morning."

And thus he learned all that Silver Dan had to tell of his youthful romance and high ambitions. But when the swarm of men came streaming back that night and hung their wet clothes to dry on the racks around the big-bellied, roaring stove, Silver Dan saw amongst the crowd the one white man he hated.

Grizzly Donnard! Often he had thought of the man and wondered how it would feel to see him fall before a well-aimed shot, or slither downward beneath the stroke of a knife.

BACKED by his friends or followers, for he was the acknowledged bully, Grizzly at once began a systematic torment of the Iroquois. His blankets would be tied in knots or wet. His working clothes would be found on the floor, undried, in the mornings. He was never addressed save with an epithet by Grizzly, and the others dared not interfere. One night when the torment had gradually increased, Grizzly was threatening to "take the lousy copper skin to pieces," and was actually advancing toward where Silver Dan stood with black, unwinking eyes, when a shout from the door that had been opened unobserved halted him.

"You lay off that Indian! What's more, if you put a hand on him I'll take *you* apart, you drunken bum!"

It was Big Tom Carroll who spoke. He did not seem to observe Silver Dan's look of gratitude and admiration, but turned and stalked from the bunkhouse, slamming the door behind him.

"You got me that call-down! I'll get you for that, Injun," Donnard muttered; then fell to boasting of what he would have done to Carroll if Big Tom were not the boss.

Later, Silver Dan lay in his bunk and tried to think it all out. He knew that there is nothing worse than a quarreling, faction-ridden camp. Such a camp would be bad for the Big Chief. Work wouldn't come out as well, less logs would go downstream in the spring. He concluded that if he was one of the causes of such trouble for the Big Chief, it were best to camp alone.

"Want to throw up a little cabin for yourself, Son?" Carroll asked after listening to the Iroquois on the following morning. Then he asked questions and finally fathomed some of Silver Dan's reasons and said, good-humoredly, "Well, perhaps it would be best. You'd probably be happier alone. That's a tough crew I've got to handle this year. I'll give you a couple of men to help throw up the walls and ridge-pole the roof. I don't want you to leave me, Son, after you've come this far."

And so for a month or two more Silver Dan found peace in comparative isolation, even cooking his own food and avoiding the mess house. Sometimes, remembering the tolerant, kindly gang he had worked with that first season in 64, he felt lonely; but there was always the big dream of what the next summer would bring when he took to himself the shy girl with the two braids and finished the wonderful place that was to be "same as white man's house."

And so, dreaming, he stolidly went through his daily and nightly rounds, left alone, largely, save by the Big Chief, who always had a smile and cheerful word for him.

It was on a bleak day in February when the mercury was low, and men's tempers at their worst, that Silver Dan's air castles came down like snows breaking from the roofs in avalanches. He was working with a mate at one end of a big cross-cut saw, well out beyond their nearest neighbors, when Grizzly Donnard, inflamed with whisky, ready to loose long-pent hatred, came up behind him and bellowed, "I got you now, you copper-faced nigger!"

Silver Dan had not time to get to his feet before Grizzly struck. Dan fell backward into the snow; then rolled quickly to escape the flying caulks that were aimed at his face. They ripped open the shoulder of his mackinaw. His team mate tried to come to his rescue but was bowled over with a kick in the groin. But it gave Dan time to come to his feet, and now, forgetting everything, reverting to his blood, seeing the whole world through a haze of red, he whipped his knife from its sheath and sprang. He felt the blade go to the hilt, as he had once dreamed of feeling it, saw Grizzly fall like a miniature mountain. Then he ran, frantically. He reached his cabin. Its door opened toward the rear of the cook house, which had no windows. Swift in his movements, within ten minutes he had seized his blankets, food, a rifle for which he had traded an ax, his worn snowshoes (which he put on), and was following a back trail.

He traveled throughout the remainder of the day and all night, and the next morning found him nearly twenty miles from pursuit, where he made a wikiup in a heavy growth, ate sparingly of cold food and went to sleep. When he awoke that afternoon he started westward with a definite goal.

When coming to that camp of ill fortune he had passed an abandoned trapper's hut and looked at a string of rusty traps left behind on the wall. That was now to be his hiding place. He dared not return to the reservation. He would be homeless forever, never again see his own people, or the girl with the two braids, or the house of magnificence on which he had worked with such hopes and dreams.

There was but one comforting thought in his mind: that with all that silver he had so hardly earned and hoarded, his mother would be comparatively rich while mourning her son. If he could work a trap line throughout the winter and find some way of trading in his catch in spring, he could thus get enough silver to enable him to leave the country behind, traveling far into that vague northwestern lumber country of which he had heard some of the wandering lumberjacks talk.

TWO days later, with the Indian's unerring sense of direction, he had found the abandoned cabin, was repairing its half-fallen roof, and was settling grimly down to what seemed to him, in heart-broken youth, a futureless existence. A week later he was running a trap line with a diameter of sixty miles, extending clear to the banks of a stream where there was a promise of beaver, long untrapped, awaiting his skill. He had no remorse for stabbing Donnard and, save for its after-effects, was unrepentant; but when spring came, with waters seeping beneath each snow bank, with the honk of wild geese overhead, he was still unreconciled to his fate, homesick for all he had lost and for the river.

The yearning increased as the waters trickled, ran, swelled the streams. It became unbearable. He must have one

(Continued on page 56)

HERE'S SLEEP

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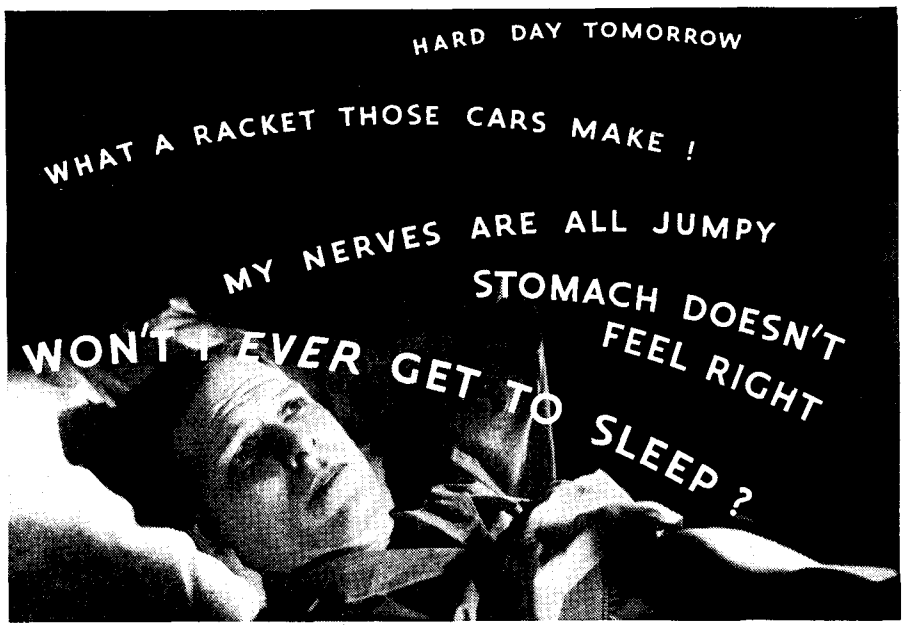

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Third: Ovaltine combats nervous irritability by supplying important calcium to the system. This promotes calcium metabolism and provides favorable calcium balance in the blood. Phosphorus is supplied (in its food form—lecithin), a vital element of nerve and brain tissue. A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, *all* the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep.

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Don't subject yourself to the strain of another sleepless night. Get acquainted with Ovaltine—see for yourself how quickly you fall asleep.

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As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how much *fresher* you feel—how vigor multiplies day by day.

That's why 20,000 doctors advocate Ovaltine. And why so many physicians say "take it faithfully night after night."

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'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. You will be delighted with the sound refreshing sleep this pure food-drink brings you—and the extra energy that becomes yours with each succeeding day.

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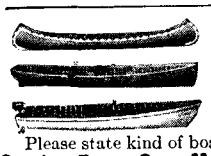

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(Continued from page 55)

more sight of a drive before he left this land that was his own, his tribe, his people, its memories. Like a wanderer in purgatory he reached the river and was lying prone in a thicket when the first logs from Camp 65 came bobbing downward like the exploring vanguard of a host. He watched them as they took on speed to venture the rapids, the gorge, the falls below, and he thought, as a lumberman, that it was a bad place in the river. He stood on the bank in the dim light of the night, seeing the thousands of logs march by.

A lost pike-pole ground near him. He swiftly retrieved it. And then, standing there in the gloom of the night, his acute ear caught a sound of menace that he recognized. A strange, sullen, bumping, grinding note, and he moved restlessly. A jam forming up the river!

WHEN dawn came he could see it, and was amazed at its proportions. He had never seen a jam of such magnitude. It was piled in a seemingly inextricable mass, fifteen feet high, with water spouting angrily through it in a hundred streams, and every now and then a log from behind would bound clear over the top rim, thrown high in the air as if shot to freedom. Some of them came as if cast from a catapult, like mere straws carelessly blown by some gigantic breath. Already men were working on it here and there, helpless pygmies struggling against disaster. With the coming of full daylight he could even recognize them, remember some of them by name, identify those who had been friendly, and those who had not. He saw their grouping when they gathered on a bank, and then after a while his heart thumped when three men started out with the sand bags, in constant peril of their lives; for leading the way was Big Tom Carroll!

Silver Dan's apprehensions were as great as those of any man in that crowd that stood there watching. Once or twice logs shooting from the crest barely missed the three men, who ran nimbly, skillfully, through the streams of spouting water, found crevices suitable for their work, rammed the bags containing sticks of dynamite held inward in position by the sand, led out the six or seven feet of fuse and coiled it on the nearest supporting log. They hurried to and fro, and always out there in the peril was the big man whom Silver Dan loved.

Finally all were gone but Carroll. The crowd on the bank stopped milling, stood as if fascinated by the crucial danger to come, seeming from that distance to be voiceless, too absorbed for speech, for they were men who knew and appreciated the deadly risk.

Silver Dan crouched on his knees, breathing slowly, when he saw Tom Carroll light the first fuse, run to the next and pause, then to the third. He had almost gained the opposite shore and the men on the bank began to cheer. The cheer was abruptly stopped. It was as if a malevolent spirit had bided its time to intervene. A flying log came across, struck and, traveling end over end, hit the one on which Carroll was standing. He was thrown upward into the air just as mighty detonations seemed to rip the very skies apart, filling the air with logs, sound or broken, with sheets of water, spray and mist, and the river sprang free with its burden.

Forgetful of everything, the Iroquois was out on the bank now, his agonized eyes roving swiftly and searchingly over the wild turmoil. Then abruptly they stopped when he saw floating past him near the opposite bank a log on which Tom Carroll, badly hurt, was struggling to climb.

Then the men running wildly, helplessly down the bank saw what was even to eyes inured to danger a strange sight. They saw, bounding outward in great flying leaps, with pike-pole balanced, the fugitive Iroquois, daring the thousand-to-one chance on death in the rapids below. He gained a last log, was still far from the one on which Carroll clung, and now he birled it with flying feet until its end swung diagonally across the stream, and with his pike-pole he thrust and shoved in rapid, vigorous strokes, throwing his whole body into the effort, never failing to keep his poise, driving the log forward in pursuit.

There were moments when in that tragic race with the current he seemed to be losing. He felt despair. There were but a few feet between the log he drove and the one he fought for now, but the current with braided, writhing waters was gathering speed for its rush. Each inch gained seemed to require hours, but at last he dared everything in one prodigious leap, and reached the log bearing Carroll. The log bobbed under at one end, surged upward at the other, and as he lurched an instant, wavered, almost fell, and finally stood erect, the Iroquois had earned a reputation as a river man that would become a legend.

"Have come, Big Chief—have come. Me—Silver Dan." He shouted encouragement, and desperately fought the log toward the bank. Too late, it seemed for moments; then the river swung the end of the log against a rock not far from the shore, and even as its free end was seized by the current and carried outward toward the center Silver Dan clutched Carroll, dragged him ahead, and took the plunge. Time and again both were submerged before he could conquer that bare ten feet between them and safety, and they were exhausted when, twenty yards farther down the roaring stream and almost at the cañon's lips, he caught an alder bush, held, worked himself and his inert burden slowly upward—and fell on the bank, exhausted.

SILVER DAN lay with his face on his arms in the melting snow, his mind in confusion. They would get him now. He was too tired to escape—but the Big Chief had been saved. . . .

"First time I ever knew an Injun to faint." Silver Dan heard the words as though they came from far away; and then, "Hell! You darned fool. You'd go unconscious, too, if you'd done what he did, I reckon."

Then he heard a voice that sent a thrill through his hungry, lonely heart, the voice of his god among men, saying, "Carry him gently, boys. Gently. He may be hurt."

They were lifting him up and he felt the water nausea of the half-drowned; but his eyes opened on Carroll, who was being hoisted onto an improvised brush stretcher.

"Big Chief—Big Chief," he implored in the Iroquois tongue, "don't let them get me and take me away! I was angry when I knifed Donnard, and—"

"Good God! Don't worry about that drunken dog," Big Tom bawled in English. "He got well, got fired, and went months ago. Besides, your mate swore it was self-defense. If you don't know what that means, I'll tell you sometime. Why, Son, the only searching we did for you was to tell you to come back and go to work. I reckon there ain't a man in the gang now that wouldn't be glad to work with an Injun like you."

And when Silver Dan heard the crowd around him cheering and boisterously shouting affirmation his joy was mingled with the thought, "White men all alike. Got to yell about things. Must be crazy—all but the Big Chief!"

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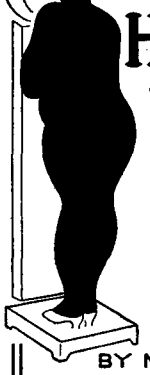

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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 19

"Don't—please," she begged. "Oh, Dean."

Her voice was the merest whisper, but charged with an excitement that showed she had reached the utmost in endurance. Gently he led her to a divan and sat down before her.

"Rita, dearest, tell me what happened."

"Is—that police officer—still in the house?"

He touched her hand reassuringly.

"He'll be leaving soon, Rita. Don't be afraid."

"But I am," she said. "Oh, not of *him*. But of scandal— Dean, it was too terrible. I was ready to leave when Sam came in. He went—mad. He said that you had raised the money to pay the notes—"

"HOW did he know?" asked Dean in surprise.

"I don't know. And then he said that he supposed that meant I was leaving. He said he'd not let me go. He said he'd stop me. And he drew his gun and I thought he was about to kill me. I really did. But he deliberately shot himself in the shoulder. Then he seemed to come out of his madness. He actually laughed at my terror. He said that he would say it was an accident, that he had been showing me the gun and that he was practicing putting it in a shoulder holster. He told me to say the same thing. He was as cool as though the shot had not hurt him at all."

"But why?" asked Dean, amazed.

"Because he's a devil incarnate," she said. "He said he knew he couldn't stop me from divorcing him, from marrying you. But that this was merely the first scandal in which he'd involve us. He said that he had caused the newspapers to be informed that I was planning to go to Reno, and that I intended marrying you. He said that it would become known that he had been shot, and that everyone in the world would believe that I had done it, or else that he had tried to kill himself because of you. He boasted that nothing could prevent the gossip. And—"

"Rita, please," he warned her. Her voice had risen above a whisper now, and trembled dangerously.

"He isn't—*real*," she said. "To do such a thing—oh, Dean, whatever are we going to do?"

"Exactly what we planned to do, my dearest," he said. "You're going to spend the night with Jinny. Tomorrow you're going to take the train for Reno. In three months you'll have your divorce. Then we'll be married."

"But, Dean," she almost whimpered, "he—there isn't anything he won't do."

"There isn't anything he can do," he told her confidently.

"Mr. Clayborne," said the butler from the doorway, "would like to speak with Mr. Resolve."

Forgetful of the servant's presence —or careless of it—Rita's hand closed protectingly over Dean's.

"You mustn't see him," she breathed.

"Tell Mr. Clayborne I'll be right there," said Dean. The servant turned away.

"Dean," she cried. "You can't—"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Then I'll go with you. Dean—I'm afraid—I've never been afraid before, but now—"

"Rita, of course you're frightened. You've been through a dreadful time. But there's nothing more to fear. You stay here; I'll see him—"

"I'm going with you," she said firmly.

He forbore argument, knowing that in her present overwrought state, argument could only be painful.

The doctor—Dean recognized him—was leaving as they entered Clayborne's dressing-room. He nodded to Dean, and the latter thought he recognized sympathy in the other's expression.

"My husband sent for us," said Rita. "He can see people, Dr. Brandis?"

The doctor frowned.

"He shouldn't. No one suffering from a bullet wound should receive visitors. But Mr. Clayborne is of extraordinary vitality. It's all right. You'd better go in first, Mrs. Clayborne."

She went through an opened door, and Brandis whispered to Dean.

"Devilish nasty mess, Dean," he said. "He says it's an accident. From what the police tell me—oh, it could have been an accident, all right," he responded to Dean's raised eyebrows. "But I think the swine deliberately— Dean, get yourself out of this mess as soon as you can. And get her out, too. The man is—dangerous. So long, old boy."

He gathered up his surgical case and bustled through the door. The nurse appeared at the other door. She beckoned to Dean.

"Mr. Clayborne is waiting, sir."

Through the door Dean strode. Shootings, accidental or otherwise, conjure up dreadful pictures to the quick-minded. But Sam Clayborne bore no resemblance to any of the pictures that Dean had imagined. His pudgy face, always florid, was slightly paler than usual, but that, save for the fact that he lay propped up in bed with his arm in a sling, was the only sign he showed of his accident.

Dean took his stand beside Rita at the foot of the bed. Clayborne eyed him sneeringly.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked the wounded man.

"I'm sorry you're hurt," replied Dean evenly.

"You'll be sorrier," said Clayborne. "I've only started."

"I DON'T think I understand," said Dean.

"I think you do," said Clayborne. "Stay up tonight and read the first editions of the morning papers. The police had nothing to go upon, but you can bet the papers have. My wife's bags packed, tickets to Reno bought, you slugging me—it'll all be there, Resolve, plus my accidental shooting. And if you don't think the newspapers can dig up a lot of dirt from all those things—"

"I'm quite sure they can," said Dean. "But—what good is it going to do you, Clayborne? Rita and I aren't going to be withheld by your threats. Scandal isn't going to stop us. You can't really hurt us, Clayborne. We, neither of us, care what the newspapers say. We only care what our friends may think, and our friends will think nothing at all of all this."

"Maybe you're right," said the wounded man. "But this is only a starter. When I sue Rita—and name you—"

"I warned you what would happen if you did that," said Dean quietly.

"Yes? And you really think I'm afraid? You know better than that, Resolve. You know I'm not afraid of you or anyone on earth. Resolve, tomorrow's papers will be full of muck. But that's nothing to what they'll be printing in a few weeks, in a few days."

"But, Sam, why?" interjected Rita. "God knows you don't care for me—you

(Continued on page 58)

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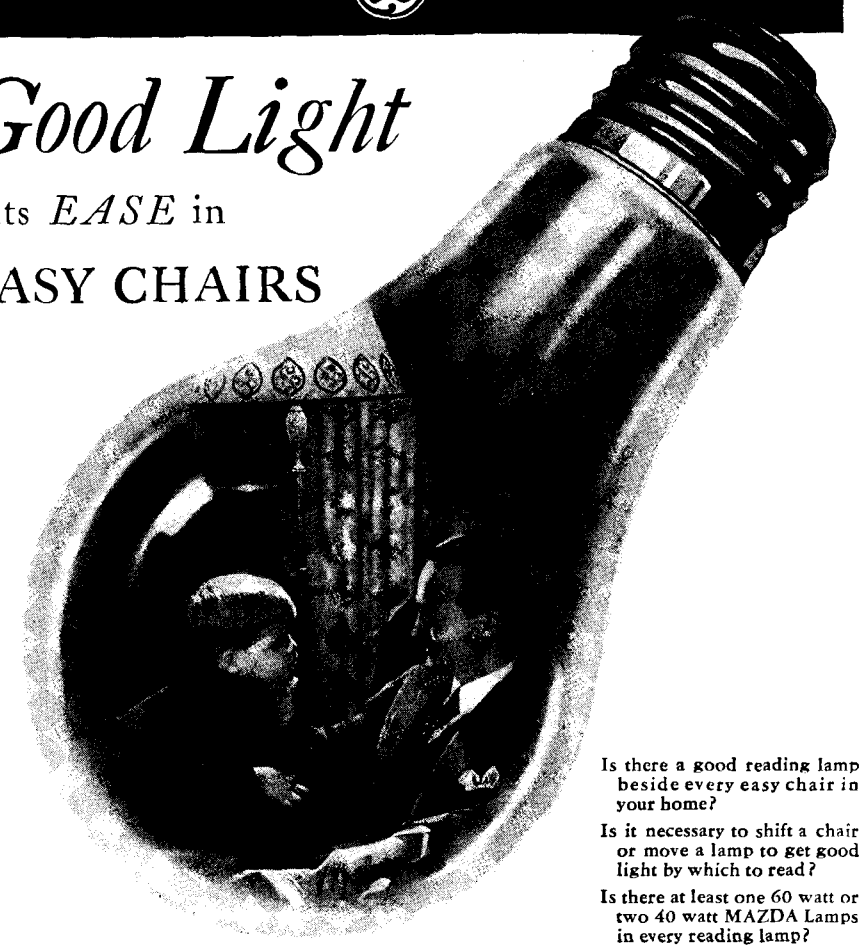

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(*Continued from page 57*)

couldn't, and do the things you've done. Our life together is ended. Why not let it end decently, quietly? For, Sam, if nothing can stop you from what you threaten to do, then nothing can stop Dean and myself from what we intend to do."

"That's what you think," he said. "You haven't read the papers yet. Wait until morning, my dear, before you're so certain you can face a lot more of the same—worse—thing."

"That's childish, Clayborne," said Dean. "Scandal is nothing—if people are innocent."

"Now that," said Clayborne, "is too naïve. People stand for a lot these days, and it takes plenty to shock them. But they *can* be shocked."

"ALL right, shock them," said Dean. "Is that all?"

"Oh, give a wounded man a moment," said Clayborne. "Resolve, you got out of a sweet hole today. Almost a million dollars, and you get off a boat—in *these* times—and pick it up. I hand it to you. I didn't think it was possible, but—you did it.

"But I'm a fairly clever person myself, Resolve. I mean—to protect my own. I got you in that hole. I've got you involved in a sweet scandal now. I'll get you in more of the same. You picked up a million today. But I have twenty millions that I can pick up at an hour's notice. Twenty millions can do a lot of damage if their owner wants them to.

"Shooting myself, pretending it was an accident, knowing all the time that the newspapers and the world will think differently—that my wife tried to shoot me and that I'm too chivalrous to let her be blamed—that is clever, Resolve. A filthy kind of cleverness, you probably think, but—clever.

"I'll go to any lengths, Resolve. And if, in the end, you two persist in going ahead, then, Resolve, I'll kill you both. Now, what about it?"

"I think you're mad, Clayborne," said Dean. He turned to Rita. "Rita, come."

White-faced, trembling, Rita followed Dean from the bedroom. The nurse looked at them curiously as they passed through the dressing-room. Not until they were outside in the hall did Rita speak. Then her utterance was inarticulate, a moan, a sob. Dean's arms went around her.

"My dearest, don't be afraid," he said. "The man is insane, Rita, insane."

"But he'll do what he says," she said.

"What of it? Rita, our friends know us. The rest of the world can go hang." He laughed. "Rita, scandal means little nowadays, anyway. Oh, that's all been settled. You're leaving—now. You're going to Jinny Carpenter's—"

She shook her head violently.

"I can't. The newspapers will follow me there, hound her—"

"No, they won't. Jinny wants you. And, my dear, it's only overnight. You'll take the train tomorrow—"

He summoned a servant; he saw her bags carried to a taxi. He ushered her inside. To the importunities of the newspaper men he refused any response whatsoever. Flashlights boomed, but Rita and he ignored them. And though the reporters climbed into taxis and followed them, they were not foolish enough to attempt evasion.

At Jinny's house, Dean remained only a moment. He spoke to Jinny.

"Be very sweet to her, Jinny, please," he said. "She's been through torment. Don't ask her any questions and don't answer the phone until she's gone. And, Jinny, if there's ever anything in the world that I can do for you—"

"Don't be silly. I'm as fond of Rita as I am of you," Jinny mendaciously assured him. "You run along home and leave us girls alone."

Dean started home. Once again he refused to answer the questions put to him by the importunate newspaper men, and when he finally reached his own house, he ordered Petersen to say, to all inquirers, that none of the Resolve family was at home. Then he went to find his father.

That gentleman was lying in bed, struggling with a book of cross-word puzzles.

"What's a four-letter word for quartet?" he greeted Dean.

"Five," said Dean solemnly.

"Five? *Five.* But there are only four in a quartet. *Four.* That's the word." His red face creased in innumerable wrinkles. "It's very disrespectful to rag your father, Dean. And where have you been all evening? Your mother has phoned twice from Tuxedo. And Jack Colby called up to tell you that the Renssaler Place thing was all fixed up. He said you knew, but was afraid you would worry. How the devil did you fix it up, Dean?"

"I didn't," said Dean. "The Patroons people have taken it over. Dad, have the newspapers been phoning?"

Old Sturgis Resolve nodded.

"And the police, dear boy. At least, an inquirer said he was an officer. Insisted on seeing me and asking where you were, and I told him that if I knew I wouldn't tell him. Pleasant fellow, he turned out to be. Likes bootleg cut liquor better than real old Bourbon. Said a man couldn't *taste* pre-war stuff. Told me all about Clayborne's accidental shooting. Dean, in what sort of a tangle have you got mixed up?"

Dean sat down on the edge of the bed. Slowly, concisely, he told his father what had happened.

"The man's mad," his father exclaimed when he had finished. "Even your mother—and she's the most rigid person in the world, Dean—would tell you exactly what I'm telling you—to go ahead and marry Rita as soon as she gets her divorce. But the man, though mad, is dangerous, Dean."

"Life is dangerous, Dad," said Dean. "Taxis on the streets, elevators that may fall—danger isn't reason enough to give up something."

"Nevertheless, one watches out for reckless drivers, and one hopes that the elevators have been recently inspected," smiled his father. "Clayborne is obsessed with the idea of retaining his wife—a strange obsession in these days," he smiled. "And you'll have to watch him. But—God bless you, my boy—and Rita, too."

He turned to his cross-word puzzle.

"Your mother wishes you to lunch with her tomorrow," he said. "She's coming from Tuxedo, and will let you know where she wishes you to take her when she arrives."

"Delightful," said Dean. "Well, I guess I'll go to bed now, Dad."

HIS father's features twitched in a grin.

"I should think you would, Son. Arrived from Europe this morning, to find I'd ruined you. Oh, now, my boy, you were very sporting. Not a whimper when I know you felt like cutting my throat."

"Oh, Dad, please," begged Dean.

"Old fogy," said his father. "That's what I am. Well, no more of it. Dean, I'm pulling out of the firm. Oh, yes, I am. Don't argue with me. Tired of work, anyway. Interferes with my backgammon. And then," he resumed his catalogue of the day's events, "you won Rita, and lost her, and won her again, and her husband created this insane stench—sleep, if you can, my lad. 'Night."

Resolve went to his own room and slowly, almost laboriously, undressed himself. What a complicated, unreal mix-up today had been. He had landed in high anticipation, had been dropped to the nadir of despair, and now, at last, though sick at thought of the torment that Rita was suffering, he felt that life looked a trifle more like its appearance of the earlier day.

If only he could do something to persuade Rita that her husband's threats were unimportant. For Rita, though she had said little about the impending scandal and her husband's promise of more, must, like any gentle-minded woman, be suffering agony at thought of the morning papers.

He reached for the telephone to call her. But perhaps, by some happy fortune, she'd gone to sleep. Further, he'd told Jinny not to answer the telephone, and Jinny would obey orders.

What a trump Jinny was! He knew of no other young girl who could be such a perfect corker. Rita—but Rita was a trifle older. Although, of course, Rita, at any age, could have been nothing but the greatest person that ever lived.

Undressed, lying in bed, his tender thoughts contemplated Rita's childhood. What a sweet infant she must have been. Then he laughed at himself. Because Jinny was a great girl, he wanted to prove to himself that Rita must have been a greater, and was now visualizing her in her bib. Rita would giggle at that one.

AND so, smiling at last, he fell asleep. With his breakfast tray came the morning papers. Prepared for shock as he was, the actual blow seemed lighter than he had anticipated. Only the tabloids printed the servants' gossip. But what was the use of pretense? All of his friends read the tabloids, although they quoted the more dignified journals.

But, at that, even the yellowest paper gave only a scant half-column to the shooting, and this one stated that it was rumored that the Claybornes were contemplating a divorce, and Resolve's name was not mentioned. The copy desk had evidently pruned the item.

But one tabloid's columnist let his innuendo have full rein:

"Yesterday's swank shooting in the east sixties," he wrote, "may have had something to do with the arrival of a very resolute young man on the Bartonia. There is more to this, mates, than can be readily resolved."

The cheap puns were unmistakable. But Dean shrugged, and ate his breakfast with a hearty appetite. And he had finished shaving when his phone rang. It was Jack Colby.

"Don't forget you're to meet me—with your father—at ten-thirty," said the lawyer. "And say, I've found out who put up the money for you."

"You told me—the Patroons," said Dean.

"But the person who bought into the Patroons and fixed the deal. Can't you guess? A lady-killer like you ought to know."

"Lady-killer? Are you kidding me?" asked Dean.

"Are you kidding me?" retorted Colby. "Mean to tell me you didn't know yesterday?"

"I certainly didn't," said Dean. "Who was it?"

"Little Jinny Carpenter, none other," said Colby.

"You're not serious," gasped Dean.

"Never more so in my life," said Colby. "Old Jeremy let it slip in a bridge game last night. I phoned you, but you weren't in. But if I'd had any doubts, that banished them."

"Jinny Carpenter," gasped Dean again. He was still muttering the name when he went downstairs.

(To be continued next week)

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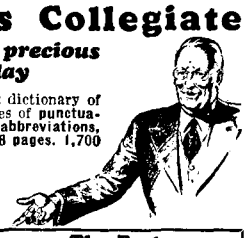

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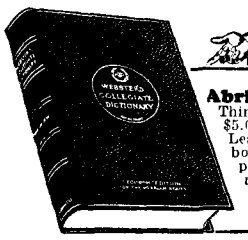

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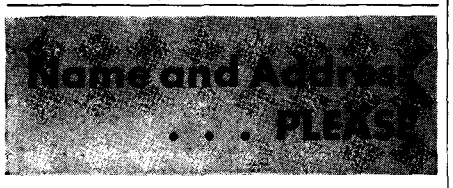

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A Man Must Fight

Continued from page 15

consciousness I had was to keep trying. I knew if I ever relaxed I would either collapse or the referee would stop the brutality.

After the gong sounded, ending the fifteenth round, I shook hands with Greb and mumbled through my smashed and swollen lips, "Well, Harry, you were the better man tonight," and I meant that literally.

Harry missed the subtlety of the remark, for he said, "Won the championship," and was dragged from me by one of his seconds, who placed a kiss on his unmarked countenance.

I discovered through the early part of that fight that I could lick Harry Greb. As each round went by, and battered and pummeled from post to post as I was, this discovery became a reality in my mind. I was conscious of the handicaps under which I entered the ring. They were not the things that led me to this conviction, however. Many boxers upon entering important matches suffer from sore hands, cut eyebrows, or something of the sort. There is nothing unusual about that. But I realized that a broken nose and a four-inch cut through arteries over the eye in the first round of a fifteen-round match are at least uncommon.

Abe Attell Lends a Hand

I left the ring and walked up the aisle toward my dressing-room. This was negotiated only through nervous excitement. I climbed the flight of stairs, each step getting higher and more difficult, and as I got to the top step, the reaction set in. I collapsed; the top step was impossible. I could not make it. The boys carried me into my dressing-room and set me up on the rubbing table. Immediately the hands of support left me, I fell back with a thud, the back of my head hitting the table. I lay perfectly conscious of everything that was taking place, but unable to move a muscle. Nature surrendered.

Everything but the right thing was done to stimulate me. All I needed was a stomach pump to remove the mixture of blood, adrenalin chloride, brandy and orange juice. It was two hours before I had sufficiently revived to be led out of the old Garden. Dr. William Walker had administered a medicine that functioned like seasickness.

After we were seated in the taxi, it was suggested we drive up through Central Park to see if the air would not revive me. As the taxi got under way, Doc Bagley, my manager and chief second, turned to me and, with a gesture of wiping his brow, said, "What a job you gave me tonight! I am all in! Do you know that we used six bottles of adrenalin chloride trying to stop those cuts?"

I was too weary to get angry. Doc felt that my part was comparatively easy. All I did was bleed. I felt an emotion that was akin to sorrow for Bagley. Poor "Doc." It was a pathetic exhibition of self-interest.

It was perfectly true that they had used six bottles of adrenalin chloride. I always had two in my medicine kit for every fight. The additional four had been sent for during the early part of the fight by Abe Attell, who was sitting at the ringside. Abe came into my dressing-room after the fight, and in great excitement said, "Kid, you're the gamest fighter I ever saw. I lost $2,500 on you, but to hell with it. In the second round I sent out for four bottles of adrenalin chloride and gave them to Bagley. I never saw any cuts like them! You were the better man tonight, and the gamest in the world!" He kissed my battered face! A curious demonstration for honest Abe.

Turning to Bagley, he said, "Doc, will you sell your contract with this kid to me? He certainly will be the next heavyweight champion of the world."

The day following the Greb match, I went down to the office of the Boxing Commission to receive my check for $22,500, and placed on file a challenge to Greb for a return fight, backed with a check for $2,500.

Before the Boxing Commission would accept my challenge for a return match with Greb, Walter Hook, who was then Deputy Boxing Commissioner, advised that a copy of a written contract between Bagley and me must be on file with the commission. In other words, he insisted on a written contract between a boxer and his manager. This was in accordance with a commission ruling. I cannot imagine anything more unfair than this ruling. I do not believe that Hook and Bagley arranged this between them but I do know that a commission form of contract was quickly procured by Commissioner Hook to show me the form of contract that the commission recognized.

Rather than postpone filing my challenge, I signed one of these blank forms, though Bagley and I had a verbal agreement. Several months later, when I wished to sever business relations with Bagley, that signature cost me $5,000.

During the next two months I engaged in three matches. I stopped Ray Thompson in Long Branch, New Jersey, boxed Charlie Weinert twelve rounds in Newark, and Tommy Loughran eight rounds in Philadelphia. In a match with Fay Kaiser at Rockaway, Long Island, after three or four rounds of butting with his head, which laid both sides of my chin open, I called the referee over to my corner and asked him to please instruct Kaiser to put a boxing glove on his head or else stop using it. The referee replied, "I have cautioned him about it several times, Gene, but I can't do nothin' with him."

I said, "If you can't, I will!"

The first clinch we got into in the next round Kaiser again came up with the top of his hard head against my bleeding chin, whereupon I felt along his face for his left eye, pretending I wanted to poke my right thumb into it. He yelled to the referee, "He is gouging me!" "Come on and fight!" answered the referee.

Hanley Gets His Wish

Another clinch and Kaiser repeated his butting, which I responded to with my left thumb in the direction of his right eye. Again he yelled, "I tell you he is gouging me!"

I said to Kaiser, "Now will you be a good boy?"

From then on the New York State Boxing Commission's rules were strictly adhered to. I got the decision at the end of twelve rounds. In an unimportant fight of this kind, I found that when a situation developed where an opponent was continually fouling and would not listen to the admonitions of the referee, there was but one thing to do—handle the situation myself by the most effective means. A threatened thumb in the eye is always effective against this type of opponent. The

(*Continued on page 60*)

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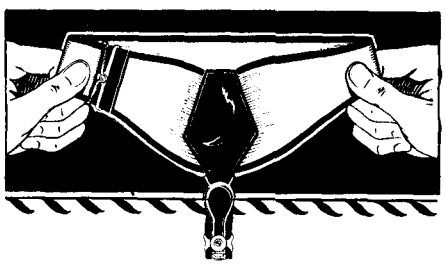

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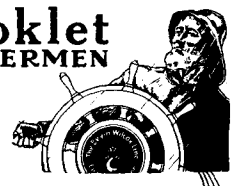

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(Continued from page 59)

toughest and roughest fighter fears losing his sight. Later on, in important matches, having learned that referees are sometimes prejudiced, when an opponent deliberately and continually fouled me, I was cautious about applying pretended illegal means to stop him. I felt that it was not worth the risk of losing the fight through disqualification. If a referee, who is always the sole arbiter of what is against the rules, is prejudiced or crooked he can disqualify a contestant for one infraction of the rules; even if this contestant has been the victim of fifty previous infractions during the contest. In my important matches, I always avoided giving any referee the slightest reason to disqualify me for any fracture of the rules. That was a principle of mine which I adhered to strictly, first because I never wanted victory won in that way and, secondly, a foul might be too costly.

Chuck Wiggins, Sportsman

Shortly after the Kaiser match, the matchmaker of the Clermont Avenue Rink, in Brooklyn, brought me over to box Jack Hanlon, who had not boxed in some time. The last time I had seen Hanlon was at Dave Driscoll's Armory Club in Jersey City a year and a half earlier, where Jack and I had been matched to meet in the semi-final of a charity show.

The boxers in the star bout did not show up that night, so the whole show was called off. Hanlon became very indignant at losing the opportunity to give me a hiding. He just knew he could administer one to "that bum Tunney." Jack was a head runner for a brokerage firm. One of the boys from Greenwich Village, Henry Fitzpatrick, was compelled on a dozen occasions to listen to Jack's dissertation on how quickly he would destroy the pugilistic aspirations of Tunney if he could get him into the ring. Fitzpatrick, having a particular dislike for Hanlon because of these experiences, came over to Brooklyn to see the fight. On the way over he recalled to my mind the countless things that Hanlon had said about me.

When the fight started, I was naturally in a more or less angry frame of mind. I skipped out of my corner thinking of childish revenge. Hanlon, upon getting within speaking distance, whispered, "Take it easy!" I looked at him, wondering if this was another Battling Levinsky stall. At any rate, I took no chances and did not pull my punches. The match lasted one half-minute. I do not believe I ever hit anybody harder. Poor Jack was not seen around Wall Street for several days. He sustained a broken jaw.

This experience did not prove beneficial. For several months a mental picture of Hanlon lying on the floor, blood oozing from his mouth, and his lower jaw broken, haunted me.

Somebody in authority, either the Boxing Commission or the promoter, should never have allowed this match to take place. Hanlon, though he had been a fairly good heavyweight in his day, had not been in the ring for over a year. He was not a fit opponent for an active fighter. Just because Hanlon wanted to fight me was no reason why he should have been given the match. This is the kind of thing that occasionally arises in boxing and, next to thugs managing fighters, gives boxing the biggest black eye. Until professional boxing stops exhibitions of this kind, it cannot be considered as a true sport. There is nothing more pathetic or unsporting than to see the remnants of what was once an effective, capable fighter being battered around the ring by a strong, hard-hitting youngster whose manager desires to put good names on his record of knockouts. Unless men are somewhat evenly matched as to skill, weight and condition, a spectacle in which they may be pitted against each other cannot be truly termed sport.

Today there are exhibitionists of this kind touring the country from one end to the other engaging in things misnamed "contests of sport."

On Thanksgiving Eve, in a return match with Charlie Weinert at Madison Square Garden, I won by a knockout in four rounds. It was just four months earlier that Weinert and I had engaged in the twelve-round match in his home town, Newark, New Jersey. Against my specific instructions, my manager agreed to let Henry Lewis, Weinert's pal, in the ring as referee in that Newark match. I had to battle two men that night.

However, I had the satisfaction of throwing Weinert out of the ring twice. The second time he landed on the platform outside of the ring head first.

Weinert, in my opinion, was the cleverest heavyweight developed in the last twenty-five years. He had amazing speed and skill—courage, too. His left jab was vicious. It broke my nose. Charlie valued the early-morning plaudits of the "cabareteers" more than the cheers of ringsiders. He got what he wanted—for a while. He has learned since that those plaudits followed and depended upon the cheers.

In Boston, shortly before the Weinert match, I engaged in a ten-round bout with Chuck Wiggins. A very amusing thing happened in this fight. At this period I was developing a new punch. After feinting, I would bend down, slip in, and bring a left uppercut to the solar plexus or liver. My judgment of distance was yet poor. On two occasions I tried this on Wiggins, and was cautioned by the referee both times for hitting low. In the seventh round, I slipped in and again accidentally hit Chuck low. The referee immediately jumped between us; he was ready to give the fight to Wiggins on a foul, but Chuck pushed him aside and said, "Gene, no kidding, that was low. Keep 'em up." He then resumed fighting, though he had been getting a fairly good whaling. Chuck was not of the school that would take a fight on a foul unless he was really incapacitated.

Under Gibson's Management

Following the second Weinert match, I became rather restless over my relations with Doc Bagley. Doc had that three-year agreement drawn on the commission form of contract. Some kind of arrangement had to be made about canceling it. I was searching for what I thought would be the ideal arrangement between boxer and manager. I felt a note of discord in Bagley's and my ideals and views. I am afraid I was a bit intolerant and overzealous. However, that was my attitude. I purchased my contract from Bagley for $5,000. I put a note in a bank to get the money. This was my first note. I wish it had remained the last. I have papered my den with defaulted notes of friends with my endorsement.

After Doc and I shook hands and parted company, I went to see Joseph Falvey, a prominent athlete of the Avonia A. C. Joe had been around a good deal and was acquainted with many managers. After I told him I was looking for a manager he suggested Billy Gibson, and at my acquiescence brought Billy down to his office where I met and talked with him for the first time. During this conference, Billy made a great impression on me. He seemed to sense my ambition. I agreed to box under his management from then on. Contracts for a period of three years were drawn and signed.

Billy was very smart and resourceful about the business of managing boxers, though he never thoroughly understood boxing technique. He stood out as the most prominent man in professional sports in America at that time. He was a most lovable character, and on making a friend very rarely lost that friendship.

From the moment I first met Billy until I retired from the ring, but for a short interval, we remained friends and had mutual regard for each other.

My first match under Billy's management was in Philadelphia against Jack Renault, of Canada, who at that time was considered a good heavyweight. The referee stopped the fight in the fourth round. I thought he had given it to me on a technical knockout, because of Renault's disinclination to fight. The record-book records this as "no contest." A clipping I have in my scrapbook from a Philadelphia newspaper of the next morning states that the referee stopped the match to save Renault from further punishment. According to the law under which boxing operated in Philadelphia at that time, an official decision could not be made. Renault's chief handler, Pete the Goat, returning aboard the train with Billy Gibson and several New York newspaper men, stated that, in his opinion, "Tunney could lick any heavyweight in America barring Dempsey and Gibbons." He evidently was convinced that his fighter had lost.

Tricks of the Ring

Renault scaled 188 pounds that night, and I, 177. While the bandages were being put on my hands, one of Renault's seconds came into my room to watch. Nearing the finish this fellow whispered to me, "Don't load your punches tonight!" Believing he was referring to my bandages, I showed him I had nothing but soft gauze. He said, "I don't mean that; I mean pull your punches a little."

"What kind of shape is Renault in?" I asked. "He looked good when he weighed in."

He said, "Oh, he is in good shape."

"Well, then, you tell him to do the best he can, because I am going to," I replied.

I do not believe Renault knew anything about his wily second's proposition to me. Renault's career has extended over twelve years. There is no record of fake or blemish of any kind in it.

There is an old gag always tried and sometimes worked by tricky managers and seconds. One of these tricksters will go into the other fighter's dressing-room ostensibly to watch the bandaging. Presently he whispers to the fighter not to go too hard on his man. He might say that his man is sick, has a sore hand, is not in shape or give any one of a hundred excuses which might induce the fighter to agree to take it easy.

If this fighter is gullible or has a little tendency toward stalling, he is likely to acquiesce. In most cases the opponent knows nothing about the proposition and when the fight starts rushes out and catches the gullible soul unawares. Then the talk of double-cross is whispered in fight circles. A perusal of the "Confessions" of Fred Fulton, the Minnesota Minnow, will enlighten those interested in this regard. According to "Friendly" Freddy, every time he was knocked out, which was often, he had been double-crossed.

Mr. Tunney will continue his story in next week's Collier's.

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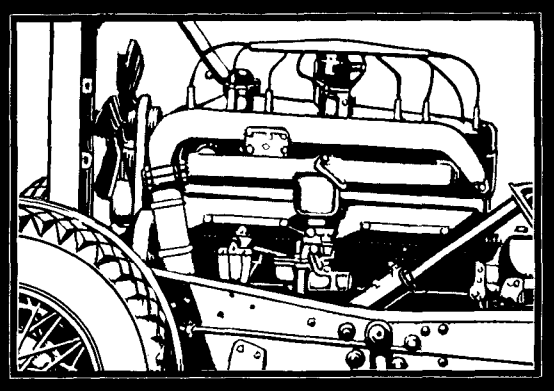

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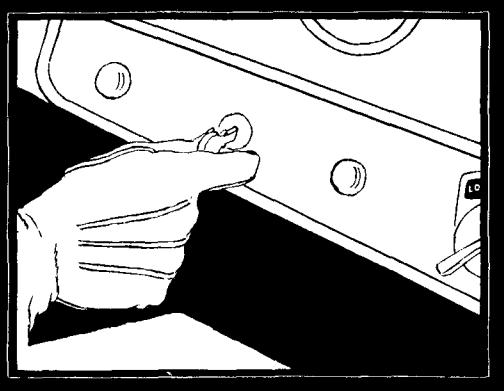

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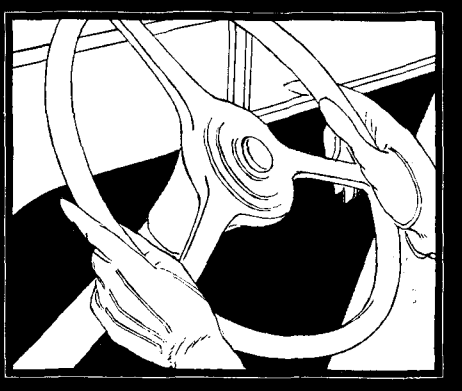

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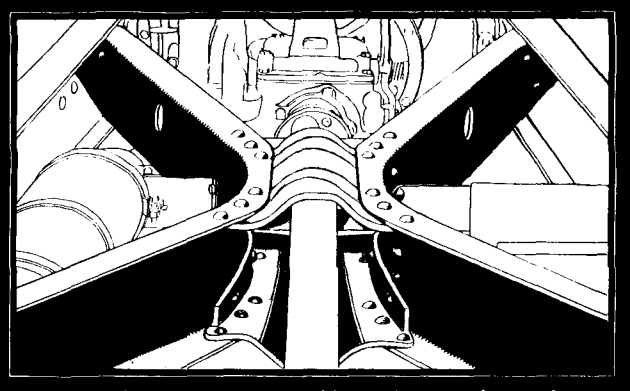

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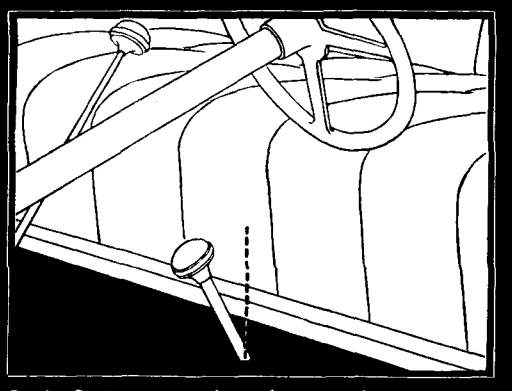

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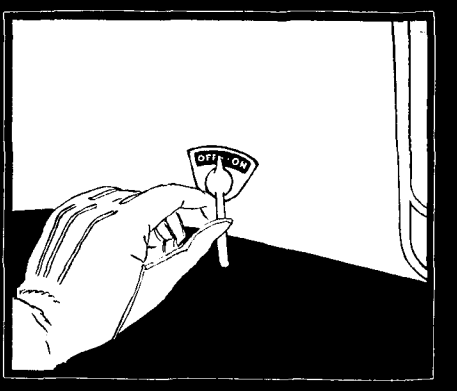

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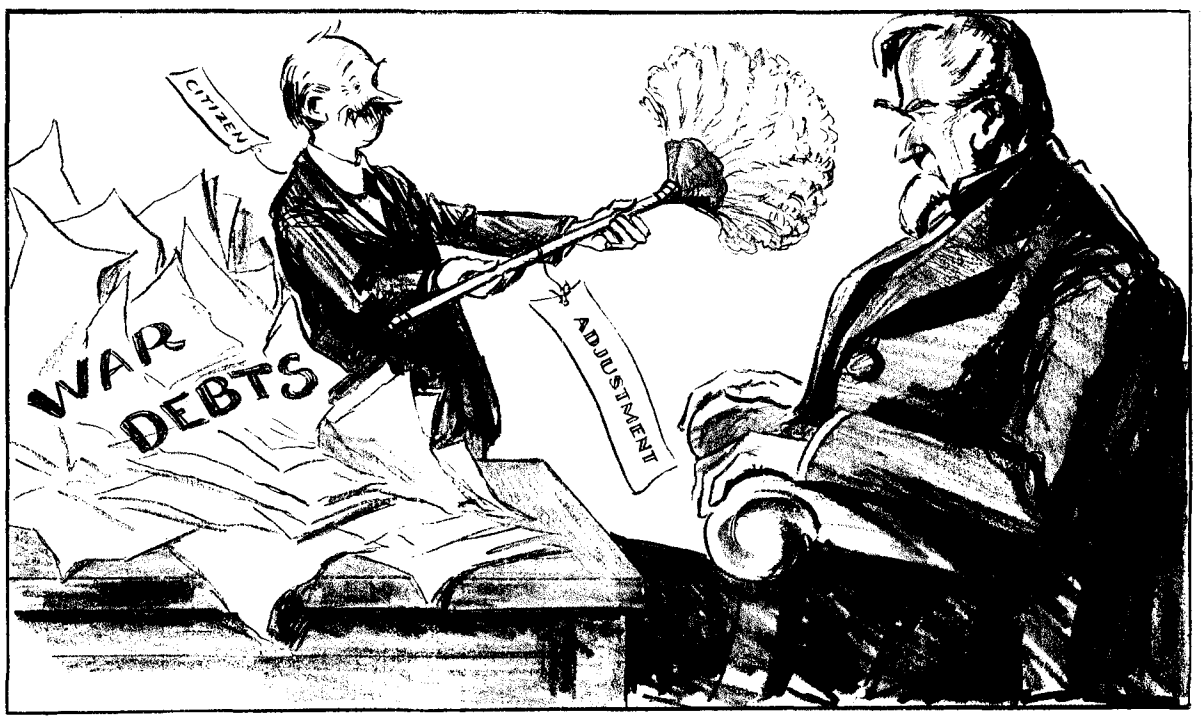

THE military war ended more than thirteen years ago, but the economic war goes on.

The alignment of combatants has changed since 1918. No longer is the United States associated with the Allies. On three separate fronts the conflicts of economic power are being waged.

Germany is drawn up against the Allies to whom reparations are owed. The United States is arrayed against the Allies who borrowed billions to carry on the World War. All fight for separate goals.

In every land politicians are the spokesmen of nationalist forces which seek somehow to achieve security and prosperity by a tragic disregard of economic reality. Everywhere the necessity of conciliating the prejudices of voters stands between the government and a direct solution of financial and industrial problems.

The bankers and economists assembled at Basle and elsewhere experienced little trouble in diagnosing the disease and in pointing out the remedy. Statesmen unhappily have not been able to take the medicine prescribed. Claims long cherished cannot be easily abandoned even though they are not to be reconciled with the facts.

The French talk about the sacred right to reparations. We emphasize the sanctity of debts. The Germans protest against the payment of interminable tribute. Orators speak eloquently of legal claims and moral obligations. Claims are worthless, however, unless there is money to pay, and morality has no higher obligation than the need fearlessly to face the truth.

We assert, as Secretary Stimson recently reminded France, that there is no connection between reparations and war debts. France, Great Britain and their allies have as steadily insisted that reparations and war debts are one and indivisible. Legally we are right; economically the distinction is more difficult to maintain.

Certainly the payment of either reparations or war debts depends upon the balance of world trade. Out of the same funds whatever is paid either on reparations or war debts must be obtained.

Everyone except the United States owes more than will ever be paid. The practical questions are who can pay whom, when and how much?

Recall the undisputed elementary facts concerning both the debts and reparations and it may be easier to ignore present prejudices.

We loaned the Allies about ten billions during the war. Most of this money, more than seven billions, was lent after we declared war on Germany. The loans were expended in the United States to pay for munitions, food and other materials used by our associates in war.

After the Armistice Great Britain expressed a willingness to forgive all the Allied debts owed her if the United States would cancel the war debt owed by Great Britain. This principle, expressed in the Balfour notes of August 1, 1922, has continued to be the British policy.

We rejected this proposal and obtained individual settlements from our various debtors except Russia. Very low interest rates were allowed some of our debtors. The highest was charged Great Britain. Sixty years—two generations—were allowed for payment.

Germany's obligation to pay for the damage inflicted in war was accepted in the Versailles Treaty. The actual sum was fixed by the Reparations Commission in 1921. The payments determined were less than the claims for damages but even so were huge beyond the possibility of payment.

At various times the reparations figures have been reduced. The Dawes Committee and the Young Committee both reduced the sums due from Germany. Finally the Hoover moratorium of last July stopped all payments of reparations and of the inter-Allied debts as well.

Now in effect the economists assembled at Basle have said that no longer can Germany pay for reparations. Chancellor Brüning then said that reparations were at an end. His announcement was awkwardly made but after the Basle report few doubt that reparations on a large scale are at an end. We still say that debt payments must be resumed after next June. France repeats her view that reparations and debts go together.

What is the answer?

The capacity of each separate debtor to pay. No nation can pay, or will long pretend to pay, more than its exportable surplus. By our tariff we have made it more difficult for our debtors to pay us in goods. Accordingly they will pay us less. Our Tariff Act reduced Europe's capacity to pay us. European tariffs have lessened the possibility of payments there.

Whatever reduction is made in German reparations will inevitably be reflected in the payments made to us by the Allies, however much we insist on keeping the accounts in separate columns.

In the long run we shall ourselves pay a very large part of the Liberty Loans issued to provide our associates in war with munitions and food. Great Britain will also write off the money she advanced to her allies. Legally the debtors should pay. Practically whoever can pay will pay. We happen to be able to pay.

We will accept the inevitable with better grace if we recall vividly the circumstances under which the loans were made. We lent to our capacity to provide munitions and food because we were at war. Our munitions were used by our associates to fight before our armies were ready to take the field. The billions were burned in the battle-line to advance a victory in which we were vitally concerned. Our debtors are mindful of these facts.

November, 1918, is a long way off. We have had time enough to make a settlement based on economic reality as well as upon legal claims.

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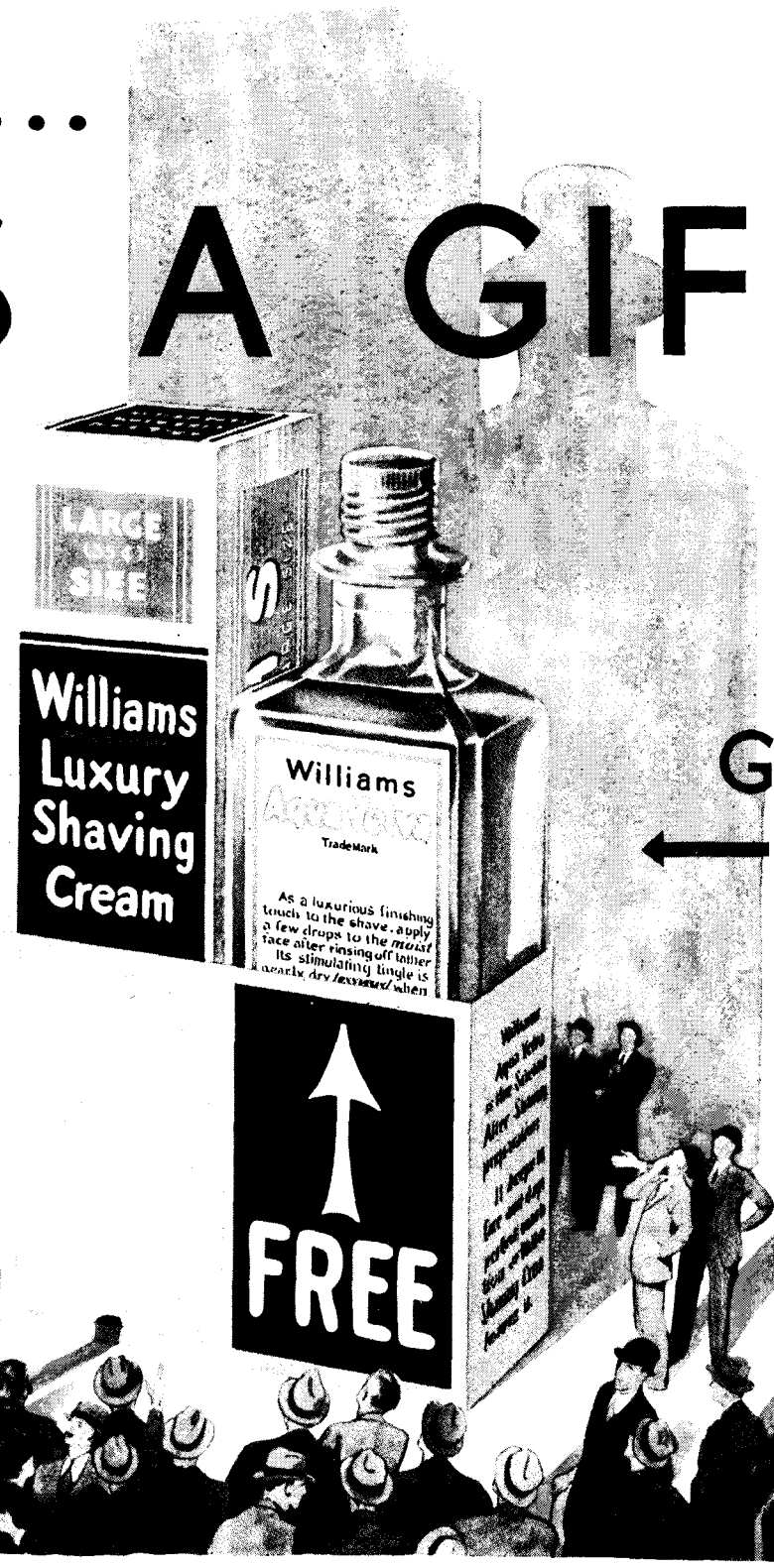

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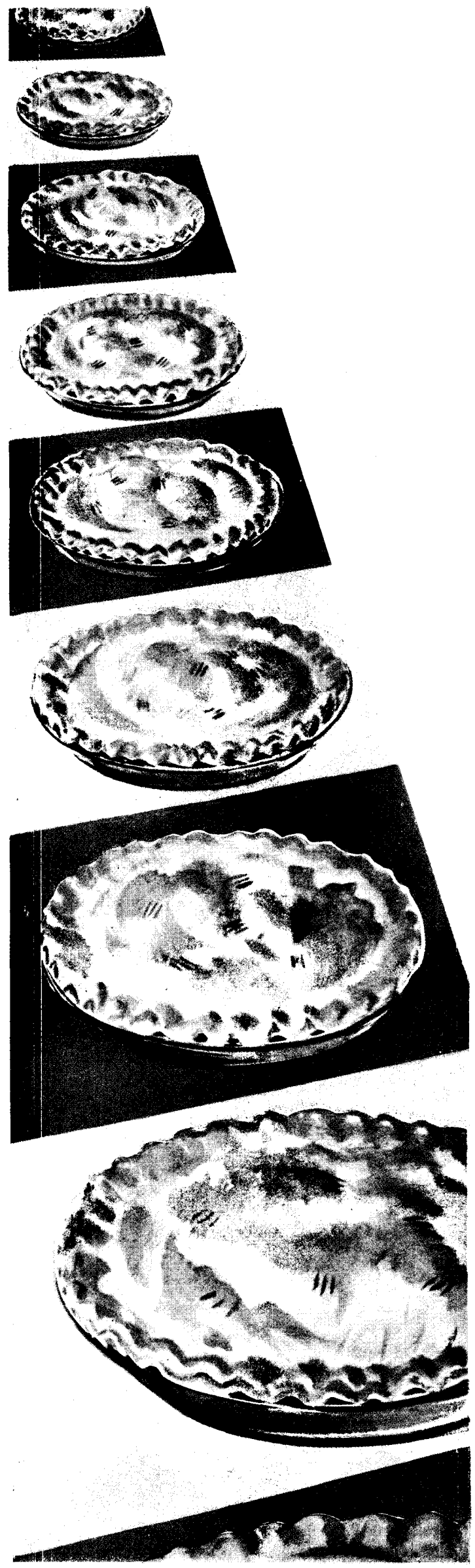

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